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The Little Hunchback Zia

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And it came to pass nigh upon nineteen hundred and sixteen years ago.

THE little hunchback Zia toiled slowly up the steep road, keeping in the deepest shadows, even though the night had long fallen. Sometimes he staggered with weariness or struck his foot against a stone and smothered his involuntary cry of pain. He was so full of terror that he was afraid to utter a sound which might cause any traveler to glance toward him. This he feared more than any other thing—that some man or woman might look at him too closely. If such a one knew much and had keen eyes, he or she might in some way guess even at what they might not yet see.

Since he had fled from the village in which his wretched short life had been spent he had hidden himself in thickets and behind walls or rocks or bushes during the day, and had only come forth at night to stagger along his way in the darkness. If he had not managed to steal some food before he began his journey and if he had not found in one place some beans dropped from a camel's feeding-bag, he would have starved. For five nights he had been wandering on, but in

his desperate fear he had lost count of time. When he had left the place he had called his home he had not known where he was going or where he might hide himself in the end. The old woman with whom he had lived and for whom he had begged and labored had driven him out with a terror as great as his own.

"Begone!" she had cried in a smothered shriek. "Get you gone, accursed! Even now thou mayest have brought the curse upon me also. A creature born a hunchback comes on earth with the blight of Jehovah's wrath upon him. Go far! Go as far as thy limbs will carry thee! Let no man come near enough to thee to see it! If you go far away before it is known, it will be forgotten that I have harbored you."

He had stood and looked at her in the silence of the dead, his immense, black Syrian eyes growing wider and wider with childish horror. He had always regarded her with slavish fear. What he was to her he did not know; neither did he know how he had fallen into her hands. He knew only that he was not of her blood or of her country and that he yet seemed to have always belonged to her. In his first memory of his existence, a lit-

tle deformed creature rolling about on the littered floor of her uncleanly hovel, he had trembled at the sound of her voice and had obeyed it like a beaten spaniel puppy. When he had grown older he had seen that she lived upon alms and thievery and witchlike evil doings that made all decent folk avoid her. She had no kinsfolk or friends, and only such visitors as came to her in the dark hours of night and seemed to consult with her as she sat and mumbled strange incantations while she stirred a boiling pot. Zia had heard of soothsayers and dealers with evil spirits, and at such hours was either asleep on his pallet in a far corner or, if he lay awake, hid his face under his wretched covering and stopped his ears. Once when she had drawn near and found his large eyes open and staring at her in spellbound terror, she had beaten him horribly and cast him into the storm raging outside.

A strange passion in her seemed her hatred of his eyes. She could not endure that he should look at her as if he were thinking. He must not let his eyes rest on her for more than a moment when he spoke. He must keep them fixed on the ground or look away from her. From his babyhood this had been so. A hundred times she had struck him when he was too young to understand her reason. The first strange lesson he had learned was that she hated his eyes and was driven to fury when she found them resting innocently upon her. Before he was three years old he had learned this thing and had formed the habit of looking down upon the earth as he limped about. For long he thought that his eyes were as hideous as his body was distorted. In her frenzies she told him that evil spirits looked out from them and that he was possessed of devils. Without thought of rebellion or resentment he accepted with timorous humility, as part of his existence, her taunts at his twisted limbs. What use in rebellion or anger? With the fatalism of the East he resigned himself to that which was. He had been born a deformity, and even his glance carried evil. This was life. He knew no other.

Of his origin he knew nothing except that from the old woman's rambling outbursts he had gathered that he was of Syrian blood and a homeless outcast.

But though he had so long trained himself to look downward that it had at last become an effort to lift his heavily lashed eyelids, there came a time when he learned that his eyes were not so hideously evil as his task-mistress had convinced him that they were. When he was only seven years old she sent him out to beg alms for her, and on the first day of his going forth she said a strange thing, the meaning of which he could not understand.

"Go not forth with thine eyes bent downward on the dust. Lift them, and look long at those from whom thou askest alms. Lift them and look as I see thee look at the sky when thou knowest not I am near thee. I have seen thee, hunchback. Gaze at the passers-by as if thou sawest their souls and asked help of them."

She said it with a fierce laugh of derision, but when in his astonishment he involuntarily lifted his gaze to hers, she struck at him, her harsh laugh broken in two.

"Not at me, hunchback! Not at me! At those who are ready to give!" she cried out.

He had gone out stunned with amazement. He wondered so greatly that when he at last sat down by the roadside under a fig-tree he sat in a dream. He looked up at the blueness above him as he always did when he was alone. His eyelids did not seem heavy when he lifted them to look at the sky. The blueness and the billows of white clouds brought rest to him, and made him forget what he was. The floating clouds were his only friends. There was something—yes, there was something, he did not know what. He wished he were a cloud himself, and could lose himself at last in the blueness as the clouds did when they melted away. Surely the blueness was the something.

The soft, dull pad of camel's feet approached upon the road without his hearing them. He was not roused from his



“‘Alms! alms!’ he stammered. ‘Master—Lord—I beg for—for her who keeps me’”

absorption until the camel stopped its tread so near him that he started and looked up. It was necessary that he should look up a long way. He was a deformed little child, and the camel was a tall and splendid one, with rich trappings and golden bells. The man it carried was dressed richly, and the expression of his dark face was at once restless and curious. He was bending down and staring at Zia as if he were something strange.

"What dost thou see, child?" he said at last, and he spoke almost in a breathless whisper. "What art thou waiting for?"

Zia stumbled to his feet and held out his bag, frightened, because he had never begged before and did not know how, and if he did not carry back money and food, he would be horribly beaten again.

"Alms! alms!" he stammered. "Master—Lord—I beg for—for her who keeps me. She is poor and old. Alms, great lord, for a woman who is old!"

The man with the restless face still stared. He spoke as if unaware that he uttered words and as if he were afraid.

"The child's eyes!" he said. "I cannot pass him by! What is it? I must not be held back. But the unearthly beauty of his eyes!" He caught his breath as he spoke. And then he seemed to awaken as one struggling against a spell.

"What is thy name?" he asked.

Zia also had lost his breath. What had the man meant when he spoke of his eyes?

He told his name, but he could answer no further questions. He did not know whose son he was; he had no home; of his mistress he knew only that her name was Judith and that she lived on alms.

Even while he related these things he remembered his lesson, and, dropping his eyelids, fixed his gaze on the camel's feet.

"Why dost thou cast thine eyes downward?" the man asked in a troubled and intense voice.

Zia could not speak, being stricken with fear and the dumbness of bewilderment. He stood quite silent, and as he lifted his eyes and let them rest on the

stranger's own, they became large with tears—big, piteous tears.

"Why?" persisted the man, anxiously. "Is it because thou seest evil in my soul?"

"No! no!" sobbed Zia. "One taught me to look away because I am hideous and—my eyes—are evil."

"Evil!" said the stranger. "They have lied to thee." He was trembling as he spoke. "A man who has been pondering on sin dare not pass their beauty by. They draw him, and show him his own soul. Having seen them, I must turn my camel's feet backward and go no farther on this road which was to lead me to a black deed." He bent down, and dropped a purse into the child's alms-bag, still staring at him and breathing hard. "They have the look," he muttered, "of eyes that might behold the Messiah. Who knows? Who knows?" And he turned his camel's head, still shuddering a little, and he rode away back toward the place from which he had come.

There was gold in the purse he had given, and when Zia carried it back to Judith, she snatched it from him and asked him many questions. She made him repeat word for word all that had passed.

After that he was sent out to beg day after day, and in time he vaguely understood that the old woman had spoken falsely when she had said that evil spirits looked forth hideously from his eyes. People often said that they were beautiful, and gave him money because something in his gaze drew them near to him. But this was not all. At times there were those who spoke under their breath to one another of some wonder of light in them, some strange luminousness which was not earthly.

"He surely sees that which we cannot. Perhaps when he is a man he will be a great soothsayer and reader of the stars," he heard a woman whisper to a companion one day.

Those who were evil were afraid to meet his gaze, and hated it as old Judith did, though, as he was not their servant, they dared not strike him when he lifted his soft, heavy eyelids.

But Zia could not understand what people meant when they whispered about him or turned away fiercely. A weight was lifted from his soul when he realized that he was not as revolting as he had believed. And when people spoke kindly to him he began to know something like happiness for the first time in his life. He brought home so much in his alms-bag that the old woman ceased to beat him and gave him more liberty. He was allowed to go out at night and sleep under the stars. At such times he used to lie and look up at the jeweled myriads until he felt himself drawn upward and floating nearer and nearer to that unknown something which he felt also in the high blueness of the day.

When he first began to feel as if some mysterious ailment was creeping upon him he kept himself out of Judith's way as much as possible. He dared not tell her that sometimes he could scarcely crawl from one place to another. A miserable fevered weakness became his secret. As the old woman took no notice of him except when he brought back his day's earnings, it was easy to evade her. One morning, however, she fixed her eyes on him suddenly and keenly.

"Why art thou so white?" she said, and caught him by the arm, whirling him toward the light. "Art thou ailing?"

"No! no!" cried Zia.

She held him still for a few seconds, still staring.

"Thou art too white," she said. "I will have no such whiteness. It is the whiteness of—of an accursed thing. Get thee gone!"

He went away, feeling cold and shaken. He knew he was white. One or two almsgivers had spoken of it, and had looked at him a little fearfully. He himself could see that the flesh of his thin body was becoming an unearthly color. Now and then he had shuddered as he looked at it because—because— There was one curse so horrible beyond all others that the strongest man would have quailed in his dread of its drawing near him. And he was a child, a twelve-year-

old boy, a helpless little hunchback mendicant.

When he saw the first white-and-red spot upon his flesh he stood still and stared at it, gasping, and the sweat started out upon him and rolled down in great drops.

"Jehovah!" he whispered, "God of Israel! Thy servant is but a child!"

But there broke out upon him other spots, and every time he found a new one his flesh quaked, and he could not help looking at it in secret again and again. Every time he looked it was because he hoped it might have faded away. But no spot faded away, and the skin on the palms of his hands began to be rough and cracked and to show spots also.

In a cave on a hillside near the road where he sat and begged there lived a deathly being who, with face swathed in linen and with bandaged stumps of limbs, hobbled forth now and then, and came down to beg also, but always keeping at a distance from all human creatures, and, as he approached the pitiful, rattled loudly his wooden clappers, wailing out: "Unclean! Unclean!"

It was the leper Berias, whose hopeless tale of awful days was almost done. Zia himself had sometimes limped up the hillside and laid some of his own poor food upon a stone near his cave so that he might find it. One day he had also taken a branch of almond-blossom in full flower, and had laid it by the food. And when he had gone away and stood at some distance watching to see the poor ghost come forth to take what he had given, he had seen him first clutch at the blossoming branch and fall upon his face, holding it to his breast, a white, bound, shapeless thing, sobbing, and uttering hoarse, croaking, unhuman cries. No almsgiver but Zia had ever dreamed of bringing a flower to him who was forever cut off from all bloom and loveliness.

It was this white, shuddering creature that Zia remembered with the sick chill of horror when he saw the spots.

"Unclean! Unclean!" he heard the cracked voice cry to the sound of the wooden clappers. "Unclean! Unclean!"

Judith was standing at the door of her hovel one morning when Zia was going forth for the day. He had fearfully been aware that for days she had been watching him as he had never known her to watch him before. This morning she had followed him to the door, and had held him there a few moments in the light with some harsh speech, keeping her eyes fixed on him the while.

Even as they so stood there fell upon the clear air of the morning a hollow, far-off sound—the sound of wooden clappers rattled together, and the hopeless crying of two words, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Then silence fell. Upon Zia descended a fear beyond all power of words to utter. In his quaking young torment he lifted his eyes and met the gaze of the old woman as it flamed down upon him.

"Go within!" she commanded suddenly, and pointed to the wretched room inside. He obeyed her, and she followed him, closing the door behind them.

"Tear off thy garment!" she ordered. "Strip thyself to thy skin—to thy skin!"

He shook from head to foot, his trembling hands almost refusing to obey him. She did not touch him, but stood apart, glaring. His garments fell from him and lay in a heap at his feet, and he stood among them naked.

One look, and she broke forth, shaking with fear herself, into a breathless storm of fury.

"Thou hast known this thing and hidden it!" she raved. "Leper! Leper! Accursed hunchback thing!"

As he stood in his nakedness and sobbed great, heavy childish sobs, she did not dare to strike him, and raged the more.

If it were known that she had harbored him, the priests would be upon her, and all that she had would be taken from her and burned. She would not even let him put his clothes on in her house.

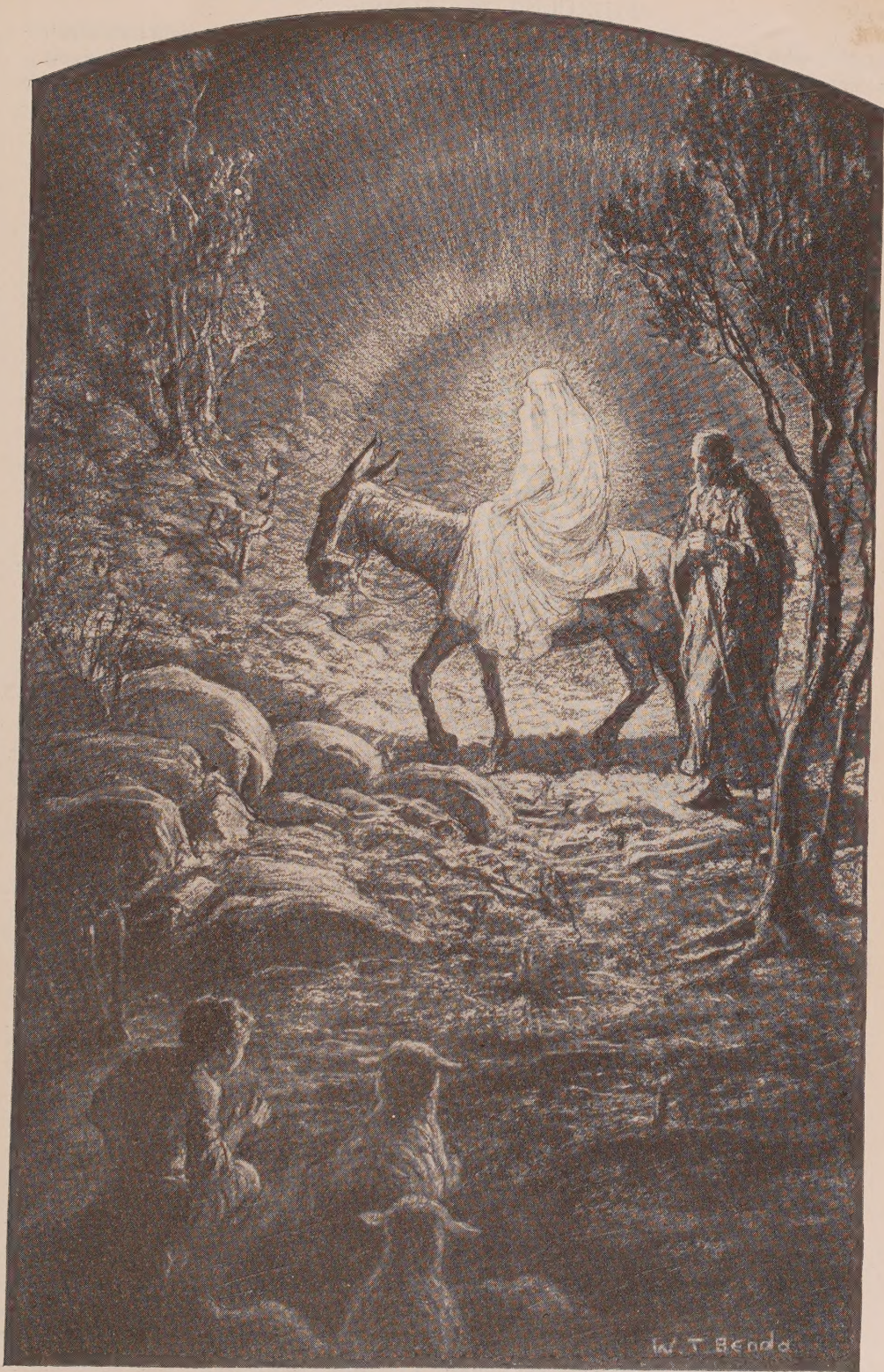
"Take thy rags and begone in thy nakedness! Clothe thyself on the hillside! Let none see thee until thou art far away! Rot as thou wilt, but dare not to name me! Begone! begone! begone!"

And with his rags he fled naked through the doorway, and hid himself in the little wood beyond.

LATER, as he went on his way, he had hidden himself in the daytime behind bushes by the wayside or off the road; he had crouched behind rocks and boulders; he had slept in caves when he had found them; he had shrunk away from all human sight. He knew it could not be long before he would be discovered, and then he would be shut up; and afterward he would be as Berias until he died alone. Like unto Berias! To him it seemed as though surely never child had sobbed before as he sobbed, lying hidden behind his boulders, among his bushes, on the bare hill among the rocks.

For the first four nights of his wandering he had not known where he was going, but on this fifth night he discovered. He was on the way to Bethlehem—beautiful little Bethlehem curving on the crest of the Judean mountains and smiling down upon the fairness of the fairest of sweet valleys, rich with vines and figs and olives and almond-trees. He dimly recalled stories he had overheard of its loveliness, and when he found that he had wandered unknowingly toward it, he was aware of a faint sense of peace. He had seen nothing of any other part of the world than the poor village outside which the hovel of his bond-mistress had clung to a low hill. Since he was near it, he vaguely desired to see Bethlehem.

He had learned of its nearness as he lay hidden in the undergrowth on the mountain-side that he had begun to climb the night before. Awakening from sleep, he had heard many feet passing up the climbing road—the feet of men and women and children, of camels and asses, and all had seemed to be of a procession ascending the mountain-side. Lying flat upon the earth, he had parted the bushes cautiously, and watched, and listened to the shouts, cries, laughter, and talk of those who were near enough to be heard. So bit by bit he had heard the story of the passing throng. The great Emperor Au-



"Zia's eyes grew wide with awe and wondering as he gazed, scarce breathing"

gustus, who to the common herd seemed some strange omnipotent in his remote and sumptuous paradise of Rome, had issued a decree that all the world of his subjects should be enrolled, and every man, woman, and child must enroll himself in his own city. And to the little town of Bethlehem all these travelers were wending their way to the place of their nativity, in obedience to the great Cæsar's command.

All through the day he watched them—men and women and children who belonged to one another, who rode together on their beasts, or walked together hand in hand. Women on camels or asses held their little ones in their arms, or walked with the youngest slung on their backs. He heard boys laugh and talk with their fathers—boys of his own age, who trudged merrily along, and now and again ran forward, shouting with glee. He saw more than one strong man swing his child up to his shoulder and bear him along as if he found joy in his burden. Boy and girl companions played as they went and made holiday of their journey; young men or women who were friends, lovers, or brothers and sisters bore one another company.

"No one is alone," said Zia, twisting his thin fingers together—"no one! no one! And there are no lepers. The great Cæsar would not count a leper. Perhaps, if he saw one, he would command him to be put to death."

And then he writhed upon the grass and sobbed again, his bent chest almost bursting with his efforts to make no sound. He had always been alone—always, always; but this loneliness was such as no young human thing could bear. He was no longer alive; he was no longer a human being. Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!

At last he slept, exhausted, and past his piteous, prostrate childhood and helplessness the slow procession wound its way up the mountain road toward the crescent of Bethlehem, knowing nothing of his nearness to its unburdened comfort and simple peace.

When he awakened, the night had fallen, and he opened his eyes upon a high vault of blue velvet darkness strewn with great stars. He saw this at the first moment of his consciousness; then he realized that there was no longer to be heard the sound either of passing hoofs or treading feet. The travelers who had gone by during the day had probably reached their journey's end, and gone to rest in their tents, or had found refuge in the inclosing khan that gave shelter to wayfarers and their beasts of burden.

But though there was no human creature near, and no sound of human voice or human tread, a strange change had taken place in him. His loneliness had passed away, and left him lying still and calm as though it had never existed, as though the crushed and broken child who had plunged from a precipice of woe into deadly, exhausted sleep was only a vague memory of a creature in a dark past dream.

Had it been himself? Lying upon his back, seeing only the immensity of the deep blue above him and the greatness of the stars, he scarcely dared to draw breath lest he should arouse himself to new anguish. It had not been he who had so suffered; surely it had been another Zia. What had come upon him, what had come upon the world? All was so still that it was as if the earth waited—as if it waited to hear some word that would be spoken out of the great space in which it hung. He was not hungry or cold or tired. It was as if he had never staggered and stumbled up the mountain path and dropped shuddering, to hide behind the bushes before the daylight came and men could see his white face. Surely he had rested long. He had never felt like this before, and he had never seen so wonderful a night. The stars had never been so many and so large. What made them so soft and brilliant that each one was almost like a sun? And he strangely felt that each looked down at him as if it said the word, though he did not know what the word was. Why had he been so terror-stricken? Why had he been so

wretched? There were no lepers; there were no hunchbacks. There was only Zia, and he was at peace, and akin to the stars that looked down.

How heavenly still the waiting world was, how heavenly still! He lay and smiled and smiled; perhaps he lay so for an hour. Then high, high above he saw, or thought he saw, in the remoteness of the vault of blue a brilliant whiteness float. Was it a strange, snowy cloud or was he dreaming? It seemed to grow whiter, more brilliant. His breath came fast, and his heart beat trembling in his breast, because he had never seen clouds so strangely, purely brilliant. There was another, higher, farther distant, and yet more dazzling still. Another and another showed its radiance until at last an arch of splendor seemed to stream across the sky.

"It is like the glory of the ark of the covenant," he gasped, and threw his arm across his blinded eyes, shuddering with rapture.

He could not uncover his face, and it was as he lay quaking with an unearthly joy that he first thought he heard sounds of music as remotely distant as the lights.

"Is it on earth?" he panted. "Is it on earth?"

He struggled to his knees. He had heard of miracles and wonders of old, and of the past ages when the sons of God visited the earth.

"Glory to God in the highest!" he stammered again and again and again. "Glory to the great Jehovah!" and he touched his forehead seven times to the earth.

Then he beheld a singular thing. When he had gone to sleep a flock of sheep had been lying near him on the grass. The flock was still there, but something seemed to be happening to it. The creatures were awakening from their sleep as if they had heard something. First one head was raised, and then another and another and another, until every head was lifted, and every one was turned toward a certain point as if listening. What were they listening for? Heli could see noth-

ing, though he turned his own face toward the climbing road and listened with them. The floating radiance was so increasing in the sky that at this point of the mountain-side it seemed no longer to be night, and the far-away pæans held him breathless with mysterious awe. Was the sound on earth? Where did it come from? Where?

"Praised be Jehovah!" he heard his weak and shaking young voice quaver.

Some belated travelers were coming slowly up the road. He heard an ass's feet and low voices.

The sheep heard them also. Had they been waiting for them? They rose one by one—the whole flock—to their feet, and turned in a body toward the approaching sounds.

Zia stood up with them. He waited also, and it was as if at this moment his soul so lifted itself that it almost broke away from his body—almost.

Around the curve an ass came slowly bearing a woman, and led by a man who walked by its side. He was a man of sober years and walked wearily. Zia's eyes grew wide with awe and wondering as he gazed, scarce breathing.

The light upon the hillside was so softly radiant and so clear that he could see that the woman's robe was blue and that she lifted her face to the stars as she rode. It was a young face, and pale with the pallor of lilies, and her eyes were as stars of the morning. But this was not all. A radiance shone from her pure pallor, and bordering her blue robe and veil was a faint, steady glow of light. And as she passed the standing and waiting sheep, they slowly bowed themselves upon their knees before her, and so knelt until she had passed by and was out of sight. Then they returned to their places, and slept as before.

When she was gone, Zia found that he also was kneeling. He did not know when his knees had bent. He was faint with ecstasy.

"She goes to Bethlehem," he heard himself say as he had heard himself speak before. "I, too; I, too."

He stood a moment listening to the sound of the ass's retreating feet as it grew fainter in the distance. His breath came quick and soft. The light had died away from the hillside, but the high-floating radiance seemed to pass to and fro in the heavens, and now and again he thought he heard the faint, far sound that was like music so distant that it was as a thing heard in a dream.

"Perhaps I behold visions," he murmured. "It may be that I shall awake."

But he found himself making his way through the bushes and setting his feet upon the road. He must follow, he must follow. Howsoever steep the hill, he must climb to Bethlehem. But as he went on his way it did not seem steep, and he did not waver or toil as he usually did when walking. He felt no weariness or ache in his limbs, and the high radiance gently lighted the path and dimly revealed that many white flowers he had never seen before seemed to have sprung up by the roadside and to wave softly to and fro, giving forth a fragrance so remote and faint, yet so clear, that it did not seem of earth. It was perhaps part of the vision.

Of the distance he climbed his thought took no cognizance. There was in this vision neither distance nor time. There was only faint radiance, far, strange sounds, and the breathing of air which made him feel an ecstasy of lightness as he moved. The other Zia had traveled painfully, had stumbled and struck his feet against wayside stones. He seemed ten thousand miles, ten thousand years away. It was not he who went to Bethlehem, led as if by some power invisible. To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem, where went the woman whose blue robe was bordered with a glow of fair luminousness and whose face, like an uplifted lily, softly shone. It was she he followed, knowing no reason but that his soul was called.

When he reached the little town and stood at last near the gateway of the khan in which the day-long procession of wayfarers had crowded to take refuge for

the night, he knew that he would find no place among the multitude within its walls. Too many of the great Cæsar's subjects had been born in Bethlehem and had come back for their enrolment. The khan was crowded to its utmost, and outside lingered many who had not been able to gain admission and who consulted plaintively with one another as to where they might find a place to sleep, and to eat the food they carried with them.

Zia had made his way to the entrance-gate only because he knew the travelers he had followed would seek shelter there, and that he might chance to hear of them.

He stood a little apart from the gate and waited. Something would tell him what he must do. Almost as this thought entered his mind he heard voices speaking near him. Two women were talking together, and soon he began to hear their words.

"Joseph of Nazareth and Mary his wife," one said. "Both of the line of David. There was no room for them, even as there was no room for others not of royal lineage. To the mangers in the cave they have gone, seeing the woman had sore need of rest. She, thou knowest—"

Zia heard no more. He did not ask where the cave lay. He had not needed to ask his way to Bethlehem. That which had led him again directed his feet away from the entrance-gate of the khan, past the crowded court and the long, low wall of stone within the inclosure of which the camels and asses browsed and slept, on at last to a pathway leading to the gray of rising rocks. Beneath them was the cave, he knew, though none had told him so. Only a short distance, and he saw what drew him trembling nearer. At the open entrance, through which he could see the rough mangers of stone, the heaps of fodder, and the ass munching slowly in a corner, the woman who wore the blue robe stood leaning wearily against the heavy wooden post. And the soft light bordering her garments set her in a frame of faint radiance and glowed in a halo about her head.

"The light! the light!" cried Zia in a breathless whisper. And he crossed his hands upon his breast.

Her husband surely could not see it. He moved soberly about, unpacking the burden the ass had carried and seeming to see naught else. He heaped straw in a corner with care, and threw his mantle upon it.

"Come," he said. "Here thou canst rest, and I can watch by thy side. The angels of the Lord be with thee!" The woman turned from the door and went toward him, walking with slow steps. He gazed at her with mild, unilluminated eyes.

"Does he not see the light!" panted Zia. "Does he not see the light!"

Soon he himself no longer saw it. Joseph of Nazareth came to the wooden doors and drew them together, and the boy stood alone on the mountain-side, trembling still, and wet with the dew of the night; but not weary, not hungered, not athirst or afraid, only quaking with wonder and joy—he, the little hunchback Zia, who had known no joy before since the hour of his birth.

He sank upon the earth slowly in an exquisite peace—a peace that thrilled his whole being as it stole over his limbs, deepening moment by moment. His head drooped softly upon a cushion of moss. As his eyelids fell, he saw the splendor of whiteness floating in the height of the purple vault above him.

THE dawn was breaking, and yet the stars had not faded away. This was his thought when his eyes first opened on a great one, greater than any other in the sky, and of so pure a brilliance that it seemed as if even the sun would not be bright enough to put it out. It hung high in the paling blue, high as the white radiance; and as he lay and gazed, he thought it surely moved. What new star was it that in that one night had been born? He had watched the stars through so many desolate hours that he knew each great one as a friend, and this one he had never seen before.

The morning was cold, and his clothes

were wet with dew, but he felt no chill. He remembered; yes, he remembered. If he had lived in a vision the day before, he was surely living in one yet. The Zia who had been starved and beaten and driven out naked into the world, who had clutched his thin breast and sobbed, writhing upon the earth, where was he? He looked down upon his hands and saw the cracked and scaling palms, and it was as though they were not. He thrust back the covering from his chest and saw the spots there. But there were no lepers, there were no hunchbacks; there were only Zia and the light. He knelt and turned himself toward the cave and prayed, and as he so knelt and prayed the man Joseph rolled open the heavy wooden door.

Then Zia, still kneeling, beat himself softly upon the breast and prayed again, not as before to Jehovah, but to that which he beheld.

The light was there, fair, radiant, wonderful. The cave was bathed in it. The woman in the blue robe sat upon the straw, and in her arms she held a newborn child. Zia touched his forehead to the earth again, again, again, unknowing that he did so. The child was the light itself!

He must rise and draw near. That which had drawn him up the mountain-side drew him again. The child was the light itself! As he crept near the cave's entrance, the woman's eyes rested upon him soft and wonderful.

She spoke to him—she spoke!

"Be not afraid," she said. "Draw nigh and behold!"

Her voice was not as the voice of other women; it was like her eyes, soft and wonderful. It could not be withstood even by awe such as his. He could not remain outside, but entered trembling, and trembling drew near.

The child lying upon His mother's breast opened His eyes and smiled. Zia fell upon his knees before Him. He held out his piteous hands, remembering for one moment the Zia who had sobbed on the mountain-side alone.

"I am a leper!" he cried. "I may not touch Him! Unclean! Unclean!"

"Draw nigh," the woman said, "and let His hand rest upon thee!"

Zia crouched upon his knees. The new-born hand fell softly upon his shoulder and rested there. Through his body, through his blood, through every limb and fleshly atom of him, he felt it steal—new life, warming, thrilling, wakening in his veins new life! As he felt it, he knelt quaking with rapture even as he had stood the night before gazing at the light. The new-born hand lay still.

He did not know how long he knelt. He did not know that the woman leaned toward him, scarce drawing breath, her wondrous eyes resting upon him as if she waited for a sign. Even as she so gazed she beheld it, and spoke, whispering as in awed prayer:

"Go forth and cleanse thy flesh in running water," she said. "Go forth."

He moved, he rose, he stood upright—the hunchback Zia who had never stood upright before! His body was straight, his limbs were strong. He looked upon his hands, and there was no blemish or spot to be seen!

"I am made whole!" he cried in ecstasy so wild that his boy's voice rang and echoed in the cave's hollowed roof. "I am made whole!"

"Go forth," she said softly. "Go forth and give praise."

He turned and went into the dawning day. He stood swaying, and heard himself sob forth a rapturous cry of prayer. His flesh was fresh and pure; he stood erect and tall. He was as others whom God had not cursed. The light! the light! He stretched forth his arms to the morning sky.

SOME shepherds roughly clothed in the skins of lambs and kids were climbing the hill toward the cave. They carried their crooks, and they talked eagerly as though in wonderment at some strange thing which had befallen them, looking up at the heavens, and one pointed with his crook.

"Surely it draws nearer, the star!" he said. "Look!"

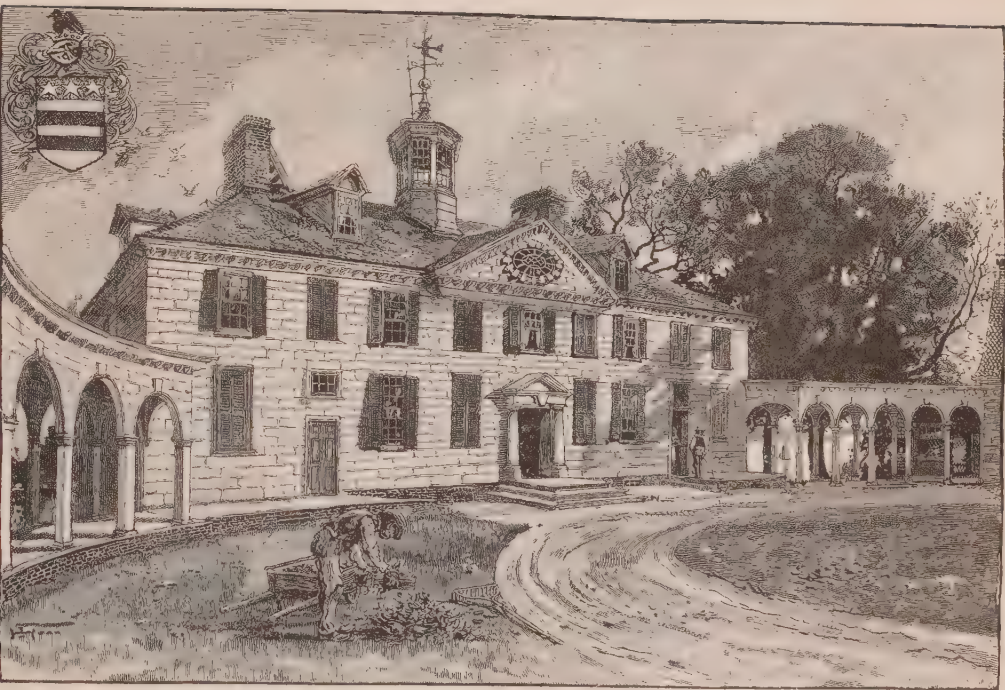
As they passed a thicket where a brook flowed through the trees a fair boy came forth, cleansed, fresh, and radiant as if he had but just bathed in its clear waters. It was the boy Zia.

"Who is this one?" said the oldest shepherd.

"How beautiful he is! How the light shines on him! He looks like a king's son."

And as they passed, they made obeisance to him.





The north front of Mount Vernon

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

CHAPTER I

AN IDOL'S SUCCESSOR

THE Articles of Confederation, under which the Revolution was fought, appear in retrospect more like a travesty on government than the deliberate, earnest work of reasoning men. The patriots of that day were too deeply moved by principles to see the absurdity of the means by which they sought to enforce them. Congress, the central authority during the Revolution, was allowed to impose taxes, but was forbidden to collect them. It could declare war, but was powerless to enlist a soldier. And being made thoroughly helpless and penniless, it was required to pay armies it had no right to call into being. Comic operas, but not nations, flourish upon such foundations.

War's overshadowing concern held the different parts of the country together while it lasted, but true to the law which decrees that virtue shall ebb and flow in nations as in men, nature saw to it that peace was followed by speedy reaction. Intent upon reaping local benefits, the sections became quarrelsome neighbors, each clamoring in a different tongue for its own rights and privileges. The East talked of fisheries and timber; the South of tobacco and cotton; the opening West had needs and interests to which the others were deaf and blind. A few years of such discord brought the new country to a pass where it was equally difficult to keep order at home or treaties abroad. National finances, long precarious, reached the vanishing point, then disappeared. The army withered to a skeleton of fewer than a hun-

dred men. Legislators, elected to the shadowy honor of seats in a Congress without real power, showed small interest in its meetings. It had been difficult to get together a quorum to ratify the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The attendance grew less and less; then only two members appeared; finally only one met with the clerk. That faithful officer wrote his last entry in the journal, closed the book, and without being formally adjourned, the Continental Congress also faded from sight.

The new nation seemed doomed to die of its own vital principle—liberty; but fear of disunion, or, rather, of the consequences of disunion, roused the States to their folly. Disunion meant almost certain reconquest by England, with the sacrifice of everything for which they had fought. Even before the shadowy Congress vanished into the land of ghosts, Virginia, leader among the States, asked that delegates be sent to a convention called to revise these Articles of Confederation under which time had proved that Americans could fight, but could not live peaceably together. With the exception of small, but truculent, Rhode Island, all responded, sending their best men, some of whom were already members of the old Congress. And this, it is only fair to say, accounted in part for its deserted halls and dwindling numbers.

As the delegates rode toward Philadelphia through the young green of mid-May, 1787, the country looked very fair—altogether too fair to be given up without further struggle. They had three alternatives: disunion, more amiable and brotherly efforts at popular government, or an American monarchy. Europe, watching eagerly, would welcome this last as a confession of failure only less absolute than disunion itself. England and France stood ready to offer candidates from the house of Hanover and the house of Bourbon, their greed thinly veiled in assurances of friendship that were insults in disguise.

Of one thing these Americans were sure: if it came to an American monarchy, they need not cross the sea to find a king.

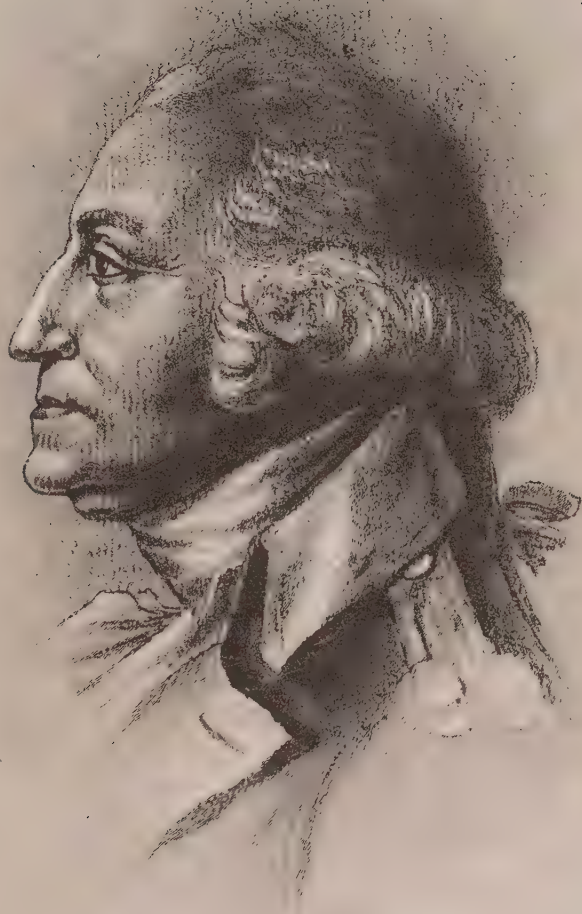
A man of their own number had been tested in temper and strength for more than a decade through war and the more quarrelsome years of peace. It was his tact and common sense that had saved them time and again while they tried to live under the opera-bouffe provisions of the Articles of Confederation. Like themselves, he was now riding soberly toward Philadelphia. A crowd met him and escorted him into the city with public honors, and he was made chairman of the convention.

After the country decided that it was not yet ready to give up the experiment of popular government, he was elected President, and in due time, clad in his dark-brown suit of home manufacture, he took the oath of office, while prayers ascended and bells rang, and the budding Government put forth all the pomp and ceremony it could muster to make his inauguration impressive.

Then came eight years during which everything had to be determined, from homeliest details of government to questions of gravest moment. "I walk as it were on untrodden ground," the new President wrote, and being humble-minded as well as earnest, he asked help and advice from many, even from men much younger than himself, with the winning apology: "I am troublesome. You must excuse me; ascribe it to friendship and confidence."

The problems of his administration foreshadowed almost every issue that has since arisen to trouble an executive pillow. There were relations to be reëstablished with the outside world; for though the States had boastfully cast off the yoke of Europe, they found themselves bound to it, now that war was over, by ties of memory no war could break, and dependent upon it, moreover, for tangible necessary supplies, like bricks to build into their houses, and dishes from which to eat their food.

There were boundaries to be adjusted to the north and to the south. On the west was the vexed question of navigation of the Mississippi River. There was con-



The portrait by St. Mémin. From a photograph in the possession of Charles Henry Hart, Esq. Engraved by R. A. Muller
General Washington

stant, nagging anxiety about expenses of government; there was among the people an unrest that did not stop short of actual rebellion; there were humiliating scandals in the President's official family; and there was jealousy in all the various departments of government.

States were jealous of encroachments

upon their sovereign power; municipalities were fearful of losing one jot of local authority. The newly inaugurated Federal Government was tenacious of its dignity as representing all these collective units; but among themselves the three subdivisions of the Federal Government manœvered for place and power. The

judiciary was busy establishing its functions and its new code of laws; Congress and the executive experimented upon ways in which they could work together. The Senate showed no enthusiasm when the President and his secretary of war knocked at its door, expecting to take part in an executive session, and Washington went home vowing he would never place himself in that position again. The House, still less minded than the Senate to brook what it termed "interference," flatly refused to receive the popular Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, and hear his report on the public credit.

Washington's Presidency saw the shaking together and adjustment of the whole complicated system; and how much its final success was due to his unemotional persistence in well-doing, we, his political descendants, can never know. He brought no whirlwind enthusiasm to the task, he was not over-sanguine; but convinced that the new system was "well worth a full and fair experiment," he enlisted in this, as he had in the Revolution, with all his heart and "for the war."

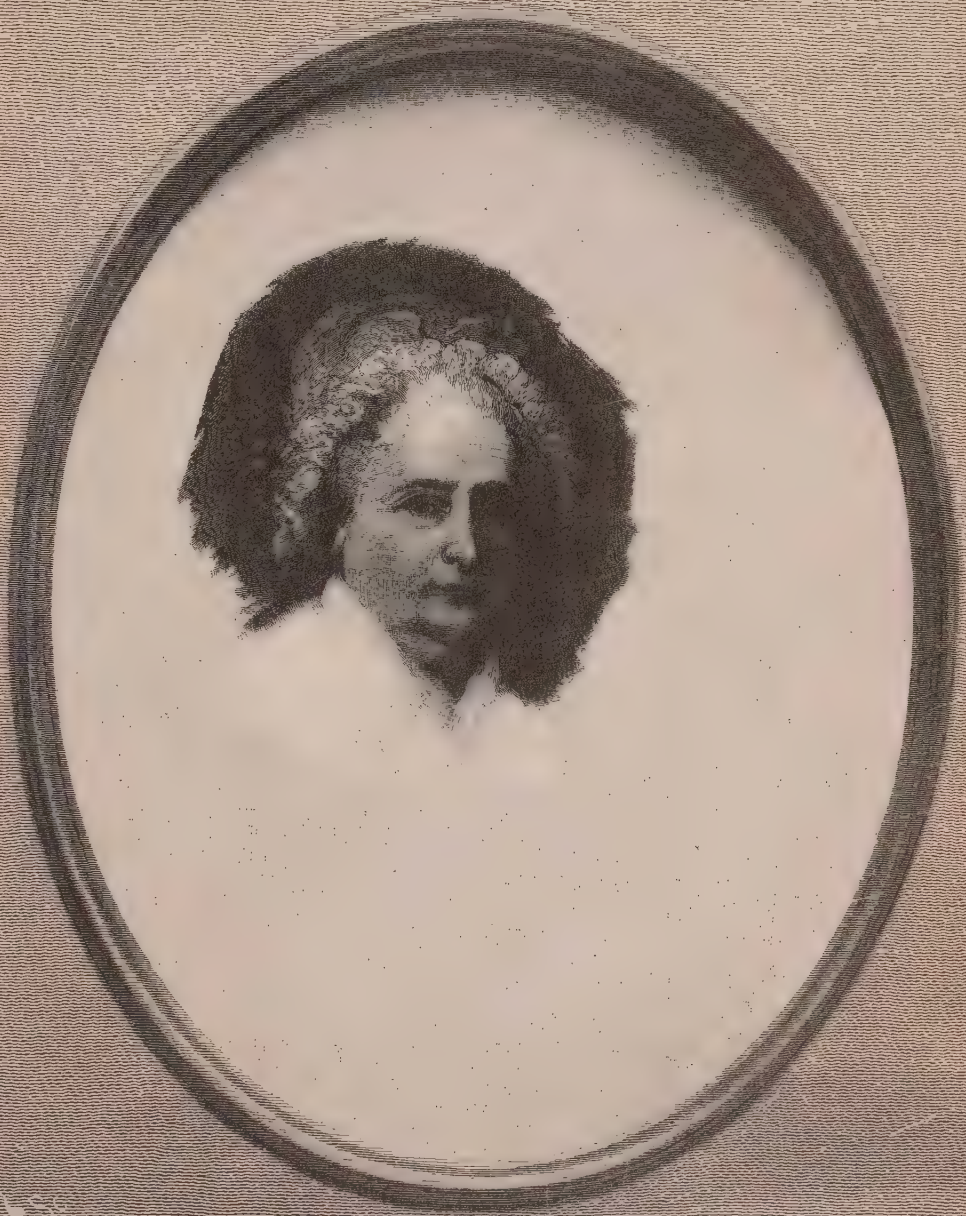
Gifted above his fellows, it was with an endowment of endurance and calm common sense rather than with the fiery touch of genius. He must have had a very broad and impartial mind; for even the impatience of those who differed with him testifies to this. He had a way most trying to men of quicker mental habits, like Jefferson, of never expressing approval on first hearing a plan, but of reserving judgment until he had thought it over. He had a capacity for continuous, grinding hard work, and this he in turn exacted from his subordinates; but he had also enough sympathy and imagination to understand that they might find such uninterrupted devotion to duty hard and trying.

The training of his entire life had been toward self-mastery. Lessons of obedience in early military life, the loneliness of supreme command, and the great stake for which he played—all tended to that end. He had been born with no talent for the trivialities of life, no grace of wit or social

ease, and he was occupied with engrossing cares. His deafness, moreover, made it impossible for him to take part in general conversation even at his own table, a circumstance that has unfortunately added to the gloom of the mental portrait bequeathed to posterity. We think of him as a man of stately presence, a little slow in his mental processes, but very just and very sure; a man almost dull in the monotony of his virtue, who lived on a plane of conscious benevolence, holding resentments and kindly impulses alike in leash, ready to turn them in the direction of his country's good.

Yet there are hints that under this chilling calm glowed a furnace of emotions. In the intimacy of a portrait sitting he confessed to Gilbert Stuart that he was "passionate by nature," and he was really the person best fitted to know. The little girl who lived opposite, and saw him daily with his two aides, all very correct in their laced hats and well-brushed coats, cross the street and start on their customary constitutional, wondered if the great man ever spoke or smiled; but Senator Ross, blundering upon a domestic scene soon after Edmund Randolph was dismissed from the cabinet in disgrace, found Nelly Custis cowering "like a partridge" in a corner and the President's wife "awe-struck," while he thundered, in answer to the question whether he had yet seen Randolph's pamphlet of vindication: "Yes, sir; I have read every word, every letter, of it, and a —er scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity!"

In writing home about one of the depressing Presidential dinners, which were indeed rather terrifying festivals, owing to the host's deafness and the demeanor of most of the guests, who seemed to feel that they were assisting at some sort of national funeral, Mrs. Adams showed a gentler side of his nature.—She told how Washington, with awkward and unavailing kindness, tried to dispel the gloom for her at least by asking minutely after the health of members of her family; and then, picking the plums from a cake, sent them with his compliments to "Master John."



From an unfinished painting by Gilbert Stuart. Engraved by W. B. Closson

Martha Washington

The stately ceremonies of birthday, New-year, and Fourth of July celebrations, the formality of his levees, and the way congregations lined up on Sundays outside the church to make a lane through which he and his wife entered the sanctu-

ary ahead of all the rest, grew partly out of the people's respect for him, partly out of what seemed to him and his advisers fitting to the high office of President of the United States. Dignity, not ostentation or display, was the aim. That neither

ostentation nor display resulted, Chateaubriand, in America on his way to discover the Northwest Passage, amply testified. His romantic conception of the American Cincinnatus had been shaken by his first sight of Washington, flashing by in a coach and four; but it was completely restored when he went to present his letter of introduction, and saw the simplicity of his dwelling, and that, far from being guarded by soldier or lackey, its door was opened by a decent serving-woman, who inquired his name, and, finding that she could not pronounce it, trustingly bade him enter and be seated while she went in search of her master.

The President's cream-colored coach, with four, and on occasion even six, horses to it, and attendant servants in livery, was nothing uncommon. That was still the custom among the well-to-do. Indeed, the wretched state of the roads, "marked out rather than made," rendered such turnouts a matter of prudence instead of pride. Like every other Virginian, Washington was fond of horses; but the fleeting glimpses we have of his coach, and of his own figure on horseback, grave and composed even when some misguided admirer had dropped a laurel wreath upon his brow, indicate that the same handsome white animals served thriftily alike for saddle and draft.

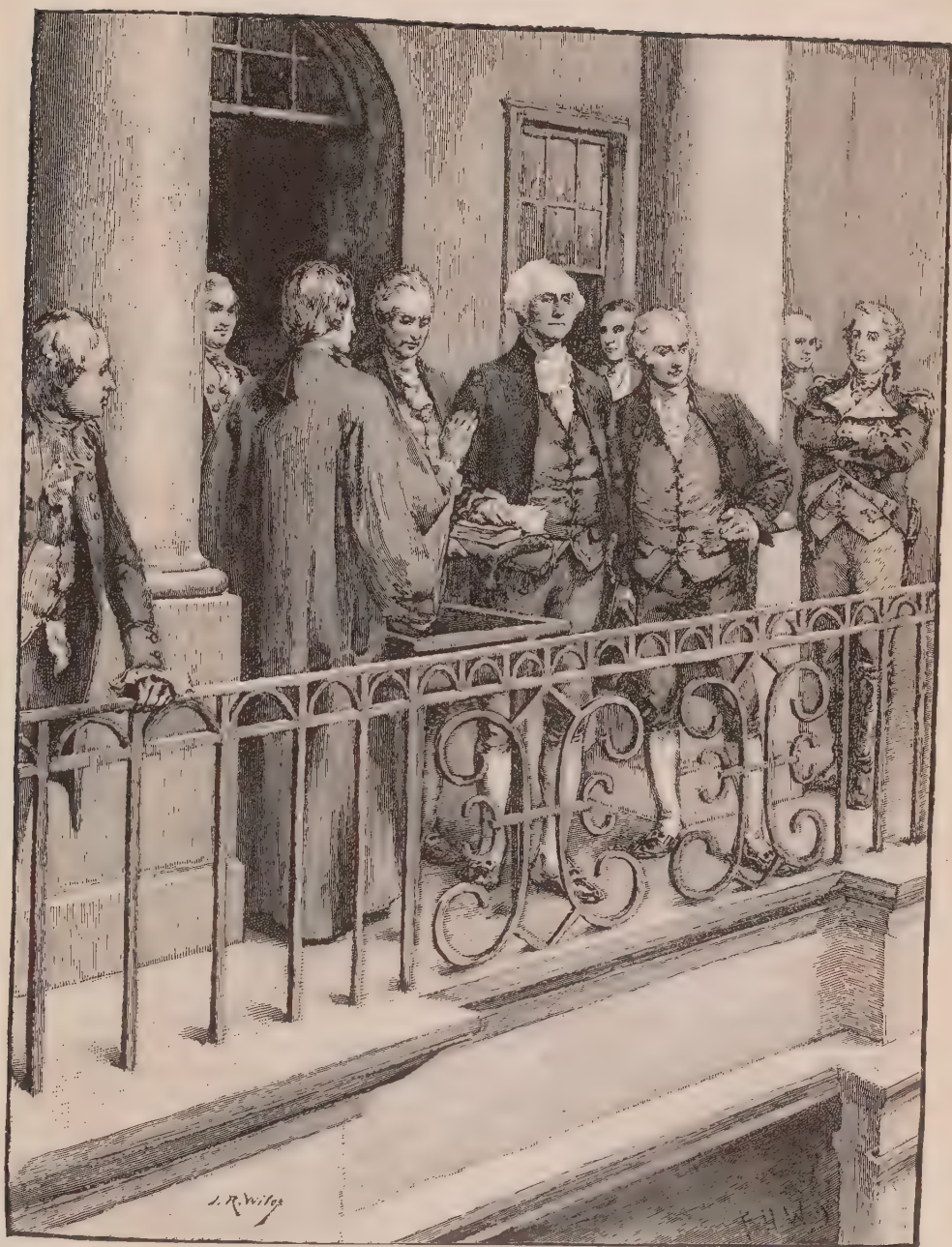
That laurel wreath must have been more vexing than pleasant to his sober tastes, and in the almost royal progress of his longer journeys he doubtless welcomed an occasional greeting like the old Quaker's, "Friend Washington, we are pleased to see thee," as a relief from the customary adulation. On the other hand, when the Governor of Massachusetts, jealous for the rights of the commonwealth, developed a sudden "indisposition" to make the first call of ceremony upon a mere President of the United States, Washington stood upon his dignity, and brought the governor to his feet, albeit enveloped "in red baize" and protesting that he came at the risk of his life.

Washington, in short, was a conscientious, earnest gentleman, striving with

businesslike thoroughness to fulfil the will of God and the wishes of the majority. Every one of the sixty-nine electoral votes had been cast for him; and both from desire and the sense of duty he set himself the hard task, unfulfilled by him or any of his successors, of being President of the whole country, regardless of party.

Already factions were showing themselves. To represent these fairly, he chose for his cabinet four men who could not have differed more in character had he summoned them from the ends of the earth. For secretary of state he chose Jefferson, the ardent theorist who had done his country the service of formulating the Declaration of Independence, and was perhaps better known abroad than any American save the aged Franklin. For secretary of the treasury he called to him the phenomenal Hamilton, with the frame of a lad and the intellect of a giant, to whom it was given to perform miracles with an empty exchequer. The secretary of war was General Knox, large and showy, but, despite his pompous speech and grandly flourishing cane, a man of experience not only in battle, but in administering this same office under the Continental Congress. The attorney-general was Edmund Randolph, who proved of weaker moral fiber than the others.

Since the first duty of the new Government was to bring the States into line after years of pulling asunder, the measures of Washington's administration were of necessity centralizing in their effect. Little things and large, from the ordering of his daily life to sending troops to crush the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania—without a battle, it is true, but at the cost of "invading" a sovereign State and imposing outside authority upon it—stamped him a Federalist, roused the ire of the Republicans, and forever put an end to his dream of being President without distinction of party. Jefferson, naturally enough, became spokesman for the faction the mission of which was to point out the difference between acts of the Federalists and theories of the Declaration of Independence.



Washington taking the oath as President, April 30, 1789, on the site
of the Treasury Building, Wall Street, New York

Jefferson, indeed, was the strong opposing personality of the administration. He had little patience with General Knox, whom he called "a man of parade," and he and Hamilton quarreled almost daily upon every conceivable topic; for Hamilton, Federalist to the core by instinct and

conviction, became as inevitably spokesman for the party in power. Even Washington could not preserve harmony in such a cabinet, and before the end of his first term both Hamilton and Jefferson resigned. Afterward the President had still greater difficulty with his council. His

critics taunted him with being able to get only second-rate men to fill their places; and Vice-President Adams asserted that it was this, not high devotion to principle, that caused him to refuse a third term. But Adams was neither generous nor always just in his estimate of others.

Party differences grew until the bitterness of politics invaded social life, and men who had been friends for years crossed the street to avoid meeting, looking in any direction except into each other's eyes. Washington was accused of loving arbitrary power, of longing for the substance as well as the forms of monarchy, of lining his nest at public expense, to choose only three from a long list of political and moral crimes it is thankful to repeat. As one of his supporters justly said, constant reiteration of such charges "would tend to debase an angel." Yet when it was definitely learned that he would not again be a candidate, his critics awoke to the fact that they had trusted even while they vilified him.

They were suddenly aware that the country was to be put to a new test. "His secession from the administration will probably, within no distant period, ascertain whether our present system and Union can be preserved," was a clumsy and wondering admission that the American experiment could never be thoroughly tried so long as Washington remained President. Because, despite all machinery of ballots and election, the relation between him and the voters was more that of loyal subjects and a beloved monarch than the colder one of constituents choosing a public servant to do their bidding. Washington's Farewell Address, with its wealth of warning and suggestion, showed that he, too, felt this personal relation.

He retired gladly to the country life at Mount Vernon, busied himself in its affairs, riding over his fields daily, and dismounting, perhaps, at the bars to receive a former aide with courteous civility; within doors, happy in renewed ties, his wife looked well to her household, and chatted about the public life of her husband and herself, which she called her "lost days."

But this was not to last. Within two years menace of foreign war caused the new President to call the old President from retirement. And what Washington considered the new President's injustice in appointing officers to the new army caused him to dictate redress as the price of his services. War did not come; but the people knew from this that as long as Washington lived he was at his country's call, as ready to respond as ever.

So the months went by until in the dark closing days of December, 1799, news came that his life was at an end. Europe bowed in acknowledgment of the passing of a great soul. England's channel fleet lowered its flags to half-mast; France draped her standards in black, and Napoleon, soldier of the centuries, who craved power as ardently as Washington had desired peace, paid his tribute to "the warrior, the legislator, the citizen without reproach."

In the dead man's own country personal grief was overshadowed by deep national apprehension. The guiding, steadying influence of more than twenty years had been removed. Friends and critics alike expressed one thought. "America has lost her savior," Hamilton exclaimed. It was only afterward, as memories of intimate personal years pressed hard upon him, that he added brokenly, "And I, a father!"

In the towns bells tolled and grief-laden prayers ascended from church and hearthstone. In remote and lonely clearings, beyond the sound of bells, grief found its own expression. At night, after the few animals had been folded close to the cabin to protect them from wolves and prowling savages, little children lay wakeful, looking through chinks in the log walls at some star twinkling in the sky, and, oppressed with a strange sadness, fell asleep at last to the sound of their elders singing the lament for Washington:

Where shall our country turn its eye?
What help remains beneath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust
Lies low mouldering in the dust.

Thus the new century found the Government entering upon a new phase of its career. The choleric John Adams had been President for more than two years; but as long as Washington lived the country refused to look upon any one else as its real head.

The way of the transgressor may be hard indeed, but it is a path of roses compared with the thorny road the successor to a popular idol must tread; and when one reads the frankly expressed opinions of Adams's party friends and party enemies, one's sympathies go out to the man upon whom Washington's Presidential mantle fell. "His Superfluous Highness" was the title the opposition had suggested for him in the days when discussion raged as to what the high officials of the Government were to be called. He had great learning, great patriotism, and an unquenchable spirit; but overlaying and enveloping them all was a positive genius for doing and saying untactful things, for appearing at the worst possible advantage.

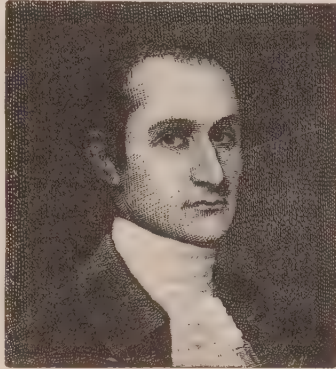
A member of his cabinet once said of him that whether he was "sportful, playful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, or open," he was "almost always so in the wrong place and with the wrong person." The kindly Franklin characterized him as "always honest, sometimes great, but often mad." One less genial remarked that even in his soberest moments Adams was "the greatest marplot in nature." And John Randolph of Roanoke, whose tongue added the poison of ridicule to the bitterness of gall, called him "that political *Malvolio*."

The Vice-Presidency, which he had occupied during the eight years of Washington's term, was not an office fitted to soften the asperities of his nature, or to hide them. The chief duty of a Vice-

President—waiting to step into a dead man's shoes—is thankless at best, carrying with it unjustly enough a little of the opprobrium that clings to the executioner and the scavenger, necessary, but not honored, servants of civilization. But a President can die only once, and is likely not to die at all. The thrifty makers of the Constitution, therefore, bent on having the Vice-President earn his salary, added another duty, fortunately for the incumbent one of great dignity and occasionally of great importance—that of presiding over the Senate, and casting the deciding vote in case of a tie. This links the Vice-President in a manner with the administration of which he is nominally a part, but still leaves plenty of time for criticism, if he is so inclined.

Adams sympathized with Washington's general policy, and respected him as a man. He had, indeed, been the one to propose him for commander-in-chief. During the eight years he was Vice-President he loyally cast his vote with the administration when occasion demanded; but he thought Washington's talents overrated, and on becoming President in his turn was ambitious to make a record brilliant enough to overshadow him. It was certainly no easy task, even without the handicap of Adams's obstinate personality.

The twin curses of sensitiveness and unpopularity darkened even the ceremonies of inauguration for this unfortunate man. Writing to his wife about that impressive moment in the Hall of Representatives when every eye was moist, and even Washington's great self-command was sorely tried, he told her that there had been more weeping at the inauguration than at a tragedy, "but whether it was from grief or joy; whether from the loss of their beloved President or from the substitution of an unbeloved one; or



John Jay

from the novelty of the thing, or from the sublimity of it . . . I know not."

He knew that he was vain. "Thank God I am so!" he exclaimed. "Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down." But it had its lingering after-taste, and justly proud of his record,—having, as one of his biographers puts it, "stepped from his little country law-office and proved himself a match for the diplomatists of Europe,"—Adams resented the narrow margin by which he had been elected, calling himself with some bitterness "the President of three votes only." It has been said that he achieved the honor only because a political trick missed fire—that the Federalists, like their opponents, considered him a "Superfluous Excellency," and placed him and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney in nomination, intending so to juggle with the election that Pinckney, the less known and more pliable of the two, should receive the larger vote, apparently by accident. Instead, they found themselves saddled with Adams for President, stubborn and unmanageable, while Jefferson, leader of a growing opposition, having reached to within those three votes of the higher office, became, by virtue of the law at that time in force, Vice-President, with a Vice-President's unlimited opportunity for observation and criticism.

It was not then the custom for the cabinet to go out of office with the President. Adams began his term with a group of men that he described as a legacy from General Washington. They smoldered along together in uncongenial accord until about the time of Washington's death, when the inevitable explosion and reorganization took place. But a Vice-President can be removed by nothing short of crime or physical incapacity, and Jefferson remained, an ever-present and irritating thorn in Adams's side. Adams had found it hard to learn and accept the passive rôle demanded by the office, and he evidently took some satisfaction in impressing the same uncongenial lessons upon his successor. Jefferson asserted that he was never consulted upon any question

of government after Adams had been two days in power. And he did not make the charge in the humorous mood of a later incumbent, who used to declare that his chief had asked his advice only once, and that was about the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Jefferson's party was growing, and he was its undoubted leader. It appeared almost certain that he would be Adams's successor. They had long been personal friends, and were to become good friends again, after lengthening years sent both to the retirement of private life. But as heir-apparent Jefferson was obnoxious, and the breach between them soon became complete. "I believe he always liked me," Adams admitted in a retrospect of his long career, "but he detested Hamilton and my whole administration. Then, he wished to be President of the United States, and I stood in his way. So he did everything that he could to pull me down. But if I should quarrel with him for that, I might quarrel with every one I had anything to do with in life. . . . Did you ever hear the lines:

I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view?

I forgive my enemies, and hope that they may find mercy in Heaven."

Adams, however, had no idea of making life easy for his enemies on earth, and no illusions whatever about being President of the whole people. He was of the opinion that party divisions "begin with human nature," and was prepared to fight every inch of his way to a success rivaling Washington's. That he even found zest in the fighting may be gathered from a remark he once made that he was glad he did not live in the millennium, for that would be "the most sickish life imaginable."

His Presidency in no way resembled the millennium. Before he had been in office a twelvemonth a day came when the street outside the door seethed with excited citizens. The governor ordered out horse and foot to keep the peace. Mem-

bers of Adams's household indulged heroic, unnecessary dreams of a sortie into the mob, and the President himself, having caused chests of arms to be brought from the war office by back ways, stood ready to defend his home at the cost of his life, if need be.

And this was only one outward and visible sign of his inward state, for politics, domestic and foreign, kept him in constant and truculent irritation. England and France each seemed bent on provoking the United States to war, and partisans of the English and French waxed contentious at home. The surging tide of the French Revolution, sending its wash of shipwrecked and distressed across the Atlantic, had made of that great struggle a vital local issue. The country had been predisposed to French sympathy, but the excesses of the Terror had naturally enough caused a reaction. Now Adams and his followers pointed to the carnival of butchery and atheism as the logical outcome of those doctrines of equality that Jefferson and his party upheld. It was primarily a question of temperament. Largely, also, it was a question of locality, and in some localities it became a matter of religious prejudice. In New England, for example, Federalism and Christianity were supposed to be on intimate terms, while Democracy was looked upon as "a wicked thing, born of Tom Paine, Tom Jefferson, and the Father of Lies."

Bent on combating this formidable trio, Adams labored on in his unpopular way, striving to harden into custom and precedent the policies that Washington had adopted of necessity. And the faction that had objected to Washington's acts was not slow in condemning his. He was criticized for many things, but chiefly for being himself. Personal likes and dislikes played a greater part in national affairs

then than now, for the natural reason that the country, though wide in extent, was still very small in population, and only a fraction of that population as yet belonged to the governing class. A property qualification remained a barrier between the poor man and his vote in every one of the States, while the difference be-

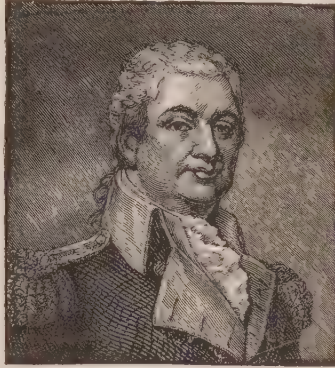
tween yeomanry and gentry was still recognized, though, thanks to the new teachings, poor folk plodding along in the dust left behind by great folk as they passed in their coaches were beginning to see that all moved toward a common goal.

The fundamental difference between the two parties lay in this: the theory of the Democratic Republicans was based on the belief that "the people" were reasonable and

teachable, and therefore quite capable of taking part in government. The Federals, on the other hand, maintained the superior fitness of the educated and well-to-do for tasks of this kind, and their consequent obligation to attend to such matters not only for themselves, but for their less-fortunate neighbors. Their position, borne out apparently only too well by tragic events in France, was summed up with picturesque brutality by Hamilton one night in the heat of after-dinner debate, as he flung back the answer:

"Your People, sir—your People—is a great beast!"

Cordially as Adams disliked Hamilton, and shocking as he would have found such words uttered by any one except himself, he agreed with this in principle, grumbling that all projects of government based on the wisdom of the people were "cheats and delusions." Letting his peppery tongue run away with him, he did not scruple to state—to the wrong man—his doubt that the nation could endure unless the executive office was made hereditary. "What necessity of saying



General Henry Knox
Secretary of war in Washington's
first cabinet.

these things, even if he thought so?" his hearer asked in disgust.

Once indeed during Adams's term of office popular sympathy was with the administration. This was when the country learned about Talleyrand's action in what is known as the X. Y. Z. affair. Little as Adams approved French ideals, he had no wish to go to war with France; and even after differences had reached a pass where our American minister was asked to leave Paris, the testy President controlled his resentment, and sent a commission of three distinguished men to see if the trouble could be adjusted. They were kept waiting in anterooms and corridors, put off with transparent excuses and one flimsy pretext after another, until even a babe in diplomacy, innocent of the French premier's tortuous methods, could not fail to see that bribery was hinted at. Pinckney's spirited "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" voiced the popular indignation, and turned election majorities into Federal success.

But larger majorities in Congress did Adams little good. With war imminent, it was necessary to raise a new army, and this brought so much added work upon the Government that the President felt obliged to recommend increased salaries for some officials, and even to ask for a new cabinet officer, a secretary of the navy, the work of whose department had heretofore been divided between the war department and the treasury. The opposition was not slow to raise the cry of extravagance, ever potent in republics, and jealousies incurred in assigning commands in the new army proved an added pitfall. By common consent Washington was the one man talked about for commander-in-chief. Many thought Hamilton equally entitled to second place, but distrust of Hamilton blinded Adams alike to justice and policy. He named another. This raised a storm of protest, and Washington, taking sides with the friends of Hamilton, flatly refused to leave his retirement at Mount Vernon until what he deemed a wrong was righted. In the correspondence between them Adams lost not only

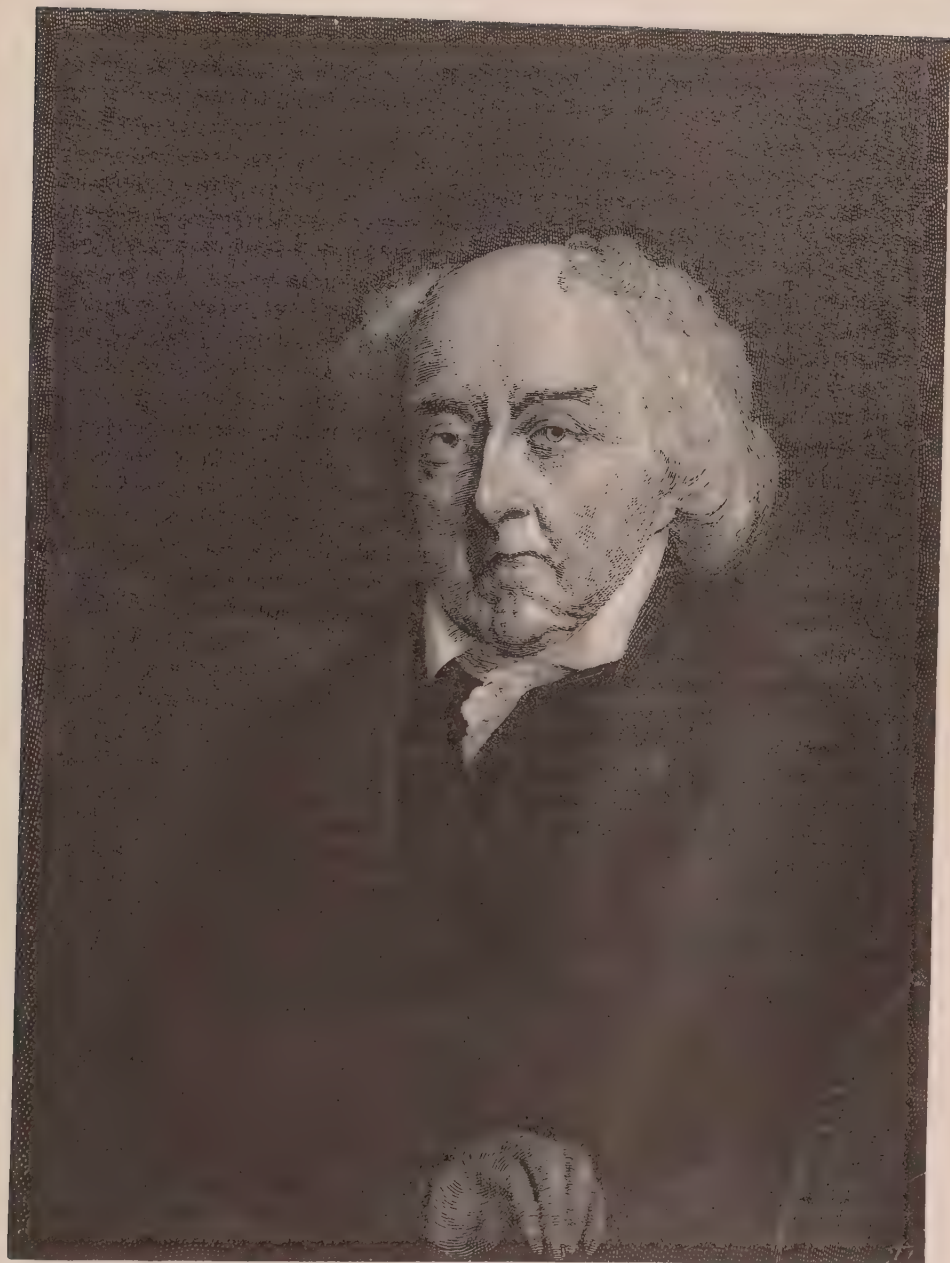
his point, but another fraction of popular good-will that he could ill afford to spare.

The alien and sedition laws, too, passed by Congress at the instigation of the administration, overshot the mark. These made it difficult to obtain citizenship, and gave the President authority to order out of the country any foreigner he might deem dangerous without giving his reasons or affording the man under suspicion a trial; and there were other provisions imposing fines for "illegal" combinations and conspiracy, and for "scandalous and malicious" publications against the Government, that proved fine ammunition to Adams's enemies when the next Presidential election drew near.

The Democratic Republicans, using all their political skill, managed, moreover, to take the wind out of the sails of certain administration measures that should have been popular by making them seem like truckling on the part of Adams to the growing anti-Federal sentiment. Altogether the task he had set himself of conducting an administration more brilliant and successful than that of Washington was ending in sad disappointment. This did not increase his serenity and peace of mind. Nothing worked to that end. Even the removal of the seat of government from orderly and conventional Philadelphia to the quagmires of the new capital on the banks of the Potomac was one more trial in his last year of office.

The opposition of Hamilton to Adams's reelection proved the last straw. How far this was due to Adams's treatment of Hamilton in the military appointments was a question eagerly discussed and gossiped about by their contemporaries. They were all very human men, and the passions of the day were much inflamed. Hamilton lost his usually clear head and wrote a pamphlet attacking Adams that the other Federalist leaders tried vainly to suppress, and which a certain Aaron Burr of New York, whose dislike of Hamilton was notorious, read with malicious glee, and used for his own ends.

Political dread of Hamilton was at this time almost the only sentiment held in



From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart. Engraved by T. Johnson

John Adams

common by Jefferson and Adams. Jefferson saw in Hamilton the brains of the Federal party. With Adams it seems to have been largely a matter of thwarted ambition. As strong a Federalist as himself, Hamilton was more brilliant, if not so learned, and he had the gift of popularity, which Adams woefully lacked. Even

in the face of a mob Hamilton could win personal support and applause. One might love him, though disapproving everything he did. Had it been possible to approve of all Adams did, he could not have won love or spontaneous applause.

The Presidential election of 1800 brought Adams defeat, this time by more

than three electoral votes. Jefferson received eight more than he; but even so Jefferson was not elected, because that same Aaron Burr, whom the Democratic Republicans had been supporting with an idea of making him Vice-President, received exactly the same number. This, according to the Constitution, threw the election into the House of Representatives. Three months must elapse before the House chose between them, for it could not proceed to an election until after the date for officially counting the electoral votes. Therefore there was plenty of time for sobering thought, and Burr was not a man to inspire confidence. He was talented, but unscrupulous—"Hamilton, with Hamilton's nobility left out." It was known that the vote in the House of Representatives would be exceedingly close. Jefferson's own account asserts that influential Federalists, among them that rock-ribbed, God-fearing man President Adams himself, caused it to be made plain to him that Federal opposition to his election would cease if he would only assure the country he meant to do none of those radical things threatened by his party, such as dismissing all Federal office-holders, abolishing the navy, or wiping out the public debt.

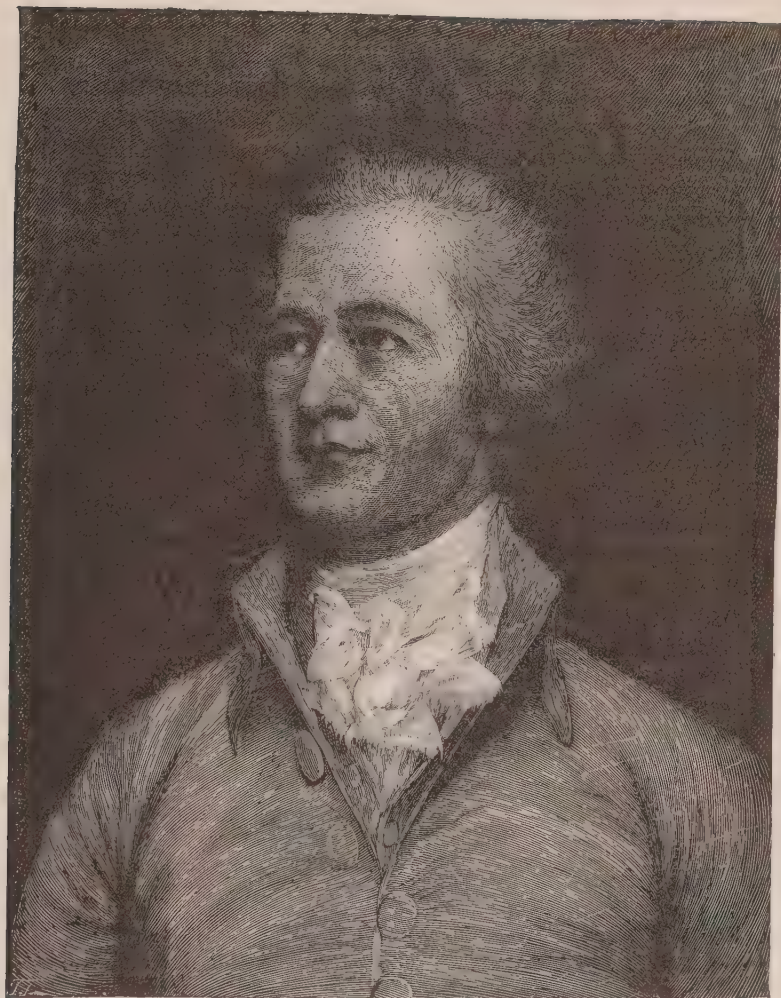
Jefferson refused to make any promises or to disclose his plans. Anxiety increased; and as had been apprehended, the contest that followed the official counting of the electoral votes was long and close. The first votes by the House resulted in a deadlock that lasted almost a week, and the final struggle to break this deadlock occupied more than thirty hours. Those near enough to follow the proceedings watched breathlessly. The more distant parts of the country waited impatient for news. In Washington all thoughts centered on the unfinished Capitol crowning its hill; few had eyes for the President's house, equally unfinished, among the trees a mile away. The town was as yet scarcely begun. Scattered groups of houses were to be seen here and there, few in any one place, and most of those small and unimposing. A mile

beyond the President's house lay the little village of Georgetown. Among them all the members of Congress and officers of the Government had managed to find more or less uncomfortable lodging. On this occasion every representative had been summoned, even the ones who were ill. Then the doors were closed.

"Not an individual left that solemn assembly," a diary of the time tells us. "The necessary refreshment . . . was taken in rooms adjoining the Hall. . . . Beds as well as food were sent for the accommodation of those whom age or debility disabled from enduring such a long-protracted sitting. The balloting took place every hour. In the interval men ate, drank, slept, or pondered over the result of the last ballot; compared ideas and persuasions to change votes."

One woman was present. She had accompanied her "almost dying husband" through the raw February chill from his lodgings two miles away, and watched beside his bed in an anteroom, ready to rouse him and guide his weak fingers as he wrote his ballot. Hour after hour the vote was taken, counted, and the same announcement made. Daylight settled into dark; darkness dragged wearily again into light. The invalid slept and stirred. The wife sitting beside him grew perceptibly haggard. On the faces of the members determination gave place to anger and sullen, utter weariness.

It became evident that Jefferson's supporters would not yield; but which of the opposition could bear the reproach of making the first move? It was managed by a flutter of blank ballots and skilful beating of the devil around the stump. One member from South Carolina withdrew his vote by prearrangement. The sole member from Delaware, voting blank, "gave up his party for his country," as the diary picturesquely says; and so, to quote Jefferson, the election occurred "without a single vote coming over." News was quickly given to those waiting outside, who cheered dutifully, if not enthusiastically, and the wearied legislators hurried off to their lodgings, "the conspirators," as



From the portrait by John Trumbull. Now owned by the Chamber of Commerce, New York

Alexander Hamilton

Secretary of the treasury in Washington's first cabinet.

they were darkly called, pursued by fears of bodily vengeance.

It was in this unflattering manner that Jefferson's "lurching for the Presidency," of which he had long been accused, was satisfied. But the choice undoubtedly reflected the popular will. Confronted with the alternative of Jefferson or Burr, a large majority of Americans preferred Jefferson's frank theorizing to Burr's shifty politics. But to Adams's mind even the lesser of the two evils was a national calamity.

Angry and disappointed, he set about doing all that he could during the short re-

mainder of his term to thwart the incoming President's plans. Two weeks before Jefferson's inauguration, Congress voted certain changes in the judiciary system which involved the appointment of new judges. As a matter of precedent and courtesy, these should have been left to the new executive. But Adams conceived it his duty to set patriotism above politeness, and signed appointments up to nine o'clock on the third of March; then early next morning he drove away from the city, too bitter to remain and take part in the ceremonies and amenities of the inauguration.

From his retirement in Massachusetts he exercised his privilege of free speech to lavish upon the new President the wealth of disapproval that his failure to realize the cherished ambitions and a sincere apprehension for the country's future caused to well up in his nature.

Time and the logic of events softened his resentment. Ten years after leaving the White House in such unseemly haste he had come to see that the difference between himself and his successor was one of method only. In 1811 he wrote to Dr. Rush:

In point of Republicanism, all the difference I ever could discover between you and me, or Jefferson and me, consisted:

1. In the difference between speeches and messages. I was a monarchist because I thought a speech more respectful to Congress and the nation. Jefferson and Rush preferred messages.

2. I held levees once a week that all my time might not be wasted by the visits. Jefferson's whole eight years was a levee.

3. I dined a large company once or twice a week. Jefferson dined a-dozen every day.

4. Jefferson and Liberty were for straight hair. I thought curled hair was as republican as straight.

Further lapse of time completely healed the breach between them. It is agreeable to remember that the tact of Mrs. Adams revived their old friendship, that they exchanged long and cordial letters during the latter years of their lives; and on the memorable fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when the spirits of both these brave men passed on, each died thinking of the other, comforted in the belief that the other still lived.

CHAPTER II

DEMOCRAT OR IMPERIALIST

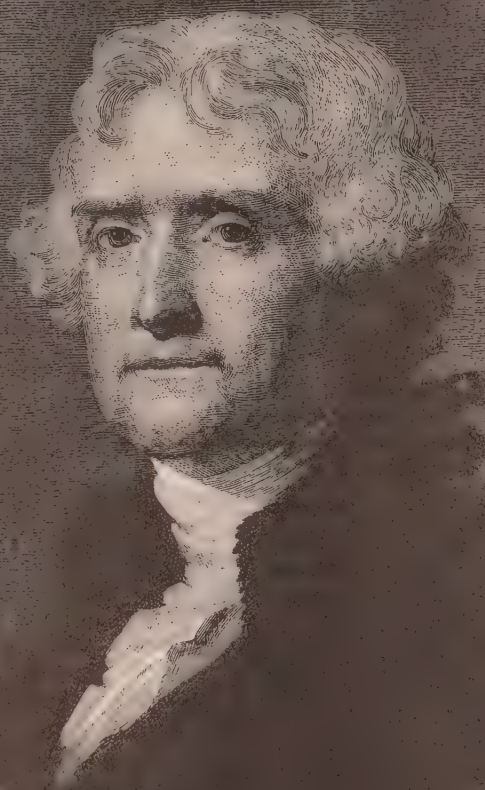
THE country waited in anxiety to see what the political reformer would do. He had refused to bind himself by promises, and had remained withdrawn upon his estate during the entire campaign summer, following the precedent set

by Washington and Adams, who held that the choice of a President was no matter for a candidate's meddling, but one exclusively between the voters and their own consciences.

While the country did not know what Jefferson meant to do, it did know that Jefferson's election was in effect a minor revolution, giving sanction to the trial of a whole brood of new theories. It was reserved for an American of a later day to call the Declaration of Independence a self-evident lie, but many looked upon its broad assertions as dangerous and its author as a dangerous man. Politics was a vital matter, so vital that statesmen whose interest wandered were regarded with suspicion, and Jefferson was known to have explored in many fields of thought. He was suspected of holding lamentably lax views upon religion. He enjoyed converse with men of lawless minds under the guise of research in philosophy and science. He had even entertained such men as Priestley and Tom Paine in his own home.

His service as minister to France had given him a large acquaintance and experience. Less erudite than Adams, his knowledge was wide rather than deep, but it was ample to afford him a grasp of many practical things, and ready sympathy in realms of thought to which his countrymen gave little heed. The sum of this knowledge was to make him an all-around, wide-awake man, given to theorizing, but with enough common sense in the long run to ballast his theories, a mental equipment providential in a President at that moment, but one to fill conservatives with deep foreboding.

The campaign had reeked with personalities. Social and political sins had been piled before Jefferson's door in unreasoning profusion, and the aims of his party had been denounced in no measured terms. "In plain language," one good and earnest Federalist mourned, "the greatest villain in the community is the fittest person to make and execute the laws. . . . Can imagination paint anything more dreadful this side Hell?"



From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, in the possession of Edward Coles, Esq. Engraved by T. Johnson

Thomas Jefferson

Secretary of state in Washington's first cabinet.

While all this was unpleasant, it was far less irritating to Jefferson than it would have been to one of Adams's intensely morbid egotism. "Whig and Tory

belong to natural history," was his more genial way of echoing Adams's crabbed "parties begin in human nature." He serenely refused to recognize the Jefferson they abused as anything more than a man of straw, made up of all his supposed vices.

There were of course some politically opposed to him who saw no reason to believe the country in extreme peril. "So, the anti-Federals are now to take a turn at rolling stones uphill," Chief-Justice Ellsworth wrote to Rufus King. "Good men will get a breathing-spell, and the credulous will learn to understand the game of out and in."

This was the first exchange of places in the political game of out and in, and both sides had yet to learn how astonishingly pliable new theories become in bending to hard conditions of fact. The optimists were justified. Responsibility had its usual sobering effect, the liberals becoming more conservative, just as conservatives had already been more liberal than their creed. It is always so; hence the paradox that human fallibility (another name for abstract sin) in the long run brings about an approach toward perfection.

Of the fourteen points emphasized in Jefferson's inaugural address there was scarcely one over which honest Federals and honest Republicans could not indulge an honest handshake, and it is hard to see wherein his treatment of large questions differed greatly from that which the Federalists might have given them under like conditions. Indeed, in the crowning act of his administration, the purchase of Louisiana, he was more imperialistic than Adams could have been, for Adams's near-sighted New England vision was incapable of reaching beyond the Alleghanies.

The two great achievements of Jefferson's life, for which all his mistakes must be forgiven and his whimsicalities condoned, stand at the two extremes of his wide political range. The writing of the Declaration of Independence was an exercise of his intellect, a statement of what

he believed ought to be, which caught popular sentiment and focused it to power, as rays of light are focused in a burning-glass. The purchase of Louisiana was quite beyond reason or even theory. He knew it by inspiration to be the will of destiny in regard to his country. His democracy was always a matter of the head rather than of the heart; and to his honor be it said that whenever his carefully cultivated principles bumped in painful collision against his sense of what was fitting for a great nation, he threw theory to the winds and followed instinct rather than be hampered by the kind of consistency that Emerson called the hobgoblin of little minds.

Jefferson's first acts as President were not at all alarming. Far from turning out all Federal office-holders, he "proceeded with moderation," appointing party friends only as the terms of Federals expired; and he returned to the rule observed by Washington, which Adams was inclined to violate, of refusing to appoint his own relatives, no matter what their politics. Justly enough, he resented Adams's "midnight" appointment of new judges. "So far as they are during pleasure," Jefferson wrote, "I shall not consider the persons named as candidates," "nor pay the respect of notifying them that I consider what is done a nullity."

Adams had tried in this way to safeguard the reorganized judiciary. It was an act justifiable only on the plea of extreme necessity, as was the beguiling offer made to Jefferson when his election hung in doubt in the House of Representatives. But, after all, morality is not a fixed quantity: had Jefferson been the unsafe man Adams feared, the country would have been in danger, and Adams justified in any measure he could take to lessen it. Actuated by the highest motives, but without the excuse of necessity, these acts degenerate into stupid political blunders that the white intensity of Adams's patriotism is enough to burn from the record.

Adams's hasty departure had already shorn inauguration day of half its cere-



Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson

monial importance. The Democratic President further curtailed its splendors, and for some time kept official society in a flutter over details of his Republican reforms. From the distance of a century we are forced to admire the wit and skill with which Jefferson thus managed to divert attention from more serious issues until he could get his bearings and measure the forces for and against him. Some of his minor reforms, like his "Canons of Etiquette to be Observed by the Executive,"¹ which promulgated the rules of "*pele*

¹Extract from "Canons of Etiquette to be Observed by the Executive":

4**th**. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Executive Government, in its own principles of personal and national equality, considers every Minister as the representative of his Nation, and equal to every other without distinction of grade.

5**th**. At dinners, in public or private, and on all other occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office.

9**th**. To give force to the principles of equality or *pele mele*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive, at their own houses, will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—gentlemen *en masse* giving place to ladies *en masse*.

mele" and wiped the social slate free from title and precedence with one mighty Republican sweep, roused a buzzing like angry bees among diplomats, and even threatened international trouble. But, yielded at the opportune moment, they could be bartered for more important concessions.

In the early days of Washington's Presidency questions of social usage had required speedy settlement. Washington had appealed to a number of leaders, among them Adams and Hamilton, Jay and Madison, for help in making rules of official conduct, begging rather wistfully to be told whether one day in seven was not enough to set apart for visits of mere ceremony, and one hour of each day—eight o'clock A.M., which was a favorite time, apparently, with the Father of his Country—to receive visitors who came on business. Might he himself make visits not as President, but as a private citizen? What must he do about dinner-parties, etc.?

Little by little the code of manners had defined itself. Mrs. Washington held her

Friday evening levees; and at stated intervals the President gathered companies about his table for those oppressively silent dinners—"the most solemn I ever sat at," a participant feelingly confided to his diary.

Adams's reply to the President's inquiries had bristled with chamberlains and aides-de-camp. He had reminded his chief that the royal office in Poland was a "mere shadow" compared with the dignity of the American President; had mentioned the dogeship of Venice and the stadtholder of Holland slightly in the same connection, and had warned Washington that "if the state and pomp essential to this great department are not in good degree preserved, it will be in vain for America to hope for consideration with foreign powers."

So when he came into the Presidency, the stately observances of Washington's day were not allowed to lapse. Even transplanting the seat of government from Philadelphia to the unfinished town on the Potomac had served only to jolt and rather humorously distort them. With the chill of new plaster pervading the executive residence, Mrs. Adams despaired of getting sufficient wood cut either for love or money from the growing trees surrounding it to fill its yawning fireplaces and dispel the dampness. She put the great audience-room to the only use its unfinished condition permitted—drying the Presidential linen. Looking from its unglazed windows over the small and scattered groups of houses, all that had yet materialized of L'Enfant's imposing plan, she reflected that their inhabitants must subsist "like fishes, by eating each other." But she played her rôle of President's lady with spirit, maintained her hours for levees, and answered the "fishes," when they came to call, that she thought the new capital had "a beautiful situation."

It had indeed. Half-way between Maine and Georgia, at that time our northern and southern boundaries; inland, but at the head of tide-water on a noble stream; planned along generous lines to cover a succession of hills upon which

a city once built could not be hid, it was, and seemed likely to remain, fairly central. Even the most optimistic patriot could not foresee how far that mythical reality, the center of population, was to travel westward decade by decade during the next century, unimpeded by war or misfortune, until the city on the Potomac was left upon the edge of our great country.

Jefferson's imagination was vivid enough to see the city of the future, with its avenues and stately buildings, in Major L'Enfant's plan; but it is also quite possible that he saw the absurdity of trying to keep up the fiction of present ceremony in a capital whose houses were non-existent and whose thoroughfares were marvels of ruts and bad drainage. Personally of very simple habits, both inclination and conviction urged him to dispense as much as possible with the mummary of his office. The story that he rode to his inauguration, tied his horse to the picket-fence at the foot of the Capitol, and mounted the steps to take his oath of office has been relegated time and again to the limbo of lost, but cherished, fable. Even the knock-down objection that there was no fence fails to keep it there. The bit of truth at the bottom lies in the curtailed ceremonies of the day, and in the fact that soon after he became President he changed the custom of making a speech on the opening of Congress, prefaced by "a stately cavalcade attending the President to the Capitol," and followed by an equally stately procession of Congressmen and Senators in coaches back again to the President's house with answering addresses. Jefferson instituted the simpler method of sending Congress a written message, a custom that endured for over a century, until another Democrat chose to return to the more ancient usage of direct speech. The change, however, had neither political nor spiritual significance. It was purely physical. The taunt of Jefferson's critics that he never made a speech is almost literally true. An infirmity that caused his voice "to sink in his throat" when he attempted a public



From the crayon portrait by St. Mémin. Engraved by H. Whitney. Copyrighted by Thomas Marshall Smith

Chief-Justice John Marshall

address at once explains it and absolves him from criticism.

In ordinary conversation he was ready

enough. Winfield Scott, who observed him with the critical attention of ambitious youth toward famous maturity,

thought him "an incessant talker." From others we learn that his conversation, while not brilliant, flowed on, thoughtful and agreeable, seasoned with old fashioned compliment in the style of Virginia gentlemen of pre-Revolutionary days. He was not handsome, if we may trust Tucker's description of him as "tall, thin, and raw-boned," with "red hair, a freckled face, and pointed features," but his height—more than six feet two—and his rather loose-jointed carriage made him a marked man in any assembly. In dress he was governed by comfort rather than by elegance. "Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold," he used to say; and as he lived in an epoch that witnessed a mighty revolution in men's clothing as well as in men's government, monarchy's queues and velvets giving way to short hair and the useful, ungainly pantaloons, only the watchfulness of his body-servant saved him from unbelievable anachronisms of costume. Indeed, in later life, at Monticello, where this Democrat ruled absolute king, he often wore the garments of several different periods together, like superimposed geologic strata, or the historic remains in the Roman Forum.

Left a widower many years before he became President, he lived in the White House in curtailed bachelor state, visited occasionally by his married daughters. His family affections were very strong, and frequent letters to them bore a recurring burden of questions about all things alive at Monticello, from his grandchildren to his cabbages, interspersed with good advice, reports on politics, or the wonders of science, and gallantly attempted descriptions of the fashions, which he hoped were detailed and accurate enough to serve as working models. When the White House was in need of a hostess, warm-hearted Mrs. Madison, wife of his secretary of state, discharged that duty for him.

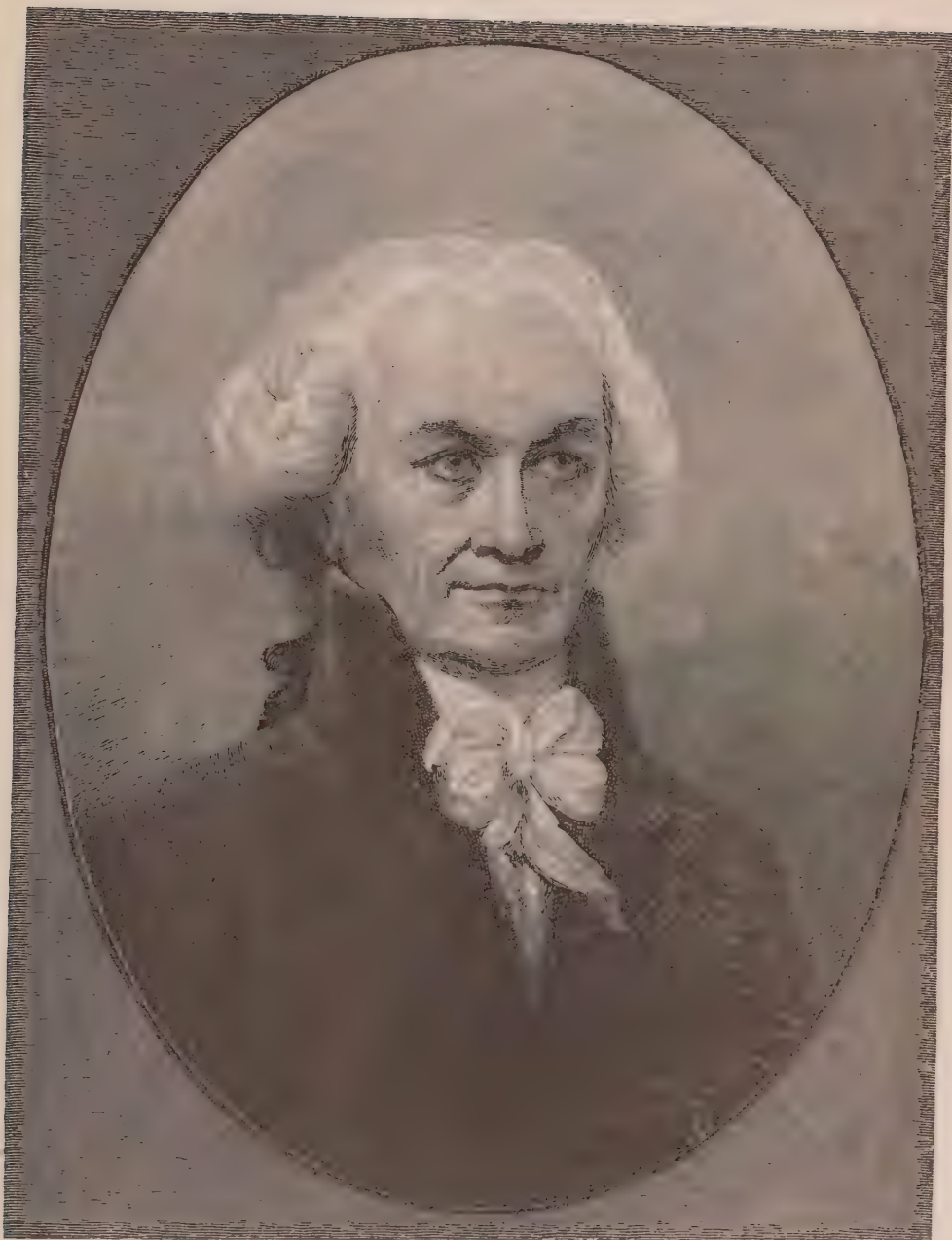
One of Jefferson's earliest reforms, in the interest of economy of time, was to do away with levees. He announced that he would receive publicly only twice a year, on January first and the Fourth of July.

The ladies of Washington, loath to give up what little courtly elegance Mrs. Adams's weekly drawing-rooms had lent to the embryo capital, tried to coerce him by appearing in force at the usual time. Told that he was not at home, they waited. He returned at last, and received them readily and courteously enough, but just as he was, dusty from his ride, without a word of apology for his appearance. His perfect unconcern gave them to understand unmistakably that he would not change his plan, no matter how often their petticoat invasion might be repeated, and they retired beaten, but laughing at his tact and their own discomfiture.

He refused to make journeys of ceremony, although both Washington and Adams had done so, pointing out that Washington's action was no precedent, since his place in the affections of his countrymen set him apart from all others, and indulging in a covert fling at Adams: "I confess that I am not reconciled to the idea of a Chief Magistrate parading himself through the several States as an object to the public eye, and in quest of an applause which to be valuable must be purely voluntary."

He strove to be a consistent Democrat; to keep the business approaches to the White House wide open, but to close those of merely social character, believing politics, not society, to be the duty for which he was elected. And politics was no child's play. Reversing positions in the game of out and in had not materially bettered affairs. Public irritation against England and France was still rife, though somewhat changed in character. Those two countries were now at war, and, striking at each other's trade, were dealing staggering blows upon our commerce.

The United States had built up a successful trade with the West Indies. England now decreed that neutral ships must not carry goods from the West Indies to France or to any European country that sided with France in the quarrel. France, on her part, forbade neutral vessels to enter British harbors. Both combatants



From the miniature by John Trumbull in the Yale School of Fine Arts. Engraved by T. Johnson.

Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth

seized vessels they caught disobeying these orders, and American shipping suffered now from one and now from the other until the battle of Trafalgar ended French activity at sea. Afterward England continued her seizures in a manner even more galling to America, stopping

our vessels wherever she found them, and impressing our sailors into her navy on the charge that they were British subjects. In 1807 the British ship *Leopard* capped the affront by overhauling the frigate *Chesapeake* at our very doors, just outside the port of Norfolk, Virginia. On the

refusal of the American commander to give up the men demanded, the *Leopard* opened fire, killing three and wounding eighteen of her crew.

The wrath of the United States knew no bounds, but it had to be satisfied with a half-hearted apology from England, for the American navy, intrepid in spirit, was lamentably weak in numbers. Driven to some kind of retaliation, the administration hit upon the policy of the Embargo, which resulted in greater injury to ourselves than to Great Britain. Theoretically such a decree, forbidding vessels to sail from America to any foreign port, could not fail to cripple England's immense trade with this country. Congress and the administration merely overlooked the fact that while England's commerce might be crippled, ours would inevitably be killed, since we were much more dependent upon Great Britain in the matter of trade than Great Britain was upon us.

New England, stronghold of Federalism and center of the American shipping industry, waxed derisive and voluble against what it called the "terrapi policy" of the Embargo, comparing it to the tactics of the lowly animal that pulls feet and head within its shell when struck, instead of showing fight. Jefferson was harshly criticized for all the policies and shortcomings of his administration. His popularity seemed for a time to wane; but this was only temporary, and he was reëlected at the end of his first term by what has since become known in political language as a landslide, the Federal candidate receiving only fourteen electoral votes.

He was delighted, and claimed that Federalism had come over *in toto* to the Republican party. The truth is that by a lucky combination of circumstances the people were able just then to eat their cake and have it, too. Professing the "political metaphysics" of democracy, as Chief-Justice Marshall styled it, they reaped the benefit of measures that would have done credit to the reign of an emperor. At the moment Jefferson was reëlected the issues freshest in public memory were those picturesque and undemo-

cratic ones for which his administration was to live in history—the war with Tripoli, the Oregon explorations, and the purchase of Louisiana.

Fortunately for his country, his republicanism worked only intermittently, and served as a check, not a deterrent, to those empire-wide schemes toward which his mind gravitated by nature. His conception of the office of President left him powerless to protect a few shade-trees growing near the Executive Mansion. His party's conception of states' rights made it difficult to keep a wagon-road in order if it crossed the border-line between two commonwealths. Yet he found no difficulty in reading his title clear to purchase the third of a continent, or to fit out at government expense an expedition to cross the whole of North America and clear up mysteries in uncharted regions not then owned by the United States. Nor did his distrust of a navy prevent his sending our very young one half around the world on police duty that the nations of Europe refused to undertake.

The navy was one of the bugbears of the Democratic Republicans. They called it the Great Beast with the Great Belly, because of its cost; and they had much to say about the arrogance navies breed in nations. Jefferson cherished a scheme, based on something he once read about Venice, for keeping a nice little one exclusively for coast defense, safe and dry under cover in times of peace; yet his first act as President, in gallant disregard of principle, was giving consent to the spectacular sea-fights known as the war with Tripoli.

On the whole round globe there is no spot so adapted to the trade of piracy as that portion of the coast of Africa upon which Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco crouched for years to prey upon the rich prizes of the sea. Dominating the Strait of Gibraltar, that needle's eye through which three fourths of the commerce of the world must pass, with a desert behind them into which to retreat with their plunder, and with the waves of two seas constantly wafting ships to-

ward their shores, they had only to gather in what fortune brought them. Everything it brought turned to profit, men as well as goods; for sailors made sturdy slaves, or, if not fit for slaves, could be held for ransom.

Through their bloody hands the Middle Ages reached out and took toll of the nineteenth century; and nothing so links the new United States of America with a far-off undesirable past as that for sixteen years our sailors were made slaves, our American officers languished in captivity, and our country, like the rest of the civilized world, paid tribute to "the pests of Christendom." It remained for our young country to bring this state of things to an end, for the strong trading nations of Europe had one and all submitted, a fact which seems incredible unless there is truth in the dark hint that England, strongest of them all, was not ill pleased to have these cutthroats aid her by attacking her enemies. In other words, that "Barbary piracy was a protective tax in favor of British bottoms."

The pirates plundered only where plundering was worth while; it may have been with a gleam of pride as well as of wrath, accepted as a sort of commercial and naval accolade, that this country learned in the autumn of 1785 that the Algerines had declared war upon the United States and captured two of our ships. Some of our statesmen were frankly not sorry. "The more we are ill treated abroad, the more we shall be united at home," wrote John Jay, who was at the time secretary under Congress for foreign affairs. "Besides, as it may become a nursery for seamen, and lay the foundations for a respectable navy, it may eventually prove more beneficial than otherwise." Jay evidently did not view a navy with Jefferson's distrust.

In the course of ten years over one hundred Americans had been made slaves or held for ransom, and over a dozen vessels had struck their colors to the pirates. While Washington was President a treaty was concluded with Algiers, agreeing to pay a large sum for the release of all

Americans in captivity, and promising further tribute if our ships were left alone. "The terms," wrote Oliver Ellsworth, "though humiliating, are as moderate as there was reason to expect."

Other negotiations were held with other members of the piratical band, and it was to one of these that John Adams referred when he said that the Sultan of Morocco had made an easy treaty with us "because we were Unitarians," meaning that as a nation we made no official statement of belief in the Trinity.

But though they might regard us as coreligionists, the demands of our rapacious friends grew faster than our inclination to fulfil them. In 1800, Tripoli asked for a frigate or brig, and insisted that Captain Bainbridge carry the Algerine ambassador to Constantinople with his goods and his presents, a bit of service that went sorely against the grain of the American commander. Next year the Bey of Tunis demanded forty cannon and ten thousand stand of arms. These not being forthcoming, Tripoli declared war, and before Jefferson had been President two months he found himself despatching Admiral Dale to the other side of the world with two thirds of our available navy—four of the six ships then in commission—to administer to the Barbary pirates a well-deserved trouncing. It was done in a manner so thorough and salutary that the Pope of Rome, officially bound to consider Jefferson and his countrymen heretics, publicly declared that they had done more for Christendom against these plagues of the sea than the whole of Europe combined.

The audacity of our infant navy in taking up a challenge refused by all Christendom is equaled only by the incredible picturesqueness of this war with Tripoli, which seems to have been invented by history expressly to lure boys in heart and boys in years on through less readable pages of its musty volumes.

Admiral Dale held a commission to chase corsairs,—the obsolete name in itself gives a thrill,—but those were the leisurely days of sails. He was despatched

upon his errand in 1801; it was 1803 before actual fighting took place. Meanwhile pirates had been sighted and chased, and had given chase, but escaped into the shelter of harbors where Americans could not follow them. The Americans always followed to the verge of safety. On November 1, 1803, the narrow line of safety was crossed by that same Captain William Bainbridge who had so unwillingly carried the Algerine ambassador to Constantinople. In his frigate the *Philadelphia* he pursued a corsair into the very harbor of Tripoli, found himself suddenly upon a sunken rock, was surrounded by a cormorant throng of the enemy's smaller boats, and captured, his crew and officers being plundered even of their clothing before they reached the land. All were dispersed into slavery; Bainbridge himself, kept a prisoner in Tripoli, had the torment of seeing his ship refitted under her new owners. Somehow he found means of writing letters. In one, sent out at random in the hope it might fall into helpful hands, he outlined the possibility of recapturing the *Philadelphia* before she could leave the harbor.

His hope was justified. Chance—or should it have another name?—carried the letter to the right man for the task, and Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, in command of the little *Intrepid*, a captured prize of only forty or fifty tons, overloaded with men and undersupplied with food, sailed to the rescue. The insufficient food they had was of poor quality, mainly hardtack, water, and spoiled salt meat; but high spirits and good weather went far to overcome these drawbacks.

Nearing the harbor of Tripoli on a moonlight night, they sighted the *Philadelphia* lying a mile within the entrance. Her masts were not yet all in place, but her guns, as events proved, were loaded and shotted. Near her lay two corsairs, with a few gunboats and smaller craft. Decatur gave his commands. The *Philadelphia* was to be boarded, her spar-deck first taken, then her main-deck. After that she must be given to the flames, since she was in no condition to put to sea.

True to her name, the little *Intrepid* steered directly for her mark, most of Decatur's men lying concealed, with orders not to show themselves until the signal for action was given. When hailed by those aboard the *Philadelphia*, she answered that she belonged to Malta, was engaged in trade, had lost her anchors in a recent storm, and wished to lie near the frigate until morning. Decatur stood beside the pilot and embroidered upon this theme, prompting him with many and ingenious details about the cargo and the heavy weather experienced, as with each phrase the *Intrepid* edged nearer and nearer the exact spot where she would be most protected from the enemy's guns. But a puff of wind shifted their relative positions, and passed on, leaving her fully exposed to the frigate's broadside.

Several Turks were looking over the rail, curious, but as yet unsuspicious. They even lowered a boat and sent a line to the visitor, with which Decatur's men, still concealed, brought the two yet closer together. It was only when the Turks caught sight of the *Intrepid's* anchors that they learned they had been duped. A sharp order to keep off was followed by the panic-stricken cry "Amerikanos!" as a last strong pull brought her alongside, and men heretofore in hiding swarmed over the rail. The Turks gave way. Some rushed below, some jumped into the sea. In ten minutes Decatur was in possession, and soon the *Philadelphia* was in flames.

She burned like tinder; so rapidly, indeed, that the Americans had barely time to escape from the fire they had kindled. For a breathless moment the lines of the two ships were entangled, and the *Intrepid*, jammed against the burning frigate, seemed in danger of sharing the fate of her adversary. A sword-stroke cut her hawser, and a vigorous push sent her out of harm's way as the flames leaned hungrily toward her, then leaped hissing up the *Philadelphia's* rigging.

A cheer burst from the Americans. Until then they had worked almost in silence, too absorbed to make unnecessary sounds. The Turks, on their part, had seemed as

paralyzed in voice as in resistance. But the American shout woke noise everywhere. Turkish batteries, the corsairs, and a galley all sent a rain of shot after the *Intrepid* as she sped out of the harbor, her pathway lighted by the burning frigate. Even the *Philadelphia's* guns, heated by the fire, began to explode, one broadside discharging itself toward the town, as if in revenge for Turkish indignities, the other toward a guarding fort.

This exploit and others as dramatic brought the war in 1805 to an end satisfactory to European commerce, and laid

the foundation for that confidence in our navy, closely akin to vainglory, which a century of experience has only intensified in American breasts. Its picturesque successes doubtless had much to do with the light-heartedness with which the country went to war with England in 1812. During that struggle the Barbary pirates again began harassing American ships, but when the end of hostilities released our navy for other duty, Decatur, now become an admiral, returned to the scene of his early exploit and speedily and finally convinced them of the error of their ways.

(To be continued)



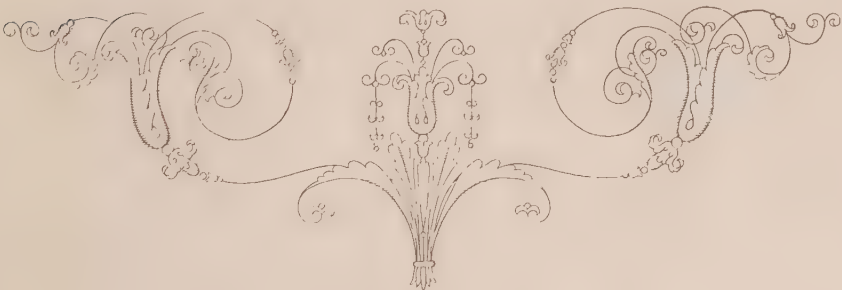
Peace

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

ALL my days are clear again and gentle with forgetting,
Mornings cool with graciousness of time passed stilly by,
Evenings sweet with call of birds and lilac-rose sunseting,
And starshine does not hurt my heart, nor night winds make me cry.

I can tie a ribbon now, nor hope of your eyes' pleasure
Makes its hue intolerable if you come not to see;
I can hear old music now, nor stabbing through its measure
Come the thoughts I would not have or tears that need not be.

All my days are placid now, as quiet children slowly
Pacing through a leaf-locked way that has not vale or hill;
Peace again and mirth again, and dawns and evens holy—
I wish I had your hands in mine and heartbreak still!





"'How dare you!' she whispered 'How dare you! Kiss me again.'"



Art Triumphant

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Author of "In Baffinland," etc.

Illustration by W. T. Benda

TRETHEWAY kicked a tattered rug into the middle of his studio, emptied a saucer of cigarette-stubs out of the window, and pulled his spare easel into the best light; then he dropped into a chair, and scowled amiably at the door.

Temperament is, in most cases, the pride of its owner and the despair of his friends. Temperament makes us laugh when we should cry, and embrace those whom we are expected to cut dead. It unearths that which is hidden and is blind to the obvious. It is father to improvidence and cousin german to financial embarrassment. It is, in short, an uncomfortable asset, a stone in one's boot or a fly in the amber of life.

And had the top of Tretheway's head been removed and his thoughts made apparent, such reflections would have been visible in his quizzical brain. But just then the door opened, and Beauty, ravishing in its youth, stood upon the threshold—Beauty, with a skin of silk and eyes of blue and hair of gold, Beauty inflexible and merciless, breathless and irresistible. The dusty doorway framed her for an instant.

"I hope I 'm not late. Have you been waiting for me?"

An archangel would have fallen, so why blame Tretheway?

"No; not at all," he lied cheerfully. He had been waiting for her since the day before.

"You know, you 're really very patient," she went on, slipping her slim shoulder into a linen duster; then with a glance

that struck him through the breast, she added, "because I 'm sure I 'm very stupid."

For an instant he stared at her, speaking not at all, and in that instant his intelligence reared itself within him, and, wagging a warning forefinger, admonished him thus, "It 's the truth,—you know it is,—she 's as stupid as she 's lovely." But Tretheway, gulping down this truth, prevaricated joyously.

"I never had a pupil with so much promise," he declared, which was God's truth, for she was the first that had stepped through his door.

There was further silence, during which he surveyed her hungrily, as indeed he might, for Sylvia alone stood between him and starvation. He remembered the protest that wrung his vitals when he waved away the question of fees, for all the while there was only a crust in the cupboard and dust in the bottom of the tobacco-jar. It would be a queer man, he thought, who would bargain about fees while he talked to this tall young creature with blue lakes for eyes.

"I 'll go on with the cherub now," she said, with a laugh.

He blessed her where she stood, and glanced at the patient pigment on her canvas. She did not know,—and how could she?—that when her steps died away, Tretheway, with tears of laughter, love, and despair, leaped to her work and laid into it as much as he dared—quick, deft touches that restored the distorted image and by marvelous fractions redis-

posed its strangely grotesque anatomy, till Beauty, shining again on the threshold, would appeal to him for recognition of her own progress. And now she said she would go on with the cherub.

How fortunate a thing it is in this variegated world that Art has shaken her skirts free of love! Here was Sylvia, with a dainty thumb pushed pink through her palette, destroying the cherub's last claim to semblance of infancy. Here was Beauty committing crimes with a camel's-hair brush, the entire sweet loveliness of her concentrated in an expanse of pigment that grew more atrociously unruly with every wavering stroke, and beside her stood Tretheway, groaning in spirit, but devouring with a lover's eye the divine curve of her neck. She stopped.

"I'm afraid the light is n't quite right."

He glanced at the window.

"It's perfectly devilish. What am I thinking about?" Then he shifted the easel till the full glare of the sun smote hard on the raw paint.

"That's ever so much better. It was rather confusing before, was n't it?"

"It was," he admitted.

"I think I'll finish it this week. Father wants to see it."

"That will be fine," said Tretheway, with the back of his head in sudden gloom.

She bent again to her work. "Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing much, except that that shadow ought to be under his chin and not on his shoulder."

"But cherubs do have shadows there sometimes. Could n't we leave it?"

"We could," he said gloomily. "It's your picture. When do you want to take it?"

She turned to stare at him.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"A cherub," he growled. "Go on. Let's finish it."

An exquisite color stained her cheeks.

"You don't like it—any of it. Why—why—did n't you tell me before?"

He stood motionless and breathless. Presently he laughed.

"There's a little knack—I don't know what it is—of using a brush. That's all you need." He meant it, for that is everything.

The glimmer of a smile peeped from beneath her lashes, then withdrew and hid itself.

"That's just it. I'm sure you're right. Show me now, please."

Tretheway drew a long breath.

"You take it like this," he said, "and have your wrist quite flexible."

Her fingers lay soft on his own.

"Stand behind me and guide my hand for a minute, then I'll understand perfectly," she declared.

He licked his dry lips and obeyed, wondering whether she could feel his pulses hammer.

"Your treatment should be broad and free," he went on—"like that."

The shadow vanished from the cherub's shoulder and magically appeared under his chin.

"That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "But why could n't I do it?"

"Because," he said, grasping her more firmly—"because you'll never paint. It is n't in you. You're too beautiful to"—he subdued a gentle wriggle—"to make it matter. I could n't teach you"—here he kissed her behind the ear—"could n't teach you in a thousand years, but"—he kissed her again—"it would be a joyful thing to try for the next ten thousand."

There was an ineffable moment in which his heart nearly pounded the breath out of him, then the brush dropped softly from one of Beauty's hands, and the palette from the other, and the yellow hair tilted slowly backward till it touched his shoulder, and the blue eyes unmasked themselves into twin and limpid batteries, while her lips parted like an opening bud.

"How dare you!" she whispered. "How dare you! Kiss me again. I'm choked with ecstasy," she said.

That was the way of it, and when Tretheway again reached the earth, he found himself blinking at her pink disorder.

"It's wonderful, dear," she was say-

ing. "When did you know you loved me?"

The question taxed him. When did he? "I think it was the cherub that brought us together," he answered presently. "Never mind about your hair. I like it that way." He hesitated, then blurted, "But why do I talk like this?"

"But why should n't you? I love to hear it."

"I'm one part painter and nine parts fool," he said, staring out of the window.

Sylvia's brows puckered.

"It's the painter I'm talking to," she said softly.

"But here am I, with one pupil I've lost to live on. It won't work. I can't charge my wife for a lesson," he objected. "Life's a fizzle at the best of it. Love has destroyed my revenue."

"You'll paint portraits now," she assured him—"big portraits of big men, and charge what you please."

Tretheway was silent for some time.

"I've had no luck with my portraits," he confessed after a while. "There's that which gets under my fist and—" he stopped abruptly.

She hooked her arm in his, laid her velvet cheek against his own, and cooed like a gray dove.

"What is it, dear? Tell me."

"When I paint," he began, as though talking to himself—"when I paint, the devil himself stands at my elbow and whispers that I must get underneath the mask of every face and depict what I find there. So my portraits are n't portraits at all. They're revelations. A merchant sits for me, and when I get under his skin I find perhaps that he's a money-grabbing dispenser of sour pickles at top prices; or a lawyer that has a widow-robbing reputation, blighting rascal; or a social philanthropist who at heart is a mean, rotten, self-glorifying skinflint. All this I've found, and when I find it, the devil breathes down the back of my neck and whispers, 'Paint what you see for the sake of art, or else buy a photograph studio and give these friends of mine what they want.' Do you follow me at all?"

"I do," she said, turning a little pale; "but you'll never paint me. Leave that out of your calculations."

"Well, then, what happens? When the portrait is finished, it is as I told you, or worse, and the sitter says: 'That's very curious, and it's not me at all; but it's something like my cousin who was shot in Texas last year, and you can keep it.' Now, do you think that a brush like that can support a girl like you? I doubt it, but I love you with all my soul."

At that she began to cry, and sobbed comfortably in his arms, while he dared not look at her for fear he might see underneath her silky skin. Presently she peeped up and laughed in his face.

"I know what's the matter. Your clients have all come from the lower classes."

"Excuse me," he objected, and tightened his grasp on her, "truth is at home in the lower classes. They don't mince words as they do meat. Good complexions go with a thousand pounds a year and up; but as for truth—"

"Have it your own way. I made the mistake of thinking that this was a love-scene." She began to cry again.

Speech fell away from his lips as they tightened into kisses.

"I'm a strange lover," he said, catching his breath. "Put the truth where you will, and leave it there. I'm satisfied."

Before she left him, her scheme was unfolded.

"You must paint my father. He's a splendid subject, and so successful in everything! He calls himself a self-made man, and tells me how he began life."

"With ten cents, I suppose, and no shirt to his back."

"No; he had a hundred thousand, and doubled it in two years. You'll charge him, of course, what you see fit, and it would be as well that until he is satisfied with the portrait he should not know as much as we do."

The horn of her motor-car bellowed insolently from the street.

"Kiss me again!" she pouted, and lifted her face.

At that touch Tretheway felt his very soul rise to supreme heights and remain trembling and suspended.

"Don't come down," she said, not so hard hit as he, but with strange promises in her eyes. Then she left him.

"It 's raving I am," whispered Tretheway to himself, with his fist in the tobacco-jar, "and it 's raving her father will be at the sight of me." He looked at the cherub, and his eye was cold with scorn. "Why could n't you let me be, even though I was starving? For now I 'll fill my stomach with the bread of humility, and lie like a marine to my wife's relatives. I 've sold my soul for a jar of potted meat, and the thing that is me will be stupefied with luxury."

But ever as he ruminated thus, the touch of her lips came back, and the velvet of her arms against the hollow in his cheek. With her indeed would be life, and the taste of it, and divine caresses, and a heart knocking against his own, and soft clings that would engulf him altogether. And here was his crazy brain putting against all this his dusty canvases that would not sell, and the unprofitable touches of a futile brush.

"Art," he said firmly—"art is for them that have nothing else to love, and for myself I 'll not have it shouldering the trough and the swill-barrel out of my way. God knows the walls of my stomach are cleaving together with emptiness. What have I to do with art? Maybe I 'll not need it to paint her father."

And the next day he looked up and groaned, and decided he would not need it, for behind Beauty on the threshold loomed the frame of her father.

"Here he is," said she, joyfully. "He 's ready to sit for you now. Shake hands with him and get to work, for his time is worth a thousand an hour."

Tretheway quivered, recoiled, and advanced.

"Glad to meet you," he said, and this was the truth, for the thing would the sooner be over.

"Ah, so you 'd like to paint me—ah?"

"He 's longing to paint you," whispered

Beauty, with a flash to Tretheway, "and I know you 'll like it."

Her lover moved his head like a Newfoundland dog.

"Few things would please me more." And in this he was also right, for few things pleased him, anyway. "Get into that chair, will you? Don't look out of the window, but at that long spear in the corner."

The man sat down heavily, and Tretheway's soul twisted in his bosom at the sight of him. He turned.

"It 'll be like that; now you leave us for an hour," he said to the girl.

She went with a flutter of silk, and a kiss flung from her pink finger-tips. Tretheway was alone with his prey.

Beauty's father sat regarding the spear as though calculating what it would bring in the open market. His eyes were hard and narrow, like those of a fish in half-slumber. His nose was straight, and sharpened by poking into places where it had no business; his mouth was pressed tight, as though some precious breath might escape uncharged for.

"God help us!" grunted Tretheway, and, looking farther, saw a smooth, round paunch across which curved a thick golden chain, as an anchor chain festoons the blunt bow of a barge when the mule strains at the tow-rope. His hands were small and fat, and devoid of any scars of healthy labor or exercise. And on the whole body of him rested a manner, an atmosphere, call it what you will, that said clearly and complacently, "I 've got a finger in the pie, and it 's but small pickings that 's left for you." Draped in self-satisfaction, and touched here and there with an unmistakable air of suspicion that warned you that there was nothing to be got out of him, Beauty's father slackened his fat flanks and waited with assurance to be immortalized.

"You 've got fifty minutes," said he, fingering his watch.

Tretheway said nothing, but dabbed at his palette, and peered at his subject, that behind him he might see the image of Beauty.

"I 'm lost altogether," his soul whispered to his heart. "Here 's an obese lump of humanity, with a cash-register for a brain and a ledger instead of an imagination, and he 's clothed in voluptuous raiment, like Solomon's wives, and for the life of me I don't see how I can help painting him as he is; and if I do, I might as well crawl into the river and let the roaches nibble at my eyeballs." And just as he was going to throw down his palette and kick the man, there appeared behind his grossness the vision of Beauty with her arms outstretched, her lips hungry for love, and the curve of her shoulder hollowed out for Tretheway's head.

"Will you again be the fool you always were?" pleaded the vision, "or for the love of a woman will you be a sane man and take what the gods send you?"

He semaphored back that he would, and fell to putting in his groundwork. In fifty minutes on the second, Beauty's father heaved himself out of the chair.

"Time 's up," he said. "I 'll be in to-morrow, but I don't think much of that. Will you get into my car and drive up to the office?"

Tretheway grinned, for there were twenty-three hours of truth ahead of him.

"You would n't think much of one fifteenth of yourself if you could see it, and I will not drive in your car. It would make me too proud to come back. I 'll go to the door with you, for I need a swallow of air."

A month of repression saw the thing nearly finished. The sitter came in intermittently, but with a growing interest in his own image. Beauty came often, but always at her visits the canvas was covered.

"It 's to be a surprise for you," said Tretheway. "It 's one for me already."

It was a hideous period, he reflected, unredeemed even by kisses. Always as he painted, the real man would stare at him out of the chair, and now and again Tretheway's hand slipped, and the real man stole out to the canvas, and the fishy eye winked from under the brush or the mean mouth tightened in pigment, and

Tretheway, squeezing virtues out of a tube and violating his very spirit, cursed the truth that would not down, dabbed at and smothered it, and invested the gaze with a prophetic clearness, and the mean mouth with a genial lift in the corner.

"I hate to hide you," he thought darkly, painting desperately, "for it 's God's wish that I should make you on canvas what you are in life, and sell you to a shooting-gallery before you 're dry, and it 's I who would spend my last cent to plug you in the nose at fifty yards. You say you made yourself," he would mumble savagely, "but it 's I who am making you, and you 've left me a pile of work to do, and this picture is an insult to human perception." It was on account of something like this that, after half-way through the sittings, he concealed the canvas from the subject himself.

The final day came, and on the evening before, he kissed Beauty's ear, and told her to come with her father in the morning.

"You 'll sit quiet till I finish," he said. "I want you to be in at the death, and tell me what sort of run I 've made."

So it came that they arrived together, and Beauty sat behind her father, so that the gleam of her hair caught Tretheway's glance every time he looked up. And her father grew smoother at every touch.

Then of a sudden Tretheway looked to the back of the room, and in the far corner, out of sight from all but himself, stood Truth. She was tall and beautiful, and her hair was like night, and in her eyes were mysterious shadows, and behind these glowed the undying flame. He stared and stared, till clear as the stroke of a bell sounded his own eternal condemnation. "You have flouted and scorned me," came the voice, "and dragged your spirit in the mire. What I gave you was not for you alone, but for all men. You lie that you may grow fat, and you are a traitor to art. Beauty has no place in you, and that which you might have handed down as your legacy to the world will turn in on your own soul and consume it."

Now, this all happened in a flash, but to Tretheway, frightened and ashamed, it seemed to take hours.

"What is it?" said Beauty, smiling like a siren.

Tretheway hesitated, for a queer tingling trickled through him. His finger-tips became tremulous with nerves, and a strange impulse was battering in his breast. Every fiber of him began to palpitate, and he devoured Beauty's father with a searching gaze.

"Nothing at all," he answered, with a quiver. "I've got an idea, that's all, but it's unusual with me."

"You've also got twelve minutes," said a hard voice from the chair.

"It's ample; it's a lifetime." Tretheway seized his palette. "Don't move!"

He began to paint viciously, savagely, with a desperate abandon that set him breathing hard as though in a race. Quick, sharp strokes he used with delicate thrust and touches, from which his brush was jerked nervously away. In the twelve minutes he appeared to do as much work as in the previous month. And all the time his face was twisted into a new and bitter smile, and he grew paler and paler. Presently he threw down his gear and turned to them like a ghost that has come to a great decision.

"It's all finished," he stammered, and threw himself face down on the couch.

The two stepped quickly round. There was Beauty's father, with the eyes of a dominant fish; the sharp, intruding nose; the tight-locked, rat-trap, selfish mouth;

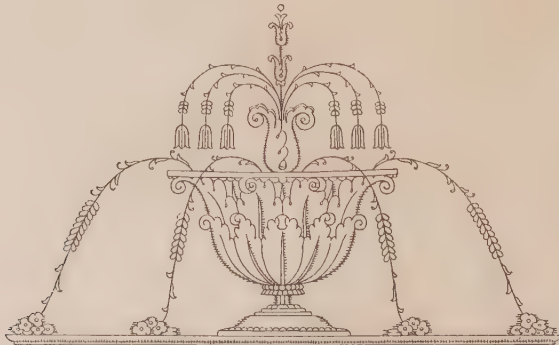
the pink pomposity; and the expression that proclaimed, "I'm watching you, and you'll get nothing from me." There he was, that self-made man, with his bank-balance and destroyed soul, seeming almost to breathe from the canvas.

And Beauty—Beauty gazed and gazed at the paternal figure she had watched all her life. The color mounted to her temples, and her lips parted in delight, and suddenly she threw her arms round her father's neck and exclaimed in rapturous amazement:

"Father—Father, is n't it marvelous? It's you! it's you! He's a wonderful genius. I did n't think such a thing was possible. Why, Father, it looks alive!"

And Beauty's father stood and stood, while a slow smile of flattered self-satisfaction spread over his face, and his ears got a shade redder, and a cold gleam grew in his expression, for was not here the masterful, successful being, reeking with opulence, that he had always hoped to be? And the sharp nose meant an astuteness, and the piscine orbs meant financial daring, and the slit mouth meant decision; and were not these the qualities to which he had always aspired? So he dropped a heavy arm across the girl's shoulders and purring, "Admirable, admirable!" looked as pleased as an otter with a dead eel.

And Tretheway, when they turned to congratulate him—Tretheway was still on the couch, but shaking with uncontrollable emotion. His purple face was turned toward the wall, and he was stuffing a handkerchief down his throat.





Threshing

St. Michael's of the Azores

By HENRY SANDHAM

Illustrations by the author

"God planted a garden eastward"

HALF-WAY between the Norman's conquest of England and the Italian's discovery of America, the Azores sprang full grown from the land of fable into the arena of history. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Portuguese donatories crossed with their ship-loads of mixed humanity to make the Azorean people. There were Moorish slaves and Flemish colonists, African negroes, penitent Algerian pirates, Hebrews, Arabs, a few Spanish and Portuguese outcasts, a French soldier here, an English sailor there, the donatories, of course, and their high-born friends; and having no foes to subdue or neighbors to quarrel with, they slept among the flowers, dreamed, and forgot. Past them the fair-haired sailor of Genoa went his way to wake a new world to life, and later the swashbuckler arms

of Raleigh, Leicester, Drake, Grenville, and Howard, with a host more of Elizabeth's sainted pirates, clashed by for the English laureate to sing of in after years; but the world slipped far, far away from them, and he who now goes to the Azores finds a people untouched by the world.

Grace and beauty are there with them still, but of bold daring and reckless bravery, alas! there is none. Marianna, the small maid-servant in the corner yonder, cried for two days because her only brother had been drafted into the army. We questioned her as to whether war had been declared. Ah, no! Marianna knows he will not leave the islands. It is not like the navy, and, yes, he will be paid every day, and will learn to read, yes, and when no one sees he can carry his shoes in his hand; but, oh, the illustrious Senhor Eng-

lish does not understand. He is so timorous, the beloved brother, so very cowardly! The Portuguese are so. Ah, pretty Marianna, are all your heroes so soon forgotten?

Yet she may be right as to her countrymen of the Azores. Even for them the sea, their only bridge to the outside world, loses few of its terrors with constant familiarity. Even the fishermen fish only in fine weather, and no boat is launched till it has been carried, flower-decked, to the church door, consecrated with holy bread and wine, and blessed by priest under the crimson banner of the Holy Ghost.

In a climate sent from heaven for an outdoor life, yachting, bathing, and all other violent exercises are catalogued by the Michaelenses among the idiosyncrasies of the "crazy English," and the Azorean of high degree, elegant of bearing and faultless of attire, leads the idle, vacant life of the cafés, while his *senhoras* presumably stay hidden behind those high, painted walls that make narrow lanes of the streets, and over the tops of which masses of flowers flash their color and perfume down into the road below. "In my father's time," you will hear, "a good Azorean woman left her home only three times: once for baptism, once to be married, and last to be buried."

The Azorean house, the cheerless barrenness of which explains the flight of the men to the cafés, is a house not only for a man and his family, but for his ox and his ass and all that is his, one roof covering all. When the animals—those poor, ill-used Azorean animals, all of whom, even sheep, dogs, and cows, must bear burdens and draw loads—are banished to stalls in the garden, one front door and one common entrance-hall still serves both man and beast. If one has an unreasonable antipathy to our dumb friends, he must be careful in accepting peasant hospitality for the night; for the morning light is sure to discover all the animals of the place nestling in and about his bed, from the huge, black pig and the tiny donkey down to cats, dogs, sheep, and calves, half-starved hens, clean, fat rats, and cosmopolitan fleas.

The gardens of St. Michael's are beautiful beyond description; the largest and finest are usually open to the public, and always free to the foreigner. Just why, in distant vegetable gardens and hidden orchards, shelter-walls are made of camelias or hydrangeas, paths hedged by heliotrope or blazing azaleas, tool-closets concealed back of pseudo-ferneries, water-works disguised by spraying fountains, fish-stocked ponds, and palm-tufted islands, while tomatoes ripen on a long, trellised isle down the middle of the orchid-house, and pale-yellow roses are trained to mingle their petals with the purple bloom of the grape-arbor—just why such beauty where no eye but the gardener's ever looks at it is hard to explain, unless it is, like those exquisite under parts of Orcagna's shrine, for the "gods, who see everywhere."

The feasts of St. Michael's, thanks to the wealth of material and to the innate genius of the people, have a bewildering fascination for the new-comer. Occurring with but few exceptions in the spring and early summer, they are the dominant and quite the most insistent note of the national life. The majority are peculiar to the islands, though some are local to St. Michael's, and one, regarded as among the great Portuguese feasts, is the exclusive property of the city of Ponta Delgada. It is in honor of Santo Christo, a crude wooden statue that has acquired miraculous powers during its century or two of life, and makes one public procession yearly, clothed in its votive gems, amid oceans of flowers that tax even Michaelense resources.

Everything is a feast, from the passing of a railroad bill by the legislature to the killing of a pig. "We Azoreans are a *feita*-loving people" [*feita*, with the soft *sh* sound to the *s*], they sigh softly. As though one could doubt it after a week in Ponta Delgada, or blame them after a night of the Espirito Santo, that feast dear to Azorean hearts, when the narrow, lane-like streets are bright with myriads of softly colored lamps and fantastic lanterns; when aslant from every balcony



Boat christening

great flags make Gothic arches of fluttering color against the deep sky of night, and from open windows golden embroideries and rich hangings cover stone palaces and plaster cottages. Festoons and arches of flowers mingle with the banners, the roadways are ankle-deep in rose-petals, a throng of people in brave array moves gently up and down, with dark eyes bright and watchful. For it is the love-time of the Azorean year; half-way down the street one of their rhythmic bands throbs out melody, now the plaintive Holy Ghost hymn, sole property of this feast; now the yearning, haunting *fado* Hilario, that legacy of a dead young heart to his country's youth. In the wonderful Michaelense night, with the flowers, the perfumes, the roses, and the lilies at your feet, the lights and music and subdued, but passionate, throb of life about you, you begin to understand why the Azorean is a festa-loving soul, even if you are old enough to know better, and Anglo-Saxon to boot.

Possessing many features in common, these multiple feasts of St. Michael's yet escape monotony. They are composed usually of a mass and a street procession, in the latter of which there is more or less pageantry. These processions are heralded by outbursts of sky-rockets,—for ebullitions of Azorean jubilation seem to find vent in rockets set off in bright daylight,—and enlivened by bands. The island bands are good and inconceivably numerous, with a special talent for playing cloyingly sweet melodies in remarkable rhythm; hence they are indispensable to festa processions, each feast having its own peculiar hymn.

At the head of the procession in the Espírito Santo, or Holy Ghost festa, may often be seen three quaint, semi-grotesque figures in scarlet robes and bishops' miters capering on to music of viola, guitar, and violin. The processions move to the church or place of pilgrimage down flower-strewn ways, amid prostrate throngs of spectators. Ordinary church services partake of the eternal festa air, as much through the people's supreme joy in the

church as through the brilliant spectacle of color presented by the assemblage. The interiors of the churches are lofty, noble in proportions, and without seats, so that the people sit or kneel hour after hour on the bare stone floors, the women, in bright shawls and *lençoes* (gay head-kerchiefs), in the great central inclosure, for all the world like a monster flower-bed. At the nine-o'clock service of Sunday morning, known as the "Soldiers' Mass," the flower-bed in the middle spreads out into a border, to give place to the needier sons of Mars, though here and there an audacious blossom crouches within the inclosure. Organ and choir yield to the bugle, which conducts the entire mass, drowning even the priests' chant.

Even the gray Lenten season wraps carnival's domino over its sackcloth and ashes for these people whose grace turns all to favor and prettiness; only the inevitable statues of the tortured Christ remind one of the season, and soon wounds and bruises are hidden by violets, heliotrope, and pansies (*amores perfeitos*, they call them). To fast when one may feast is, in Azorean creed, lack of gratitude to a very good God, so Holy Thursday is a beautiful feast called Almond day, when one eats almond-sweets till he positively sickens at the shrill cry of almond-venders, which goes up from dawn till midnight.

RELIGIOUS REALISM

GOOD FRIDAY is supposed to be the day of mourning, and in the churches the closing scenes of the Calvary tragedy are enacted. The three crosses rise on a rocky mound before the veiled high altar, whereon life-sized dummy figures are crucified by aid of pulleys and ropes and mechanical devices. The entombment takes place at a side altar, converted into a garden for the purpose, where life-sized figures in armor represent Roman sentinels. The Saturday continues Friday's gloom and darkness with the aid of much dreary chanting, till just on the hour of noon, when the droning clergy, marching round the church, pause before the chapel of the tomb in an instant's silence, there comes



Pilgrims singing as they cross the mountains in early spring

a cry of wonder at the discovery of the empty grave, and simultaneously with the cry the veils fall from altars and pictures, and the black curtains from the windows, letting a flood of light pour down on the crowded, excited flower-bed. The long-silent organ, augmented by choir and orchestra, breaks out in triumph, the half-masted flags of the city run to the mast-head, and all the bells clash out their pæan of joy.

POLITE AND TEAR-SHEDDING POLICEMEN

THE note of anguish is rare with these people, and the tears that usually lie near the surface, close to their laughter, are not always thrilling. The policemen sometimes weep when making an arrest—those mannerly police of Ponta Delgada, who raise their hats when you pass and never refuse a cigarette or wait till off duty to smoke it.

When a foreign ship is in port, they are busiest, these guardians of the peace; drunkenness is too great a crime among the Portuguese for an Azorean ever to be seen in a state of intoxication, and liquor is too plentiful and too cheap for a sailor on leave to be seen in any other state. So it not infrequently happens that the entire Ponta Delgada police force, nine men in all, is employed in using persuasion on one Celt or Saxon sailor, an act from which, being better diplomats than boxers, they will later pick themselves out of their several recently allotted places in the gutter to bind in sorrow the hands of their struggling guest, contributions of official neckties and handkerchiefs preventing chafe of inhospitable cords. If he be ever so slightly hurt, tears fall and hands are wrung in silent sympathy; all is done for his comfort as the dejected victors and unconquered captive start for the quay.

If a shower threatens, an overcoat is forthcoming, that the rain may fall evenly on the just and the unjust, and while awaiting the ship's boat, the whole legal company busies itself readjusting their guest's disordered clothing, and as he is lowered, still thanklessly kicking, into the boat, a soothing cigarette is lighted and put between his lips.

"But why on earth don't you gag him and throw him into jail?" is your natural inquiry, for the jail is the finest building in the city, and its officials show signs of speedy dissolution through lack of occupation.

"Oh, we never could do that, Senhor," is the reproachful answer, as they repair damages. "If we used a stranger so, what a memory he would have of our island!"

Two burned-out craters form the island of St. Michael's. The western and smaller one, Sete Cidades (Seven Cities), is the pride of the Michaelense heart, but interesting to the stranger merely for its incomparable view of sea and valley from the narrow knife-like edge of the summit; the eastern crater, called Las Furnas, contains the remarkable springs, first brought to notice by an American, which make St. Michael's famous.

It is up here in the Furnas, six hundred feet above the sea and two thousand below the lower mountain-peaks—here where the terrible Mouth of Hell vomits and belches thunderous dangers day and night, and where little stone cottages stand on ground that cracks and trembles, burns and steams, that the real life of the Michaelense peasantry is seen at its truest and best—a life of primal simplicity, of a race still in its childhood, with the beauty of other days about it, to which from earth's worn places the travel-stained will turn with eagerness.

The hills of St. Michael's are a temptation to the pedestrian which even his respect for Azorean opinion does not help him to overcome.

"Walk while the sun is up? Go out after sundown? Sleep with a window open, too, perhaps, eh? Ah, well, Senhor

English, *this* year, yes; but next year you will sleep with the violets in the *cemiterio*."

On the other hand, you cannot convince the "crazy English" that the Azorean is quite *compos mentis* on the subject of dampness and drafts, against both of which his chief defense is his umbrella, that trusty friend which protects from rain and sun and wind, from dew on moonlight nights, and from rocket-sticks in festa-time. But the senhor must know fresh air is not the only means of suicide. Ask for a fire some miserable winter day when the high ceilings and stone floors add bleakness to the dreary rain without.

"A fire? Ah, no; we love the *querido Inglez* too well. Listen. My beloved uncle had a stove, and all day long he sat over it and was careful, so careful, that never a door or window should be open. Then one day he went out to take a little fresh air, and it was cold. The rain came suddenly, too, and my poor uncle was very wet, and came home to his bed and died. *Mæ de Deus!* he who had lived ninety-three good years till that stove came! No, Senhor; never again a fire in my house!"

There is a palace in Ponta Delgada with a stove-pipe projecting from one of its windows, left as a monument to the folly of an octogenarian countess, dead these many years, who owed her untimely taking off to the stove she would have, though chimney there was none.

The Azoreans themselves keep warm by taking off their shoes and stockings and wrapping up their heads. A swathed-up head is the panacea for all evils.

Despite superabundance of clothing and wrappings, the people's cleanliness is above reproach; that is to say, the personal cleanliness. In other ways—ah, good San José, there is reasonableness, as in all else. To wash the outside of a milk pitcher when only the inside is used, to try to keep the kitchen floor clean when food touches only the spotless tables, and the floor will have its nightly scrub, anyway, after the donkeys and pigs are in bed, and to clean windows that are washed every



The Feast of the Matanzas, or pig-killing

time it rains, are open in sunny weather, and unseen at night—such things are indeed foolishness to the Michaelense, and a senseless waste of time that might be given to dancing.

The fine old order of inherited service still pertains—service that keeps its ancient dignity of ministration, and the master's guests are the master himself. Forget and carry something up-stairs for yourself, and your host's servant meets you with damp reproach in his big eyes.

"Manoel does not like to see the senhor a servant. Manoel is his servant. Ah, but perhaps the senhor does not want Manoel to touch his things? Ah, *paciencia!*" and the sigh haunts you for days.

The land is tilled in terraces, rising one above the other to the mountain-tops. On this, in late autumn, one may see a solitary figure, perhaps, in dull-orange or somber-purple smock, flat against the brown hillside, with lean oxen and primitive wooden plow, crossing and recrossing, as the lonely first man may have toiled against the world's brown desolation.

They thresh with a flat stone-boat drawn by oxen around a smooth circle cleared on a hilltop, where the wind may help, and where driver, man or woman, may loom big and grand, as Millet loved to see the thresher.

To winnow, a girl stands vestal-wise on the door-step, with sieve held high overhead and grain pouring down to her feet, singing the one song she knows—a hymn to the Virgin.

To sift this same grain, an old woman, with the quiet mouth of age and the patient eyes of labor, sits cross-legged in a corner of the cloistered courtyard all day long, never once ceasing that skilful rotary twist that earns her six and a half cents a day. But do not tell her how much it is, please, for to her it is a hundred and twenty-five reis.

There are "touches of things common" even in the city below, in Ponta Delgada itself. Pass down a street in the late day as the shadows lengthen, and a door, opening suddenly, pours out an army of girls in *lençoes* and shawls, all of those inde-

scribable colors that are not former bright colors faded, but hues that have always been soft and pure, like milk opals. Roomful after roomful of the loose blossoms and scattering petals come tumbling out and go dancing and fluttering down the road with bare, noiseless feet, making the walled and flower-topped street a narrow lane of throbbing color against the reddening sun. Imagine these dainty Azorean maidens of the big eyes and tender mouths as factory laborers, workers in the tobacco factory! Would they not shrivel and wither, these flower things, in the gray misery of Western factory life?

A capering, singing line of motley figures, with fruit and flowers, dances down the narrow pass. It is not a bacchanalian revel, but a senhor's servants returning with fruit from his *quinta*, or farm. The fruit-laden baskets on their heads are trimmed with boughs and scented leaves, their arms are full of hydrangeas and lilies; and, because music lightens a load and shortens distance, some one in front strums on a viola, that island cross between mandolin and guitar; and because feet must answer when music calls, the whole merry company comes dancing down the steep descent, a swirling, glad-some crew left over from the world's young days. At the edge of the town the music stops; the men fall respectfully back to the rear; shawls and kerchiefs are redrawn, to veil modestly figure and hair; the chaperon looks grave once more; and the nimble, bare feet slip into clogs, and walk decorously through the streets.

At night the padre goes by to carry the host to the dying, but not in the solitary, ominous haste we are used to. Half the village follows him, with chanting, bell, and book, bearing lighted tapers or quaint old lanterns, while all the while the church bell rings out its desertion, and along the route lamps or candles are set in doors and windows "to light *o nosso* senhor on his way"—the god that in less friendly lands must walk alone in the darkness.

You are lulled to sleep by feathery violas in some favorite song and the curious

swish-swish of rhythmically dragged feet, and in the morning you walk to a funeral chant as the villagers, with flower-hidden coffin slung between them,—young girls carry the dead of their own sex,—troop after the padre through the high-walled street to the cemetery, a wavering line of gentle colors, unmarred by black.

In the gathering darkness weird forms dash past, bearers of fire, not stolen from heaven, but borrowed from a neighbor to cook the evening meal. And once, as you wander home in the evening, light from an open door makes you stop curiously, for within, bright against the night, kneeling figures cluster about a bed where amid the candles an old woman is dying. A dark girl in the darker background leans over to support the eager figure on the bed; other dim forms stand at the back. The kneeling ones pray with faces turned to the bed. You may enter and join them, too, if you wish.

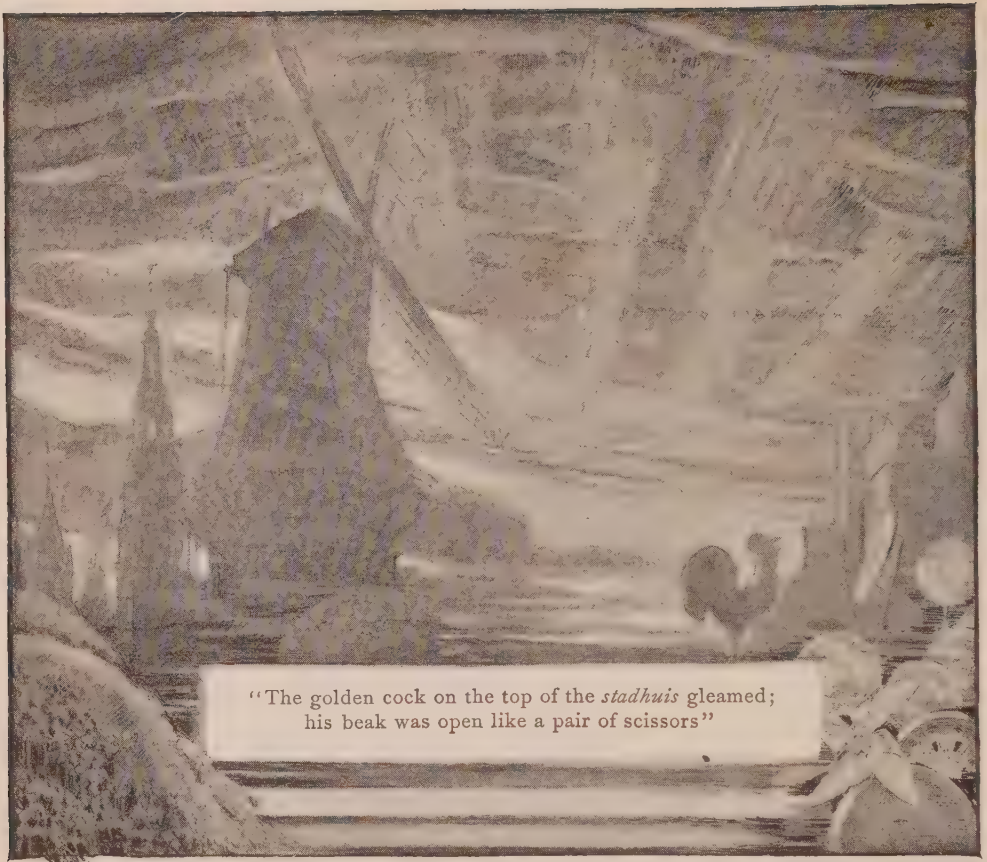
"Mother of God! it is nothing; new lives come daily, and it is well for the old to die. Many candles are lighted, the padre has been in, and Our Lady is surely near, well pleased. A few aves help the dying and count to your credit." So they chatter between prayers in easy familiarity, robbing the sting of death with the warmth of human fellowship.

They have been variously described, these Azore Islands: the lost Atlantis, the home of the Hesperides, the Fortunate Isles, and the Blessed Isles, of course. They are really the Islands of Desire,

reached from the New World by sailing eastward in the path of the rising sun. In them dwell a rare and gentle people with no history other than the story of their hills and sea, who have seen their mountains belch fire, and their rivers rise in flood, and have uttered no protest, raised no wail, but recognized the voice of the Lord their God when it spoke, and planted their crops afresh. They flit by you, sweet, gentle colors fluttering past for the last time like flowers; now scarcely more than loose petals floating down the moonlight of dreams with fragrance of the world's lost youth about them still, creeping into your heart, and making heaviness there when parting comes.

There is a word in the Portuguese language, quite untranslatable, which Victor Hugo is said to have declared the most beautiful word in any language. Your dictionary interprets it as "tender longing," "sweet regret," "ineffable yearning." No, it is a sob, a lump in the throat, a pain, a memory, a grief. Ah, it is everything, *Mæ de Deus!* if one could explain! And they wring distressed little hands till you laugh perforce at such childish intensity. Yes, you laugh now, but later, when the seas and the years have intervened, when city noises deafen, and factory smoke chokes, and brick walls stifle, when street lamps spoil the night, and street traffic mars the day, your heavy heart steals across the seas to the Islands of Desire, and comes back to you again with *saudades*.





"The golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis* gleamed;
his beak was open like a pair of scissors"

The Paper Windmill

By AMY LOWELL

Illustrations by Charles Cullen



HE little boy pressed his face against the window-pane and looked out at the bright sunshiny morning. The cobblestones of the square glistened like mica; in the trees a breeze danced and pranced, and shook drops of sunlight, like falling golden coins, into the brown water of the canal. Down-stream slowly drifted a long string of galiots piled with crimson cheeses. The little boy thought they looked as if they were roc's eggs, blocks of big ruby eggs. He said, "Oh!" with delight, and pressed against the window with all his might.

THE golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis* gleamed; his beak was open like a pair of scissors, and a narrow piece of

blue sky was wedged in it. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the little boy. "Can't you hear me through the window, gold cocky? Cock-a-doodle-doo! You should crow when you see the eggs of your cousin, the great roc." But the golden cock stood stock-still, with his fine tail blowing in the wind. He could not understand the little boy, for he said "Coquerico!" when he said anything. But he was hung in the air to swing, not to sing. His eyes glittered to the west wind, and the crimson cheeses drifted away down the canal.

It was very dull there in the big room. Outside in the square the wind was playing tag with some fallen leaves. A man passed, with a dog-cart beside him full of smart, new milk-cans. They rattled out a

gay tune: "*Tiddity-tum-ti-ti*. Have some milk for your tea. Cream for your coffee to drink to-night, thick and smooth and sweet and white," and the man's sabots beat an accompaniment: "*Plop! trop! trop!* milk for your tea. *Plop! trop!* drink it to-night." It was very pleasant out there, but it was lonely here in the big room. The little boy gulped at a tear.

It was queer how dull all his toys were. They were so still. Nothing was still in the square. If he took his eyes away a moment it had changed. The milkman had disappeared round the corner; there was only an old woman, with a basket of green stuff on her head, picking her way over the shiny stones. But the wind pulled the leaves in the basket this way and that, and displayed them to beautiful advantage. The sun patted them condescendingly on their flat surfaces, and they seemed sprinkled with silver. The little boy sighed as he looked at his disordered toys on the floor. They were motionless, and their colors were dull. The dark wainscoting absorbed the sun. There was none left for toys.

THE square was quite empty now. Only the wind ran round and round it, spinning. Away over in the corner where a street opened into the square the wind had stopped—stopped running, that is, for

it never stopped spinning. It whirled and whirled and gyrated and turned. It burned like a great colored sun. It hummed and buzzed and sparked and darted. There were flashes of blue and long smearing lines of saffron and quick jabs of green. And over it all was a sheen like a myriad cut diamonds. Round and round it went, the huge wind-wheel, and the little boy's head reeled with watching it. The whole square was filled with its rays, blazing and leaping round after one another faster and faster. The little boy could not speak; he could only gaze, staring in amaze.

THE wind-wheel was coming down the square. Nearer and nearer it came, a great disk of spinning flame. It was opposite the window now, and the little boy could see it plainly; but it was something more than the wind which he saw. A man was carrying a huge fan-shaped frame on his shoulder, and stuck in it were many little painted paper windmills, each one scurrying round in the breeze. They were bright and beautiful, and the sight was one to please anybody, and how much more a little boy who had only stupid, motionless toys to enjoy!

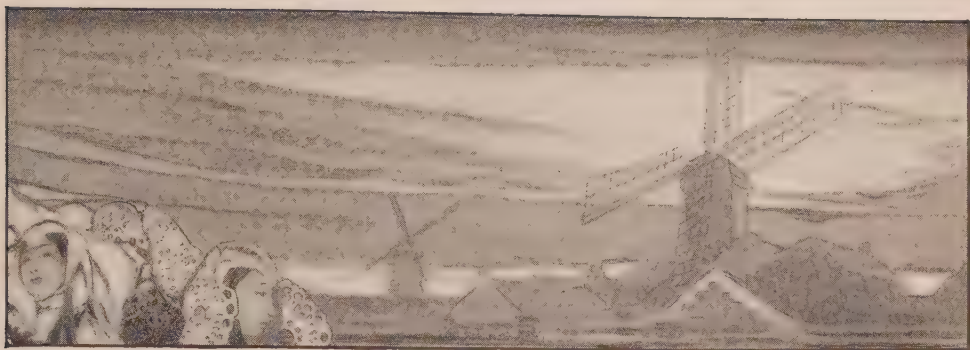
THE little boy clapped his hands, and his eyes danced and whizzed, for the circling windmills made him dizzy. Closer and



"The crimson cheeses drifted away down the canal"



“Nursie, come quickly! Look! I want a windmill. See! It is never still. You will buy me one, won’t you? I want that silver one, with the big ring of blue”



closer came the windmill-man, and held up his big fan to the little boy in the window of the ambassador's house. Only a pane of glass between the boy and the windmills. They slid round before his eyes in rapidly revolving splendor. There were wheels and wheels of colors, big, little, thick, thin, all one clear, perfect spin. The windmill-vender dipped and raised them again, and the little boy's face was glued to the window-pane. Oh, what a glorious, wonderful plaything—rings and rings of windy color always moving! How had any one ever preferred those other toys which never stirred!

"Nursie, come quickly! Look! I want a windmill. See! It is never still. You will buy me one, won't you? I want that silver one, with the big ring of blue."

So a servant was sent to buy that one,—silver, ringed with blue,—and smartly it twirled about in the servant's hands as he stood a moment to pay the vender. Then he entered the house, and in another minute he was standing in the nursery door, with some crumpled paper on the end of a stick, which he held out to the little boy.

"But I wanted a windmill which went round," cried the little boy.

"That is the one you asked for, Master Charles." Nursie was a bit impatient; she had mending to do. "See, it is silver, and here is the blue."

"But it is only a blue streak," sobbed the little boy; "I wanted a blue ring, and this silver does n't sparkle."

"Well, Master Charles, that is what you wanted; now run away and play with it, for I am very busy."

THE little boy hid his tears against the friendly window-pane. On the floor lay the motionless, crumpled bit of paper on the end of its stick; but far away across the square was the windmill-vender, with his big wheel of whirring splendor. It spun round in a blaze like a whirling rainbow, and the sun gleamed upon it, and the wind whipped it, until it seemed a maze of spattering diamonds. "Coquerico!" crowed the golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis*. "That is something worth crowing for." But the little boy did not hear him; he was sobbing over the crumpled bit of paper on the floor.





England's Malady¹

Why the Writer Believes that the British Political Party System is Responsible for the War

By COSMO HAMILTON

Author of "The Door that has No Key," "The Blindness of Virtue," etc.

ONE night, with the memory of the South-African War still stamped upon his leonine face, a little old man whose small eyes were charged with a kind of prophetism went into his study, threw down the notes of a speech that he had just delivered in the House of Lords, sank rather feebly into a chair, and burst into tears.

There were two younger men in the quiet room, tall, wiry men on whose faces and figures discipline had laid its restraining hand—soldiers both. Their sympathy was inarticulate. And then the old man spoke.

"Curse those fools!" he cried. "Curse them! They won't listen to me. I am a mere damn' soldier. I am talking facts, and they know it; but the system, that unique and criminal system of party politics, renders them absolutely impotent even if they desired to take advantage of the evidence that I have flung at their heads. I told them that the British army has only just escaped being whipped by a pack of farmers, that the flower of English manhood, unready because of these little clever people who sit at Westminster, has manured the wide stretches of the veldt, where their gravestones are meaningless. Will they take a lesson from this two-years' national disgrace? Will they organize the whole empire by a form of compulsory service to meet the menace of the great Teuton machine which every

day is being perfected for its inevitable use? No; I tell you, no. And yet, by God! there are a few men sitting in the House of Commons not yet so warped and twisted by the dishonesty of the party system that deep down in what remains of their souls they *know* that my stammering words are true. 'Compulsory service? Yes, that is the solution,' they say; 'but what kind of fools shall we be considered by our friends if we sacrifice our political careers for the sake of patriotism?' No, it's no use. Stop me ever from getting on my feet again. I am throwing pebbles into the sea. I am hurling my old body up against the brick wall of a political system that one of these days will place England under the feet of a determined, self-sacrificing, industrious, and brutal enemy."

That little old man was Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar.

Dinner was over; the servants had left. The thin smoke of cigars and cigarettes rose up to the gilt ceiling of the large, dignified room when the laughter and conversation of the men whose faces and figures formed the subject of caricatures in the English papers suddenly died away. The host, a bearded man with a high forehead and heavy bovine eyes, leaned forward. In his rather fine white hand he held a thick amber cigar-holder, which he used as a sort of baton to enforce his words.

"Gentlemen," he said in the peculiar

¹See "National Safety and the Party System" in Current Comment.

guttural voice which was known and loved in many strange parts, "look out! I have asked you here on my return from Germany to say to you, look out! A colossus is stretching himself. Every great muscle of his arms is taut and hard. Every little cell of his great brain reverberates with two words only, 'Der Tag.' . . . We live in a false security here. We are a democracy which tolerates a monarch. You, gentlemen, are our autocrats. Each one of you is the king of England. What are your majesties going to do? Are you going to continue to play Canute and hold up your hands to the waves and say, 'Back!?' Are you going to continue to sit within the apparently impregnable walls of your party system? Because, if so, the security of this kingdom and your little crowns is not marketable. There are no bidders. I say to you again, look out!"

That man was King Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland.

There was only one policeman outside that little, dull, unpretentious house in Downing Street in which much regrettable history has been made, and from which one generation after another has been misgoverned and misled by premiers and their satellites. On his chest were the ribbons of medals won in India and South Africa, and in his eyes there was the look of a man who fears that he is about to face unutterable disgrace.

He has watched one member after another of the British cabinet scamper up with white lips. From where he stands he can see the complicated system of wireless telegraphy on the roof of the Admiralty. He knows well, like every other man of the nation to which he belongs, that a message has been framed to be despatched from those wires to the great ships that lie waiting off the coast. He knows also that the hands of the army and navy are held by the grip of the party system, and that the agreements of his country with her allies may be broken, to her everlasting shame, by those frightened, panic-stricken men who have rushed up from their country houses to attend the cabinet meeting within.

There sat Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, with ashen face and hands shaking like a man with palsy. All round the table were seated the men who had trifled with their trust. Their teeth were chattering. They were face to face at last with the truth which they had dodged and refused to recognize.

"Why should we fight?" they stammered. "We are a peace-loving nation, unready for bloodshed. Let the others fly at one another's throats, and while they kill and devastate we will grow rich. Are we not a nation of shopkeepers?"

"Listen!" said Mr. Asquith.

From all parts of Great Britain and Ireland—yes, Ireland—there rose an ever-increasing rumble of passionate protest, like the breaking of huge waves upon rocks. Bugles seemed to ring out, and from every town and hamlet there appeared to rise up millions of hands. Near by a bell was tolling.

Mr. Asquith looked up and all round, catching the troubled eyes of his henchmen.

"Oh, my God!" he said, "our servants have become our masters. They demand that we shall fight. Gentlemen, the party system is dead."

The party system! The House of Commons is divided into two bodies. On one side of it sits the party in the majority, on the other side the party in the minority, and over them both the Irish. The House of Commons purports to represent a great country whose history gleams with the heroic results of individual effort. The constitution of all the men under the roof of that House is the same. Whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberals, they are not there for reasons of patriotism. They have entered politics for the same reason that takes men to the stock-exchange and upon the stage—for money and for advertisement. On both sides there are men who own newspapers, run simply for the purpose of grinding their little axes, in which they may hurl sham invective at their fellow-conspirators and write columns of self-praise. On both sides there are law-

yers who have tacked on politics to their profession so that they may stand in the lime-light, pick up the plums, and manipulate commerce to their own benefit. On both sides there are bankers and publicans, journalists and company-promoters, city merchants and the poverty-stricken relatives of the great political leaders, who will obey orders, answer the party whip, and sell their souls for a mess of pottage. On both sides there are little creatures from the back alleys who have been educated to politics as a means of livelihood, and who are perfectly willing to assert that black is white or vice versa whenever they can gain by doing so. The majority are, ipso facto, the enemy of the minority, and the Irish hate them both; but the minority, majority, and Irish are all working together for their own ends. They may call themselves Conservatives, Unionists, Radicals, Liberals, Nationalists, Fenians, Anti-Vivisectionists, Little Englanders, or any one of the dozen meaningless names which have grown into the English language, but they remain mercenaries and parasites, the manipulators of a party system which is a cunningly built-up conspiracy to mislead the country, misrepresent its voters, and provide places for the incapable sons of peers and yearly incomes for specially chosen men whose integrity has been proved to be easily bought, and whose eloquence, like that of a criminal lawyer, is as ready to be used in defense as in prosecution.

In a word, the party system of British politics is the one corrupt thing in the constitution of that nation. The House of Commons has become the happy hunting-ground of a dozen great families whose members pass into it from time to time by the same right that men pass into the business firms of their fathers. They are all partners in a great swindle, and their clerks and henchmen, hired from the law, the universities, the factories, and the streets, vary only as their masters see fit. Those masters, nearly equally divided on both sides of the House, agree from time to time to take the reins of office, paying themselves large salaries, large pensions,

giving places only to those men who have been most obsequious and most eagerly dishonest. They juggle with the votes of the country, with their tongues in their cheeks. They are past-masters in card-sharping and the three-card trick. There is not one man among them with the faintest gleam of imagination, patriotism, or understanding of the characteristics and spirit of the race whom they bluff by inheritance. Yes, there is one—the Mark Antony of the House of Commons, the little Celtic man whose name is Lloyd-George, who possesses the three gifts that go to the making of a great charlatan—a pair of wonderful eyes, a sense of impish humor, and that touch of exaltation which stirs men to hysteria. He is the Pied Piper of politics, the man whose little flute can draw from their dark places the laboring parties of the United Kingdom. He is the great democrat who has organized a bureaucracy more autocratic than anything in Russia. He is the king of charlatans.

England is a free country, a democracy which tolerates a monarch, and is governed by a royal family of hereditary politicians supported by a nation of slaves.

Let a young man enter Parliament big with a desire to get things done, imbued with honesty of purpose, honest enthusiasms, honest patriotism, and a great wish to devote his energies, abilities, and all his time to the amelioration of one or other of the evils which have been left coldly alone by the party system, and he goes into a mausoleum of broken lives over the portals of which is written the terrible legend, "Give up hope, all ye who enter here." The result of his temerity is inevitable. He has either immediately to sacrifice honesty to selfishness or to rush back into the world once more to breathe uncontaminated air and to hurl invective, unnoticed, uncared-for, at the men who year after year deliberately stand in the way of progress and with the utmost cunning lay stone after stone upon the great dam which holds back the waters of improvement and incloses in wonderful security the confidence-men who live upon the credulity of the British public.

The party system of Great Britain is responsible for the degeneracy of a great nation. It is responsible for the unemployment of its working-classes, for the tyranny of its trades-unions, for the sense of injustice which but for Germany would have seen insurrection in Ireland. Finally, it is responsible for the unforgivable devastation of Belgium and for all the bloodshed, for all the hideous waste of life, money, material, and for the chaos of civilization under which, in pitiful attitudes, the fathers of the next generation lie crumpled and dead.

Every widow, every orphan, every maimed man in Europe to-day; all those poor boys from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; every Frenchman, Belgian, Indian, Russian, Italian, African; every man who has sprung to arms, left his civil work, his little patch, his quiet haven where the patter of children's feet has been the music of his life, has to thank the English party system for this war. Countries as crippled as their sons, who have crept back like whipped dogs to a kind of life, will for ten, twenty, maybe a hundred, years hence have to thank the English party system for this hideous, unnecessary, preventable war. If there is yet one spark of remorse in the little souls of the men who have sat so long at Westminster greedily taking their salaries for the non-performance of their duties, then the quiet lunatic asylums which stand among the silent poplars of English countryside must soon be full. If not, if their long service to dishonesty has eaten into them, if they see no shame in having permitted their country to slip into unreadiness and inefficiency, these little, petty harpies, these hypocritical self-advertisers, may have the satisfaction of wallowing in a sort of triumphant pool of exaltation; may congratulate themselves on having achieved an act of incendiarism so frightful that the bloody glow of its flames lights up every corner of Europe.

Mr. Balfour, the theorist, the gentle, gentlemanlike university professor, upon whose gravestone will be carved the words, "Nothing have I ever achieved";

Mr. Asquith, his own worst enemy, whose famous, "Wait and see," will be forgotten and forgiven only when the beautiful towns of Belgium shall have risen once more; Mr. Winston Churchill, the inefficient hustler, who breaks, like a bull in a china shop, through the work of experts, and who will be remembered by posterity only for his comic hats; Sir Edward Grey, the imitation sphinx, who has never yet in all his political life understood the very rudiments of diplomacy; Lord Haldane, whose vanity is like that of the toad and whose credulity is no less than that of the bumpkin who goes to the race-course and falls an instant victim to the confidence-man,—these men, and all their satellites without one exception, have quietly, steadily, and persistently made it possible for German militarism, German chemistry, and German effrontery to cause England to be the one country on earth whose name can never be mentioned again throughout the ages without raising the bitter ire of her friends. Oh, my God! to think that the little old man, scarred and battered with the wars of his country, left alive surely by an all-pitying Deity so that his magic voice might sink into the hearts and brains of his countrymen to prevent the sacrilege of civilization, should have lived in vain! For he *has* lived in vain. His warnings and his appeals, which stirred the English nation from coast to coast, were scoffed at or ignored by the English politicians. The monthly reports of the secret services, all proving the criminal folly of the policy of *laissez-faire*, have been docketed away. The facts which have been plain to all the world, and caused France to strengthen her army and cut the terrible figures, 1870, on every one of her bullets, have been scorned by the English politicians. Instead of taking advantage of the anxious readiness of the country to subscribe to a system of compulsory service, they have steadily weakened the army and would have scuttled the navy had not their rudimentary knowledge of the nation's temper told them that such an act would have brought about a revolution. They *knew*

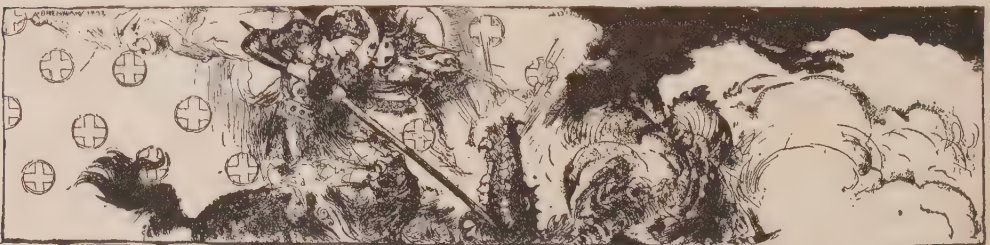
of Germany's settled intention of declaring war when armed to the teeth. They *knew* that the day was drawing ever nearer when the peace of Europe would be broken by the roar of artillery. Every conceivable piece of evidence that daily accumulated on their desks made that fact plain and unanswerable. How, then, did they intend to act when overtaken by the inevitable? Take one look at the journals subsidized by them and find the answer. Not caring for or appreciating the country's sense of honor and pride, they intended to break their treaties and stand aside. They were going to say: "Let them fight who care to; we are unready, unwarlike. We will provide the loans at a high rate of interest and the ammunition at a price." Therefore I cry out aloud the sentiments of all true Englishmen when I say that the English party system is responsible for the war; because, had we been able to place a great army in Belgium to resist the German assault, there would have been no war. It was only because Germany knew of England's unreadiness, and was in the counsels of England's politicians, that she sprang at Belgium's throat.

The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

The germ of suicide would grow and grow in the brain of the thinking man did he not passionately believe that God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a blood-drunken orgy. The day will come when the warring countries, flung at one another by the leading villains of greed and selfishness and dishonesty, will flick the blood out of their eyes

and ask one another the meaning of it all. The maimed and broken of all sides will look to see, in compensation for their lost limbs, the improving hand of the Master upon the churned-up earth. Out of her ruins France will rise with prayer upon her lips; Belgium, with her arms bared for the rebuilding of her smashed cities; and Russia with tears in her heart and brotherhood in her hands. In what manner Germany will be touched who can say? As for England, she, like a creature miraculously risen from the operating-table, will look out on the future with humbler eyes and a thankful heart. The cancer of the party system will have been cut out forever.

Looking through the smoke, I can see the House of Commons occupied by a small committee of unpaid men—business men, honest men. They would shudder to be called politicians. Their ambition is to earn the title of patriots. They belong to no party. They are the servants of the nation. They will not govern the country; they will guide it. They will pursue the same principles and methods for the restoration of her commercial strength as are employed by a committee of liquidation appointed by the court of bankruptcy to a broken business concern. They will run Great Britain in the simple way in which a great railway company is run, and their shareholders, the nation, will be content to read their statements of progress and receive their dividends. Phoenix-like from the ruins there will have risen honest men, and there will be no comfortable corner on this earth for those outcasts who once gambled with a nation's soul for money.





Army Reform¹

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Note-book of an Attaché"

As an attaché at the American Embassy in Paris, during September, October, and November, 1914, Mr. Wood made four trips to the front. He saw parts of the battles of the Marne and the Aisne and the struggle for Calais. Later, for two months, he was a bearer of despatches between the American embassies in France, England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Austria. He saw French, British, Belgian, and German troops in action, and he has seen French, Swiss, Dutch, German, Austrian, and Hungarian troops in manœuvres.—THE EDITOR.

NO civilian, be he editor, college president, politician, author, or legislator, is qualified to formulate plans for our national defense or to hold any high military office. Officers who fill staff positions in a modern army have a rôle to play that requires more training, experience, and skill than that needed to make an astronomer, a surgeon, or a lawyer. The profession of arms is to-day one of the most intricate and technical in existence. Moreover, its errors are far more costly than those of any other profession. A surgeon who performs unskilfully and unsuccessfully a major operation has only one victim, while a brigade-commander who through lack of training makes a serious mistake sacrifices the lives of a thousand men and places his commanding general at a tactical disadvantage that is likely to prove even more costly. The incompetent politician who without any training attempts to plan out the details of a mobilization or to pass upon the efficiency of a naval unit jeopardizes the lives and prosperity of millions of people. Politicians are just as incompetent in military science as they would be without technical education in one of the learned professions. Only the high profession of politics seems to require neither training nor experience.

After committing myself to the verdict that no civilian is competent to give decisions in military matters, it becomes necessary to explain why I, a civilian, am hereby delivering myself of pronounced opinions on these same military subjects. In giving reasons for the immediate need of preparedness to defeat any attack upon our country, I stand on my own recent experiences in Europe, and need no outside prompting. In my mind are scenes—terrible scenes which constantly pass across my mental vision—crying out their warnings for America. When, however, we come to a discussion of the means by which such preparation can best be accomplished, or by what method we may soonest protect ourselves, I am absolutely depending upon expert military opinion. While in Europe, during the first seven months of the great war, I diligently gathered in every country I visited, from every battle-field I studied, and from every army-officer I interviewed, all data or information which might bear upon the situation and needs of my own country. The conclusions I drew from these observations, and the plans I am now outlining, were formulated only after I had submitted the material which I had gathered to the judgment of the army and navy

¹ See Mr. Wood's article, "The Writing on the Wall," in THE CENTURY for November.

authorities of the United States; only now that my own opinions and conclusions have been modified, revised, and approved by our highest military experts do I feel justified in presenting them for public consideration. Therefore, in outlining what seems to be the best method of military protection for our own country, I do not violate my own dictum that only military experts are competent to give advice in purely military matters, since I offer not my own opinion, but the verdict of competent army- and navy-officers whom regulations forbid to speak for themselves. None of us realizes our danger more absolutely than these experts; none would be more willing to instruct his countrymen; no others could be better fitted to show us our errors if they were not subjected to a censorship as rigorous as that which now prevails at the battle-front in Europe.

Our politicians, in order to protect themselves from the exposure of their numerous administrative blunders, which they naturally commit when they attempt to perform duties for which they are utterly unqualified, have muzzled our officers, and thus the only men who are thoroughly competent to reveal the woeful inefficiencies of our army and navy are forced to keep silence and even compelled to bear the discredit for blunders for which they are in no way responsible, and from which they would protect us if they were allowed freedom of speech. Occasionally their devotion to their country impels them to risk everything and to break through this senseless barrier, thereby injuring the reputations and the political careers of some of our well-known "statesmen." The recent fate of Admiral Fiske, who, when questioned before a congressional committee, dared to tell unpleasant truths about the present lack of organization in our navy, is the latest warning that indiscreet outbursts of truth and patriotism will promptly result in ruined careers. To muzzle our experts on national safety is almost as ridiculous as it would be to force the Doctors Mayo to keep silent on surgery, or to forbid Edison to speak about electricity.

It is often said that American officers are not altogether unselfish in their desire to see civilians removed from our ministries of defense. Even if this is true, can they be blamed? Would not a member of any other high profession be indignant if through political influence men untrained in that profession were suddenly to be made autocratic chief over him and all his fellows? Therefore I must maintain that no matter what system of defense we institute or how large a bond issue we declare, we can never have a safe and sound reorganization or enlargement of our army and navy until we have military and not civilian secretaries of war and marine as members of the President's cabinet.

No less an authority than Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley says, in speaking of our Civil War:

... To hand over to civilians the administration and organization of an army, whether in peace or war, or to allow them to interfere in the selection of officers for command or promotion, is most injurious to efficiency; while during the war, to allow them, no matter how high their political capacity, to dictate to commanders in the field any line of conduct, after the army has once received its commission, is simply to insure disaster.

... In the first three years of the Secession War, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton practically controlled the movements of the Federal forces, the Confederates were generally successful. Further, the most glorious epoch of the Confederacy was the critical period of 1862, when Lee was allowed to exercise the full authority of Commander-in-Chief; and lastly, the Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until after Mr. Lincoln, in March, 1864, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favor of General Grant.

In the United States we are not divided into pacifists and jingoes. All Americans desire peace, and differ only as to the best means of securing it, or disagree as to the degree of honor or dishonor with which we may buy that peace. In none of the



Photograph by Brown Brothers

Josephus Daniels, Civilian Chief of the Navy

wars of our history have we been the aggressors. At Concord that first shot which was "heard round the world" was not fired by the colonists. In 1846 it needed a horror like the massacre of the Alamo before our Government would face the necessity of dealing rigorously with Mexico. In 1861 the majority of the people in the North were still declaring that the South would never in any circumstances resort to arms when the cannon at Fort Sumter cut short their foolish predictions.

We have ever in the past had war forced upon us, and have ever been unprepared to meet it. We shall most certainly have wars forced upon us in the future. Shall we always be unprepared to meet them?

Due to fortunate combinations of circumstances, we have not, in four of the five wars of our history, reaped the full

penalty of our unpreparedness. We emerged victorious from the Revolution and the War of 1812 because Spain and France sided with us and gave us vital aid, choosing those crucial moments to be avenged for old quarrels with England. We won the wars of 1848 and 1898 only because we were pitted against weak nations. Our one terrible lesson, the only lesson the penalties of which were commensurate with our neglect, was the Civil War. In 1860 our need, as demonstrated by contemporaneous exponents of preparedness, was for a compact standing army of not more than 100,000 men. To any one who studies the history of that epoch it must be evident that had we possessed such an army, the Civil War need never have been fought. Some military authorities even go so far as to state that a single efficient army corps of 30,000 men would

absolutely have prevented that war, in which a million men lost their lives. Our troops could have suppressed the disorder in the South long before it reached armed conflict, and forced the South to settle its differences with the Government at Washington by arbitration or compromise.

America is so large that she has no need to fight for more territory, as Japan and Germany have fought and will fight; she is so rich that she has no temptation to strive for indemnities; and she is too proud to indulge in quarrels over trifles. May she, however, never be unready to hold her boundaries against an enemy or to protect herself from invasion! May she likewise ever be prepared to defend the ideals for which she stands! A nation without vigorous ideals is a nation unfit, a nation doomed to destruction even more certainly than one that has been conquered. Conquered nations have sometimes regained their freedom, but no nation without ideals to defend, and the will and power to defend them, has ever survived.

If after the battle of Concord our colonial ancestors had voted peace at any price, we should now be taxed without representation, be ruled by a nation which would allow us no general manhood suffrage, and our territory would still be subject to huge land grants which reserved vast areas for non-resident nobility. By accepting the gage of battle, we won liberty and established a great nation. We even freed all England's colonies from the tyranny against which we fought, for by that bitter lesson we taught her the wisdom of granting autonomy to her daughters; in consequence of which the inhabitants of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa really enjoy more freedom than the inhabitants of England herself. As regards human liberty, we, by the Revolution, set forward the hands on the clock of time at least a century. We even did England herself a service; for in her present need she is supported by a group of strong and loyal colonies because she has long allowed them to share her privileges, opportunities, and ideals.

No price that can be counted in dollars,

pounds, or francs is too great to pay for peace. No price that will build up an adequate navy and an efficient army is too great. We all desire that America may have as few wars as possible, but we must face the fact that we cannot always avoid wars. Even to-day one may perceive several causes pregnant with the possibility of future hostilities for the United States. Mexico is one; South America, coveted by Germany, is another; still a third exists in the fact that our Western labor-unions refuse to allow us to grant equal rights to certain Orientals because of racial dislike and because these Orientals are more industrious and efficient than the average American day laborer and are willing to work for lower wages. The labor-unions very justly make might their right, and have caused laws to be passed the object of which is to keep their own State for their own use by rendering it virtually impossible for the Orientals to compete with them. The might upon which this right is founded cannot go forever unchallenged. Sooner or later, in ten years or in ten decades, it must be tested by a trial of arms. If the case between the California labor-unions and the Oriental immigrants were to be submitted to fair and impartial international arbitration, it is probable that the Orientals would win the decision, but it is evident that our Government could not accept such a decision against the will of its own people.

Thus from time to time differences arise between nations which cannot be peacefully arbitrated; especially when a rich nation is politically weak, while a neighboring country is poor and cramped, but politically powerful, the latter will possess itself of the former's territory as inevitably as water runs down hill. The attack will come the more quickly if racial differences render the two nations antagonistic. It makes little difference whether the rich nation has become weak through race degeneration or through fatuous neglect of her defenses. The invasion of France by the Norsemen, the overrunning of the Roman Empire by the barbarians,



Photograph by Brown Brothers

Rear-Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske

Since his graduation, the second man in his class, at the United States Naval Academy in 1874, Admiral Fiske has been a faithful student and a successful follower of his chosen profession.

and the recent nibblings at China by many nations are conspicuous examples among many to be found in history.

In determining America's specific requirement for adequate national defense, we should first estimate the number of troops, together with all necessary supplies, ammunition, and horses, which could be landed by an enemy upon our coast within a given time. In this connection it is necessary to consider as a possible opponent every separate nation of the world, for history shows that the friends of to-day may be enemies to-morrow, or that enemies this year may be friends the next.

Japan and Russia are to-day allies, who ten years ago were bitterest enemies, while Bulgaria and Serbia, who together defeated Turkey in 1912, have since that time already fought against each other in one war and are beginning another.

Before an enemy who attacks us can transport troops overseas, he must have almost complete control of those seas. Therefore, if we could be certain that no hostile war-fleet could ever deprive us of control of our oceans, we might dispense with military preparedness beyond that needed to protect our outlying possessions and our Canadian and Mexican borders.

Conversely, if we cannot be certain of commanding the two oceans, we must build up an army sufficient to discourage invasion. It should be remembered that since we possess *two* long and widely separated coast-lines, we cannot be even moderately certain of maintaining sea-control unless we constantly maintain a navy virtually twice as large and effective as the navy of any other nation. In the present war the second navy of the world has been unable to leave the shelter of its fortified harbors, and the war is being fought out entirely on land. The larger navy a country supports, the fewer nations or coalitions of nations will be able to deprive it of sea-control. Since it would be inadvisable, if not impossible, for us to maintain a navy twice as large as that of any other country, we must not depend for safety entirely upon our marine; geographical conditions compel us to possess adequate military forces.

Having determined that our navy cannot be counted upon to protect us from all attacks, we must next consider the scope of possible invasions and must try to determine the minimum means necessary to reject them with success. We find by calculations based upon well-known statistics from Japan, the most powerful nation on our west, using only half her merchant fleet as transports, could in four weeks land one hundred thousand men and twenty-five thousand horses on our Pacific coast, and, as additional vessels became available, could in each succeeding period of six weeks land another detachment of one hundred and forty thousand men and thirty-five thousand horses. Either Germany or Great Britain, the most powerful military nations on our east, could, by using half their marine, in two weeks land four hundred and fifty thousand men and ninety thousand horses on our Atlantic seaboard. And in each succeeding month either would be able to land an additional army of six hundred thousand men.

Above all, we must remember that international alliances have become the order of the day; that wars are now almost invariably fought by coalitions of nations.

Thus France and Great Britain, although hereditary enemies, combined in the Crimea to support Turkey against Russia. To-day Russia, Great Britain, and France have temporarily united against their common rival, Germany. Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia, who have long felt toward one another a ferocious hatred, temporarily combined to attack Turkey, their common foe. It is therefore highly probable that we may some day have to fight against a combination of two or more nations. If, after the present hostilities have ceased, Japan and Germany should both be antagonistic toward us, nothing could be more according to precedent than that they should temporarily compromise their present difficulties in order to deal more successfully with us. This is, however, only a possibility, and since I am pleading for the minimum of preparedness rather than for the maximum, I shall assume for purposes of discussion that we shall be in conflict with only one nation at a time.

An enemy, having fifty-five hundred miles of coast from which to choose a point of attack, would naturally not attempt to land near any one of our fortified ports, which reminds us that coast defenses are useless without a field army to assist them. Even the Dardanelles would have fallen in short order had the splendid forts not been amply supported by the Germanized Turkish field army. It is therefore self-evident that an enemy landing four hundred and fifty thousand trained and organized troops on our coast in two weeks must be opposed by an equal force that could be mobilized in the same length of time. We must be ready to match numbers for numbers, quality for quality, and speed for speed, up to the ultimate limit of the enemy's strength at the point of attack. Effectively to defend the Atlantic coast, we should be obliged within two weeks' time to mobilize and transport 500,000 men. In two months we should need to put into the field against the enemy's principal attack 1,500,000 troops. At least one million additional men would be necessary to guard against feints and raids, to protect

communications and arsenals from attack by spies and agents and to perform transport and base-line duties. Thus we arrive at a minimum total of at least 2,500,000 men necessary to defend us against the attack of a single great nation, or an army which would be ranked eighth in size among the armies of the world.

It is manifestly undesirable that we should ever attempt to maintain a standing army of this size. The objections which Americans have to great standing armies like those of Germany and Russia are well founded. How, then, can we ever be prepared to mobilize the needed number of trained and disciplined troops in so short a time? In answer to this question, our military experts unanimously advocate the adoption of a system of universal compulsory military service based upon and largely copied from the Swiss system and its counterpart in Australia. These offer us for adoption not an experiment, but a tried and adequately tested method of national defense.

The underlying ideas of the German standing army and of the Swiss military system are diametrically opposed. Militarism in the extreme type is overbearing, aggressive, and brutal. The patriotism it fosters is two-faced, for it inculcates hatred of neighboring nations quite as much as love of one's own country. In extreme cases it develops a patriotism gone mad, while it makes aggression easy and even necessary. By contrast the Swiss and Australian systems make no preparation for aggressive warfare, and therefore do not hold up before the minds of the young any ambition for conflict beyond their own borders or for the conquest of their neighbors. Adequate preparation for self-defense curtails aggression, and brings nearer and nearer the possibility of combined international action to curb truculent nations and to civilize barbaric races.

In the Australian system, military science and gymnastics, taught by competent official instructors, form a compulsory part of the education of every boy between the ages of twelve and eighteen; during those years he undergoes military instruction co-

incidentally with his other studies, so that he reaches the age of nineteen a trained soldier. His military education is imparted to him at the most acquisitive age, and does not interfere with his later productive industrial occupations. When he reaches the age of nineteen he is enrolled as a soldier in the battalion of the region in which he lives. From that time he is in active service for two weeks of every year, practice which is intended to keep fresh in mind his military knowledge. He remains an active member of the battalion for eight years, until he reaches the age of twenty-seven, and throughout that period he is at all times liable for service in defense of his country. He cannot, however, be sent out of Australia unless he expressly volunteers for foreign service. The Australian army unit is a battalion of one thousand men. The country is therefore divided into units of population each of which contains approximately one thousand young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-seven.

In Switzerland the young men, after having undergone this preliminary training in school, join their regiments in their twentieth year, and during the summer of that year undergo two months of continuous, intensive military instruction. For twelve years thereafter they are at all times liable for immediate service in defense of their country. During each of these years they perform two weeks' training in the field.

The system recommended by American experts for adoption by their country would begin with the training of all boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen in gymnastics, hygiene, the manual of arms, rifle practice, and platoon and company formations. In the summer of his nineteenth year every boy would be assigned to his regiment and begin his active service, with two months of intensive training in battalion, regimental, and brigade manœuvres, and afterward be enrolled for service in his regiment for four years until he is twenty-three, his service in time of peace being limited to two weeks spent in camp every summer. At

twenty-three the young man would be mustered out of his regiment and placed in the reserve, from which he could be called to active service only in case of dire need. This system would eventually furnish the United States with an active army of 2,500,000 men under twenty-four years of age, and with a reserve of nearly 8,000,000 trained soldiers between the ages of twenty-four and forty-five who could be called upon in case of a long war.

Military training and service would be completely finished by all men before they reached their twenty-fourth birthday, thus interfering as little as possible with their productive life. In the event that war were thrust upon us, the casualties would be borne by men who for the most part had not yet acquired families or reached positions of great responsibility.

It should not be forgotten that the adoption of a system of preparedness *in no way* increases the liability of the individual to serve as a soldier in the event of war. If we have a big war in the near future, the draft will be instituted and enforced, and our citizens will all have to fight, whether they like it or not. Preparedness makes such an eventuality less likely, and makes it improbable that if we do fight, we shall have to die in vain.

It will not be necessary for the United States to institute new units of population, since she already possesses such units in her national congressional districts. Every district could be called upon to furnish a mixed brigade composed of two regiments of infantry, two batteries of field artillery, a squadron of cavalry, a transport train, a signal-corps detachment, a company of engineers, and a field-hospital. Certain Western districts would be called upon to support brigades composed of cavalry regiments and a battalion of horse artillery.

The brigades thus formed would be organized into divisions, corps, and armies under the supervision of the general staff at Washington, presided over by a *military* secretary of war. The standing army would be limited to staff-officers, instruc-

tors, and engineers; to a certain amount of infantry, cavalry, and field-artillery for foreign garrison duty in Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Panama Canal Zone, and for manning in part our coast defenses; to a number of line-officers sufficient to supervise the training in our schools and to maintain the reserve munitions; and to certain highly trained crack regiments, especially of mountain, siege, and field artillery, by which the experimental work necessary to determine the proper standard of military efficiency would be carried on. West Point, the army service schools, the garrison regiments, and the crack artillery regiments would all be used as means of training professional officers for staff appointments and for high commands in the national field forces. All the company officers and a certain number of the field officers of the line regiments would be civilians who had voluntarily undergone special training and won promotion by marked ability.

In addition to their protective value, such military systems yield educational and economic benefits which at least equal their defensive importance. The result most generally obtained, and the one which would be of the greatest importance to the United States, is the fostering of that sense of mutual responsibility which is promoted between the state and the individual by such a constructive system of universal military service. Even if there were no need of national defense and no rumors of wars, the Swiss system would more than repay its cost to any nation adopting it in the increased physical vigor and improved mentality of its citizens. It inculcates promptness, obedience, exactness, self-control, and truthfulness. It teaches discipline, hygiene, and unity of action. It tends to mold the heterogeneous elements of a nation into homogeneity, a result sorely needed by the conglomeration of assorted nationalities assembled, but not yet blended together, under the American flag. Her military system has made of modern Switzerland a fearless and united country, notwithstanding the fact that her population is made up of French, Ger-

mans, and Italians, speaking three languages and acknowledging two religions.

If such a system were adopted by the United States, every boy would be constantly under inspection by trained surgeons and military experts. His physical weaknesses and mental defects would be considered and, as far as possible, remedied. It is now well recognized that a large proportion of the ineffective, criminal, or insane members of society suffer from physical defects that could so far be modified during childhood as to make useful citizens out of potentially dangerous persons. Many defects which cannot be detected by superficial inspection become very evident during military training, which not only provides the instructors with an opportunity to study deficiencies, but furnishes also the means and time for applying the remedies.

Military training, outdoor life, and expert supervision by men who understand crude boyish impulses would do much toward converting lawless energy into disciplined power. The women of Australia at first so strongly opposed the adoption of compulsory military training that they retarded and nearly defeated its adoption, but within two years' time the wonders which it had wrought in their boys converted them into its most ardent advocates.

One of the strongest arraignments of our American civilization is the great number of inefficient, unmoral, or criminal persons in whom the state takes no interest unless they have been labeled paupers, idiots, or criminals. We make no effort to diminish by protective measures such wastefulness of a nation's best asset—its citizens. Another serious defect in our national life in America is the lack of loyalty for or sense of duty toward the Government. Europeans declare us to be the most unpatriotic nation in the world.

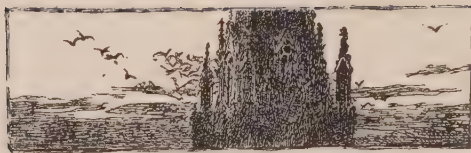
Military training rapidly develops civic consciousness. It teaches the young to revere their flag. Their patriotism is kindled at the susceptible age, and abides with them all their lives thereafter. It becomes no longer a phrase, a song, a momentary emotion, but the mainspring of

their civic life. It grows with their growth, they breathe it in with every inspiration; as their country makes herself responsible for their well-being, they, in return, feel responsibility for her safety and prosperity, and that it is the right and duty of every citizen to defend his country; they learn that if the need arises, they must even make the supreme sacrifice of dying for it. It is a wholesome thought, which teaches them to make cheerfully the thousand smaller sacrifices of good citizenship.

If any one of us questions whether it is worth while to make the supreme sacrifice of dying for the ideals and the safety of his native land, the best authority to accept in answer to this question is the man who is actually making that sacrifice; as, for instance, a mortally wounded soldier. It sometimes happens that fatally wounded men lie without pain and with clear minds for several hours before they die. They realize their approaching fate with a certainty which comes only to men who feel that the very foundation of life has crumbled. They live a very long time in those last few hours. They review minutely their whole lives, weighing and considering. They are detached and unprejudiced, as only men can be who have absolutely nothing more either to gain or to lose. They can justly estimate what is of true value and what is not.

In France I have talked with many such men, have taken down their last messages; have, in answer to their craving for human companionship, sat by them until they died. They were not philosophers, they were not officers, but only simple soldiers who before the war had been clerks or farmers; and yet each and every one of them was filled with a sublime and radiant contentment because he was dying for his conception of right, for his *patrie*, for his ideals.

Their faces wore beatific smiles, and their eyes shone with a light of great happiness. Never again can one who has seen such heroic deaths ask himself that coward question, Is it worth while to make the supreme sacrifice in defense of one's ideals?



Notes of an Artist at the Front

By WALTER HALE

War correspondent for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the armies of northern France

Illustrations by the author

Part I

June 26, 1915.

THE whole beautiful Aisne valley lay spread out before us, vineyards and fields in the foreground, winding roads with sentinel-like trees, wooded copses, the glint of a stream, the landscape shimmering in the June sunshine. Stretching from east to west, framed in by the trees beneath the ridge, ran a long white line, broken in places where it disappeared beyond a knoll—the French trenches. In the distance, extending across the whole stage from one proscenium-arch to the other, a second white scar marked the German positions on the Craonne Plateau. The land beyond that second white scar was also France—that part of manufacturing and coal-bearing France that is now in the hands of the enemy. A puff of white smoke arose—shrapnel. A yellow cloud showed where an explosive shell came in contact with something. Other white puffs appeared farther away on the slope, but with no sound of firing. The wind was behind us, and it was so quiet in the drowsy sunshine that we could hear the hum of insect life in the garden.

We walked on a few yards, then looked to the northwest. Rheims lay basking in the sunlight, the twin towers of the cathedral and the broken chimneys silhouetted against the clear sky.

It was only yesterday, I thought, that I had last driven my car from Metz westward over that same white ribbon of road to Rheims. Now the road lay almost

midway between the French and German positions, and was daily swept by a murderous shell-fire. And the cathedral! But to the naked eye, from this distance, the damage done to it was negligible. The roof was partly gone; except for this the graceful outlines were unchanged. The towers and belfries still soared majestically above the town, apparently undaunted by the engines of war now sweeping the wide expanse of the Aisne and Vesle valleys. Brought nearer under the field-glasses, we could see plainly the great white blotch on the façade where the stone became calcined by the flames that followed the first bombardment by the Germans on the seventeenth of last September.

We had some difficulty in getting closer to Rheims. There were four motors in our expedition, each with two drivers. The chauffeurs were for going directly down the hill and meeting the main road to the city below. They were ordered back by our staff-captain.

"I am not responsible for you correspondents," he said, "but I must be careful of my own men."

That thought for the men was always uppermost. A sudden shower, as we slipped through country byways, found only one of the chauffeurs on our car with a raincoat. The captain offered his own to the other. These drivers were very intelligent men, attentive and respectful and exceedingly solicitous about our welfare. A few days later, when our *tournee* was ending and we were about to take the train back to

Paris, Owen Johnson, Arnold Bennett, George Mair, and I discussed the advisability of making up a little purse in appreciation of their kindness. We fortunately took the precaution first to ask our staff-captain about it. We hastily withdrew our hands from our pockets when we found that in peace times one owned a factory employing 350 hands, another was a book publisher in Paris, a third managed a hotel on the Riviera.

We made a detour to avoid the exposed portion of the road, then a short dash into Rheims. Nearing the town gates we called on the brigade commander, a fine grizzled type like one of our old Indian-fighters, such as Lawton or Crook. His quarters were not imposing—the four bare walls of a low-ceilinged office room, dingy windows; large scale-maps, plans, and official papers strewn over a table; the clump of the hobnailed boots of the sentries in the hall outside and the tinkle of a telephone bell in the adjoining room as reports came in from distant batteries raking the Aisne valley. The staff-captain who took us in charge said that he had followed on the heels of the Germans when they were driven out last September, and that on one occasion since over three thousand shells had been fired into the city during the short space of twenty-four hours.

That was easy enough to understand once we had reached the cathedral and the devastated district behind it. What had appeared from a distance to be minor damage became real havoc on closer acquaintance. On the splendid west front the hundreds of little statues set in their niches are all damaged, some minus hands and legs and arms, and others swept away entirely. The stained-glass of the great rose-window is wrecked, many of the columns supporting the smaller arches are twisted or cracked by the fierce heat, the gargoyles shot off, and the splendid portals, inside and out, so badly damaged that it is unlikely they can ever be restored.

The white scar that sweeps up the northwest tower tells better than words the graphic story of shell-fire and conflagration.

It is one of the wonders of the world that Rheims Cathedral, desecrated, shot at continually for months, preserves its majesty unimpaired, its towers rising above the grass-grown cobbles of the square serene and unconquerable.

On one side of the *place* the Grand-Hôtel has a hole in its second story big enough to accommodate the traditional coach and four. The hotel awakened old memories. I thought of it as I had known it in the early days of aviation, when Farman and Lorraine and Cockburn made it their quarters, and the courtyard echoed the explosions of the motors coming in at all hours from the flying-field of Bétheny. Now a ditch extends across the flying-field of Bétheny. In front of it are barbed-wire entanglements and chevaux-de-frise, and in its shadows are men in Joffre blue, with rifles and hand-grenades, who burrow farther into its depths when they hear the warning crackle of a shell from the direction of the Craonne Plateau.

On the other side of the *place* is the Hôtel Lion-d'Or. Gone are its American bar and the little French Canadian who made the only worth-while cocktail in France outside of Paris. The windows are gaping holes, the shutters blown away. There is debris heaped up in the rooms and courtyard, and the walls are pummeled with holes where the shells have ricocheted off the cobbled pavement.

Back of the cathedral is a dreary waste: houses gutted, outer walls swiped off as though a curtain had been raised in a theater showing the intimate interior—the wall-paper of the different rooms, the broken rafters, fragments of beds and tables, fireplaces, bric-à-brac, and tattered curtains blowing in the wind. The Rue de l'Université, the Rue des Cordeliers, the Rue Eugène Desteuque looked like the streets of Salem after the fire. In many cases the people insist on returning to their homes. One little old lady was calmly knitting in the broken doorway of her house, though the corner of it was crushed back like the bow of an ocean steamship after a collision.

In all the devastation in or near the cathedral, Dubois's statue of Jeanne d'Arc in front of the great doors is yet (June 26) untouched. The legs of the horse are chipped by fragments of flying shell, but the maid rides serenely above. In her hands she holds the tricolor, and at the foot of the pedestal had been placed wreaths and fresh flowers. The people of Rheims look upon her invulnerability as a good omen.

Returning to Epernay for the night through the dusk, we passed companies of infantry moving up to relieve those at the front,—the French trenches at Bétheny are only a little over a mile outside of Rheims,—and motor-transports and wagons waiting at the depots to carry up their supplies to the lines under cover of the darkness.

We spent a restless night in an uncomfortable little hotel kept by a very pretty landlady. There was a glow in the sky over Rheims, and through the wakeful hours sounded the drone of an *aéroplane* on patrol duty over the town.

June 27.

Our staff-captain waked me at dawn. Through a crisp, dewy morning we drove back over the same road to Rheims. The cars were halted at the gates. There was no doubt about our being allowed to pass in. The French had captured some trenches in the Argonne, and the Germans had retaliated by a Sunday-morning bombardment of the cathedral; the shelling had begun at daybreak. After a little discussion, our Indian-fighter of the day before relented, and we went ahead. This time the cars did not bring us up to the cathedral doors; we left them in a more sheltered spot in a narrow street near at hand.

Borne down on the wind, which had changed to the northwest, was the crackle of artillery fire and the noise of explosive shells from the plateau and the valley. We walked about the cathedral. A six-inch shell had dropped in the little sheltered spot in the rear and torn a hole in the ground; except for this, the salvo was

without result. We went inside. Sainsalieu, the architect, and the others did not remove their hats. I wondered why. It was because the sanctuary had been violated and the sacrament removed; the great cathedral was no longer a house of God. It was Sunday morning, but there were no services, no priests intoning the mass, no heavy roll of the organ, only the echo of our muffled voices in the vaulted spaces above.

Sainsalieu, who has been working steadily inside the building on his plans for its restoration through so many weeks of bombardment that the whistle of shells means nothing to him, gave me his chair and table to aid me in my drawing; then he gave me a key. The cathedral is carefully locked up at all times. There is a gate in the fence beyond the sand-bags that protect the sculpture at the base of the building, and a small wooden door in place of the heavy one in the right portal. The same key opens both, and also another little door on the right as you enter. This little inside door is as tempting as the one that led to Bluebeard's closet for his headless wives. I was asked to give my word of honor that I would not open it, for it leads to the stairway that climbs up through the southwest tower to the roof. No one is allowed on the roof, so careful are the French authorities that the Germans shall not be given the slightest excuse for bombarding the building under the pretext that it is being used for observation purposes.

Sainsalieu made me promise not to give the key to any one, but to keep it until I met him at *déjeuner* at the Hôtel du Nord. Then he went with the others to Bétheny, and I locked myself in. It was awesomely quiet within the great building as I went on with my work. The desultory fire of the guns to the north was muffled. It was apparently no more threatening than the cooing of the pigeons in the vast dome overhead. There was a flutter of wings when a shell exploded in the direction of the Place Royale, and I started when a shower of glass, loosened from its setting by the wind, crashed

down on the flagstones of the nave. This was the only interruption. When I left, I carefully locked the door, then I closed the gate, and locked it behind me. A man who had apparently been waiting outside asked me for the key to the cathedral. Remembering my promise, I refused to give it to him. He was willing enough to engage me in conversation, but this was no place, I thought, for a parley. The *parvis* was strangely silent, and, except for us two, deserted. There was a profound stillness in the town, the midday lull in the firing while both sides were at dinner; but there was never any telling when the racket might start up again.

I went on through lonely streets, past houses with broken shutters, windows agape, walls spattered with shot-holes, and chimneys leaning precariously over the street, to the rendezvous at the Hôtel du Nord, the only hotel now open in Rheims. Sainsalieu was not there. We were almost through luncheon when a hasty courier arrived in the person of a boy on a bicycle, who, clothed with the proper authority, begged that the American gentleman give him the key to the cathedral.

Afternoon found us scooting along the road to Soissons, the same *route nationale* I had known in my motor-tours that had carried me westward to Compiègne, Beauvais, Rouen, and Havre. Long lines of poplars shot by in a blur; the roar of the motor echoed in the *swish, swish* as we rushed past the boles of the trees. A flock of sheep turned out of a lane, an incongruously peaceful note in an atmosphere of big guns and destruction. We left the main road shortly, and edged our way toward the front through protected byways or between the walls of old, gray villages. We climbed a slope, interviewed another brigade commander, left the cars in a protected place, and walked into the depths of a thickly wooded forest. From the outside it looked peaceful enough—a mass of dark green on a ridge above a slumbering hamlet. There was nothing to suggest that within its shadows bristling guns

were sunken in well-concealed emplacements, that the heavy foliage hid the position of the 41st Battery of Artillery. They had the usual complement of "75's," with an anti-air-craft gun and a huge "caterpillar," with its gray nose pointed down into the ground to avoid detection by the watchful Germans on the hills beyond.

The stables were cunningly hidden in the thick of the wood. The stalls were covered with green boughs. The battery has been in the same position since last November, and every horse had its name over the stall, like an old-time fire-engine house in New York—LeBeau, Victoire, L'Hermite, Marie Louise.

The quarters of the men were in well-protected underground huts covered with timbers and saplings. They had rough sketches on the walls and flowers in vases. In cages were magpies and small song-birds, and a musician had rigged up a xylophone by hanging wine-bottles containing different amounts of water on a sapling suspended between two trees. On this he played selections from the operas. Near by, almost at his feet, was the grave of one of his comrades.

On the grave were fresh flowers and a wreath, and an inscription roughly cut with a knife on a piece of board, "François, our friend, dead on the field of honor." The artilleryman tinkled the "William Tell" overture on his musical glasses. He wore a tight-fitting jacket like a Zouave's, and as I stood listening to his concert I was reminded of that splendid story of the Zouaves I had just heard in Paris. A regiment of them overreached itself in a charge in the Argonne. It was cut off by the enemy, and virtually wiped out. The Germans, adopting tactics that have been unheard of in modern warfare, costumed themselves in the uniforms of the dead men. As they moved back to attack the French lines, they pushed a few of the survivors in front of them. From the trenches the missing regiment of Zouaves appeared, straggling along the hillside. It closed in until, as it was almost upon them, the French

heard a voice from the advancing host shout, "In the name of God! Fire!"

The name of the soldier who died in the volley from his own lines is unknown. His exploit was read to the armies in the order of the day.

It was a quiet afternoon along this part of the front. It was quiet, rather, until, as we were looking at a blue-gray "75," with its muzzle pointed out of a bough of leaves, an order came by telephone, and a shell was slipped into the timing mechanism. A dial was set; in a few seconds the shell was withdrawn and locked in the breech of the gun, and an officer pulled a lanyard. There was a report,—not so loud a report as I had expected,—a whiff of smoke came from the breech, and the shell had gone on its mission to an invisible enemy beyond the slope, while the leaves overhead, hiding the gray muzzle, settled back into place.

I read the story of a correspondent who boasted that five shells were fired for his special benefit. I prefer to think that this one was fired for France.

June 28.

Sweaters and raincoats were needed in the morning, for a cold wind out of the northwest brought with it a dismal rain—a day more like October than June. We were up near the front an hour after we had left the hotel. With the general and his staff we were perched on the observation-platform at division headquarters. The general, with the aid of a large scale-map, which he held down with difficulty in the wind, described the fighting in his sector. A mist hung over the valley in front of us. Little white puffs rolled back from time to time as the curtain lifted—shrapnel exploding over the French trenches close to the river.

At our feet were the extensive stables and courtyard of an old farmstead, not unlike the fortified *manoirs* of Normandy. The yard was filled with cavalrymen grooming their horses. One seldom sees horses so close to the front lines. Directly below, with a guard watching nonchalantly over them, was a group in

the peculiar gray-green of the German infantry. They were prisoners from that other France across the river Aisne. They seemed to accept their new environment philosophically, and with the resignation of stoics they went methodically about the unmarital task of sweeping out the stable-yard.

IN SOISSONS

ONLY once in my motor-tours had I driven through Soissons. I had a hazy memory of a sleepy little town, of staring white houses, of narrow streets with unsteady chimneys above the tiled roofs, a lime-bordered market-place, a partly ruined abbey, and a fine old cathedral—a town at peace with the world after a strenuous history, prosperous, but not aggressively so. In the present war Soissons has suffered far more than Rheims, its neighbor to the east. Again, as at Rheims, there is a wide swath cut in the line of the German fire. Again, part of the former prosperous business section is laid waste. In the Rue du Commerce, the Rue de la Congregation, the Rue du College, and the district to the northeast near the river most of the houses are mere shells, and fires are smoldering in the debris.

To make a ruin out of a ruin seems a waste of time. A shell, with only its twin towers and part of its thirteenth-century cloisters remaining, St. Jean des Vignes could serve no strategic purpose. The reason for the heavy fire directed at it is incomprehensible. In the war of 1870 the façade was damaged by the heavy German projectiles and the points of the arches were calcined by the flames. In the present series of bombardments there has been a more systematic effort to demolish what was left of the structure. A part of the stone shaft surmounting the left tower has been carried off, and there are ragged gashes in the arched openings. The top of the tower on the right has been shot away, and the hammering of shells and incendiary bombs has left its marks across the entire façade. The little statue at the central apex of the arch is gone, the platform supporting the arched portals

badly cracked, and the tiles smashed into powder.

The wreck of the cathedral is more appalling. A solid old pile, it dates from the twelfth century, and is an excellent example of combined Gothic and Romanesque design. It has withstood many sieges, but its massive construction was no proof against the assaults of modern guns. Eighty shells were thrown into the building by high-angle fire in the first few days after the enemy was established on the plateau to the north. The fine stained-glass of the Gothic windows is smashed, and the tombs are crushed in. There is an enormous hole in the roof of the apse, through which a flood of sunlight streams across a fallen column. Though every stone of it is separate, the column still preserves its outline, with the carved capital intact, like a fallen giant.

The French particularly resent the devastation of Soissons. In the Franco-Prussian War, when the Germans entered the town after a four days' siege, they shot up some of the citizens,—a monument to their memory stood in the Place de la Republic,—but the damage they inflicted on its ancient monuments was comparatively slight. Though civilization has advanced nearly half a century since then, this time the Germans have spared neither the civil population nor the ancient monuments.

In the present case the threadbare excuse of military necessity falls flat. In Paris, the minister of fine arts, M. Dalimier, particularly called our attention to the fact that the cathedral tower and the Abbey of St. Jean des Vignes would be useless for observation purposes for the simple reason that a ridge higher than their highest pinnacles intervenes between the northern edge of the town and the German lines.

July 7.

After the long Allied line that begins at Ypres and stretches south until it turns eastward above Compiègne was straightened out, the heaviest fighting centered about Arras and the surrounding country. The Germans have again and again at-

tempted to drive a wedge through the Arras sector. They have been hammering away with a definite object in view, namely, to turn the left wing of Maud'huy's 10th Corps and cut off the British army to the north, leaving it with an overwhelming German force in front and with only the channel ports behind it.

The drive has not succeeded. But what of Arras in the meantime? It would take the imagination of Doré to visualize the saddening ruins of the former capital of Artois.

We approached the town from the direction of Doullens, where our headquarters had been established. We clung to the *route nationale* for only a short distance, because for virtually all of the thirty-six kilometers it comes within range of the German guns.

So after a short dash we turned off to the left, to edge our way forward through sheltered country byways. We passed through Lucheux, a little hamlet with a picturesque arched stone gate standing in the roadway.

I had no sooner remarked upon the peasants working in the fields and the farmers' carts in the inn courtyards before both disappeared. In their places appeared the tents of the farriers' camps, Red-Cross trucks, commissary-wagons, military motors, artillery batteries in reserve, repair-shops, horses, men, and munitions—all the numerous cogs that fit into the vast organization behind the actual fighting-line of the army.

Other small villages passed. We drove into little valleys and out again, or crept along embankments where the road had been cut deeper to afford protection. The crackle of the guns, which at first was only a distant roar, was growing nearer. Our motors advanced in a series of charges, dashing past an open space at cup-race speed, slowing down in a ravine or where the walls at the roadside sheltered us, then shooting ahead again. I was becoming accustomed to these short spurts, but I never ceased to wonder why we were not as likely to run into a shell as to be caught on the wing by one.

A blight had fallen upon the landscape, and the sun had disappeared, when, beyond Dainville, we crept gingerly back to the *route nationale*. At the end of the long white road ahead a fierce bombardment was in progress. Straightened out on the highway, we waited for a signal, and then rushed through the zone raked by the enemy's fire up to the town gates of Arras.

A sentry stepped out of the box at the octroi and demanded the password. The sign-posts of the Touring Club of France, "Doullens 25 kilometers," "Amiens 60 kilometers," still marked the distances along the road, but the blue of the signs was faded, and the lettering indistinct. The tire and chocolate advertisements on the sign-boards lining the roads still remained, scarred with shrapnel and full of shot-holes.

We went in, the cars turning aside from time to time to avoid the debris of toppled walls and chimneys that littered the streets. The cobbles were strewn with rusty fragments of shell, grass grew in the interstices and in the cracks between the paving-stones, and broken telephone and telegraph wires hung in festoons from their fastenings. There was no sign of life, unless you call the clatter of shells overhead a sign of life, until, after leaving the cars in a protected spot, we went to headquarters to pay our respects to the general in command. He was a cheerful, stout man, so like General Joffre in appearance that my photograph of him might easily pass for one of the generalissimo himself.

He complained of the spies. His headquarters had been moved two days before, and already the Germans knew the whereabouts of the staff. In proof of this he showed us a large cavity in the garden at the rear where a "marmite" had exploded that morning. He also showed us a shell-hole in the wall of the house. The shell had swept down the cut-glass chandelier, loosened the plaster of the walls, and demolished a mahogany sideboard, a beautiful mahogany table, and mahogany chairs. Still undamaged, the old-rose window-

curtains moved gently in the breeze that came in through the opening.

The general took us to his sleeping-apartment in the cellar. A very cool and pleasant place, he said; but he had to bolster up with sand-bags the grating upon which he depended for light and air because of the flying shrapnel in the street outside.

In a drizzle of rain we crossed a desolate little square. Arras was like a city of the dead: it gave one something of the sensation of walking through the ghostly cairns of Pompeii, or St.-Pierre, Martinique. Lowering clouds and the yellow smoke of incendiary bombs hung like a pall overhead. Despite the intermittent crackle of gun-fire, we unconsciously lowered our voices. A leaning chimney, all that remained of the one-time residence of some prosperous merchant, toppled over as we looked at it. A cloud of dust rose as it crashed into the ruins below. Through the wet blanket of rain the outlines of broken walls and blackened roof-trees were hazy and indistinct.

At the end of a cul-de-sac, the shells tearing through the narrow street had blown out the walls of a house from beneath its roof. Beyond the gaunt opening tottering chimneys and blackened rafters showed through the yellow haze in the distance. Underneath, in the smoking ruins, window-blinds, doors, stairways, old bed-posts, and bits of furniture were shuffled up with bricks and stones in artistic confusion. Above, the red-tiled roof, undamaged, and with a little white curtain still hanging in the dormer-window, hung suspended like a bridge from the walls on each side.

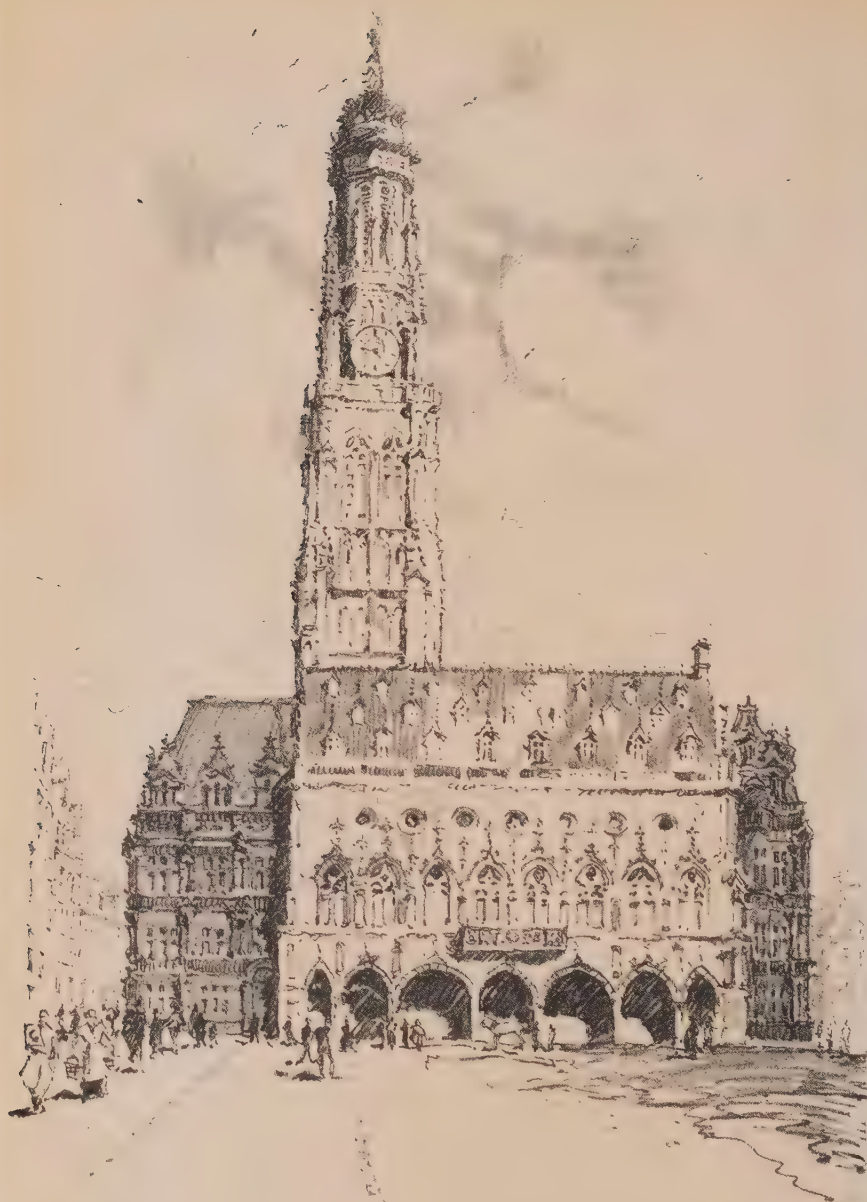
There was a sudden lull in the cannonading, as though both sides, breathless, had stopped at a given signal. We could hear the echo of our footsteps on the cobbles. We came out into the district of shops. An *épicerie* displayed tins of American canned goods in its broken windows; there was not a whole pane of glass in the city. The grocer conducted his business in the cellar. In a narrow street a few vegetables and some fruit



The hostile lines enveloping Arras converge at Blangy, where, July 7, they were only twenty yards apart, nearer than at any other point from the channel to the Vosges. The Germans occupied the outbuilding shown above the sand-bags on the left, the French the rest of the brewery

FOUR DRAWINGS MADE AT THE FRONT

1. In the brewery at Blangy
2. The hôtel de ville, Arras, July, 1914
3. The hôtel de ville, Arras, July, 1915
4. Bombardment of St. Jean des Vignes, Soissons



WALTER HALE
1915





WALTER MALE.
SAISON 1915

were on sale, with little price-marks sticking in the trays. Women and small girls were standing at the side of the market-carts. It was a pitifully meager market, but the women were undismayed.

A turn out of the little Rue de Jérusalem brought us up to the cathedral. It had been violently bombarded since early morning. There was an enormous new "marmite" hole in the northern façade, some of the cornices had been shot away, and many of the columns were smashed into a shapeless mass of stone. A cloud of tawny smoke rose from the interior; beneath it was the crimson glow of many small fires started by incendiary bombs. Soldiers had laid lines of hose, and were playing streams upon the ruins. They might as well have tried to put out Vesuvius. As fast as a blaze would be smothered in one part of the building, a bomb dropped, and started another somewhere else.

A tired-looking group of townspeople—there are a thousand of its twenty-five thousand inhabitants still remaining—whispered together as they watched the destruction of the cathedral. A priest stood in the rain with bared head.

The devastation was complete in whatever direction we turned. The girders of the enormous steel train-shed at the railway station were broken in, and every skylight was smashed. The arrival- and departure-platforms were covered with debris, and grass three feet high grew over the tracks of one of the greatest railway centers of northern France. In the Rue Gambetta, near by, the beautiful Ursuline chapel was badly damaged. Pieces of its tower had been shot away, and in its irregular outlines it somewhat resembled an unsteady spiral staircase of stone.

Following the Rue Douai, in the environs toward Blangy there is nothing left of the town at all. There was not a house standing intact, and only a few of the chimneys. Trees, hewn off as if by an ax, were flung across the streets; everywhere were great holes in the cobblestones where shells had torn up the pavement. One house was gutted, but its

green-tiled fireplaces, one on top of the other, were as carefully polished as though their owners had just left them. Farther out was a little cottage that brought us to a stop with a catch in our throats. Its walls were blown out, and in the rear the ceiling of the second floor had fallen over the kitchen range. The front bedroom remained, with its outside wall swiped off; in it were a little white bed, a table with a reading-lamp, a pair of slippers, a wardrobe hung with women's clothes, with some hat-boxes above. The door-jam underneath was supported by the only part of the front wall still standing. Set in the bricks at the side was a neat brass plate, with the sign, "Madame Houdain, Modes." The story of Madame Houdain would seem to need no further telling.

We were leisurely crossing the square by the railway station when a picket rode out on a bicycle. The open place was directly in the line of the German gun-fire, he said, and he begged us to hurry. We hurried. The fire arrived with us as we entered the Grande Place. We winced at two loud detonations in the low clouds above, and the soldiers in the shelter of the arcade thought it very amusing. It would have been funnier to me, I am certain, had I been under the arches with them.

These arches run completely around the Grande Place, a relic of the Spanish occupation. The troops were bivouacked under them, their guns stacked, and the smoke of their mess-stoves rolling out into the mist. They were passing their moments of relaxation in playing cards or lolling about until dusk, when the time came to relieve their comrades in the trenches just outside the city walls.

VICTOR HUGO says of Arras: "There are two curious squares with scrolled gables in the Flemish-Spanish style of the time of Louis XIII. In one of the squares, the smaller, there is a charming town hall of the fifteenth century adjoining a delightful house of the Renaissance."

I well remember the town hall. Its

splendid belfry towered above the city, and was the first landmark to be sighted as one approached by motor. It was supposed to be the finest Gothic edifice in northern France. At the top of the tower was a crown, below were three bronze clocks, and in the belfry was an enormous bell the people called "La Joyeuse." This was a shining mark for the German guns. After they had been driven out beyond the walls of the town in October, and placed their batteries on the hills to the east, they began the endless bombardment of Arras, with the belfry of the town hall as the bull's-eye on the target.

The first shell fired at the town hit the tower, and little by little it was shot away until it was only slightly higher than the near-by housetops. Military necessity might again be offered here as an excuse, for the top of the tower undoubtedly afforded an unobstructed view of the surrounding country-side; but one must look for a better reason in a war where scouting aéroplanes and captive balloons have superseded more stable methods of making observations.

An excuse as logical as any other can be found in the amazing statement of a German officer. Following the shocked protests of the neutral countries after the German devastation of last autumn, Major-General von Ditfurth thus expressed himself in the "Hamburger Nachrichten" of November, 1914:

It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, and all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world were destroyed, if by their destruction we promote German victory over her enemies. The commonest, ugliest stone placed to mark the burial-place of a German grenadier is a more glorious and perfect monument than all the cathedrals in Europe put together. Let neutral people cease their talk about the Cathedral of Rheims and all the churches and castles in France that have shared its fate. These things do not interest us.

I had been in a way prepared for it,

yet the complete destruction of the *hôtel de ville* was a more distressing picture than any I had imagined in my sordid dreams. The irregular arches at the base were still standing, badly cracked, punctured with holes, and covered on the left by huge piles of broken masonry. Of the Renaissance building on the same side only a single jagged fragment remained; that fell before a shell the next afternoon. On the right, the building retained something of its former outline, but it was gutted inside, and the elaborate details—columns, lintels, arches, and portico—were smashed out of all semblance to their former graceful beauty. A huge pile of powdered white stone was heaped against the lower walls; against it an automobile, evidently struck during the first bombardment, stuck out of the ruins, its bonnet smashed, and its upholstery and tires burned off.

There was only a shapeless mass of calcined stone left, like a jagged tooth, to suggest what had been the famous tower in the center. White plastered walls behind, bits of broken furniture and wainscoting burned to cinders, great holes in the masonry, the points of the arches broken, and the remnants of the sculptured detail crushed beyond recognition—that was all. It was a ghastly sight. The rain increased as we stood in the *Petite Place*; the thunder that followed was almost drowned by the roar of artillery from the German and French positions to the east, and the occasional explosion of a shell against the gabled houses.

I began a sketch from the left arcades of the *Petite Place*, but there was a sentry after me in a moment. It was a "*mauvais côté*," he said, and he pointed to the marks of shrapnel on walls and window-shutters and to the flagstones littered with fragments of shell. Later, from a more sheltered spot beneath the arches at the far side of the *place*, we saw a bomb swipe off the tiles and part of the chimney of that same old gabled house. It was, as the sentry had said, a "bad side." Toward dusk, as the artillery fire slackened, we made our way through



"At the end of a cul-de-sac, the shells tearing through the narrow street had blown out the walls of a house from beneath its roof"

tortuous, deserted streets back to the motor-cars and slipped through the mist to our headquarters at Doullens over the way we had come.

LATER.

Blangy is a suburb of Arras. I had never seen the name in print before the war, but whenever I read in the brief *communiqué* "that there has been counter-

mining and hard fighting with grenades in the environs of Arras," I think of Blangy. We crept gradually up to it late in the afternoon. The *boyau*, or communicating trench, began in the rear of a very much shot-up factory building on the edge of the town. So gradually we approached, in fact, that we were well within the trenches before we realized that we were in the actual front line.

We encountered tired-looking soldiers coming out after what might be called a hard day's work. Others followed us in, carrying long poles on their shoulders, suspended from the middle of the pole a steaming earthen pot of soup for the evening meal. There were others with pick-axes, intrenching-tools, and sand-bags to bolster up a threatened spot. The air was charged with moisture, and as we stumbled forward,—the trenches were rough and slippery with mud,—we were sprayed with drops of water from the red poppies hanging over the edge of the long ditch. At irregular intervals, either ahead or behind, my ears caught a muffled sound like the spit of a firecracker exploding on a wet pavement. This was the report of the modern French rifle. It seemed a very mild affair when I thought of the kick and heavy detonation of the Springfield "45" of my militia days. There was little noise, no smoke.

The trenches were exceedingly roomy, and they were so high that we could keep well below their upper crust without stooping. We felt secure and reasonably well protected; it seemed incredible that only a short distance away prying German eyes were watching the line for the slightest movement.

As we emerged from the *boyau* we had to bend nearly double; then some dead walls intervened, and we could stand upright again. There was more whining of shells as we followed a circuitous route, taking advantage of a hedge or a garden wall wherever possible, up to the brewery at Blangy. At this point, I believe, the trenches are closer together than at any other in the long line from the Vosges to the channel. To be exact, they are twenty yards apart. The Germans occupy a small outbuilding, the French all the rest of the establishment. It is the only recorded case where the Germans ever occupied a brewery, and then were forced to give it up again. When they were driven outside the walls of Arras, they fell back on Blangy. Bit by bit they yielded in the street fighting, the lines so close together that the German artillery,

enveloping Arras on three sides, was powerless to come to the aid of its infantry.

With hand-grenade or bayonet they were backed out of Blangy until they were clinging by their toes to the battle-scarred outbuilding in the far corner of the brewery. These brewery buildings are like a Chinese puzzle—a confusion of vats, store-rooms, sub-cellar, broken walls, rafters burned to a crisp, sand-bag intrenchments, corrugated iron bomb-proofs, ditches, and crumpled brick and stone. Such a maze it is that the French themselves do not know it. The field-hospital is in a protected spot in a sub-cellar behind a brewer's vat. For the benefit of those who carry the wounded, at every doubtful turning the way to it is marked on the walls by a red cross with a red arrow beneath it.

Near the far end of the brewery is an old house. The dormer-window is blown out, leaving a gaping hole, and the tiles on the roof are shot off. We climbed up to the garret by a rickety stairway littered with discharged cartridges and broken bits of plaster. We stooped low, to avoid being seen as we passed the opening where the dormer-window had been. A soldier had cut a larger hole in the interstices between the boarding. Through it we could glimpse a gray ditch sixty yards away, wagons in the ditch as a barricade, shell-torn houses on each side, a clump of trees beyond, and round white puffs of shrapnel hanging close to the hills in the distance. There was no sign of life in the German line, but you had that mysterious feeling that thousands of unseen eyes were watching you. Then, apparently without the slightest excuse, for there was no one at all in sight, there would be the spit of a rifle in the French trenches at our feet.

I carefully poked my camera through the hole between the boarding, and pressed the bulb. Then we dived under the opening where the dormer-window had been, and quietly made our way down the rickety stairway.

A little farther on we reached the point where the French and German lines al-

most meet. There was a hush over everything. We were cautioned to whisper and to walk on tiptoe. The sand-bag barricades somehow gave us an abnormal sense of protection. There were, to be sure, the desultory reports of rifle-fire from both sides, and occasionally a soldier immediately in front of us would launch a hand-grenade, just as a boy would swing a crab-apple off the end of a stick. Beyond the topmost line of the trench a shattered gable, with skeleton chimneys and

blackened rafters, showed through the drizzle of rain. This was the German line, not farther away than the width of a city street, so close that we felt almost as though we could reach out and touch the enemy. The *Poilus*, with their heads against the butts of their rifles, were alert and watchful. But I experienced a greater feeling of security here than in the garret with the narrow slits between the boards and the open space where the dormer-window had been.

(To be continued)



Last Lines of the Poet of Suma

(Japan)

By CALE YOUNG RICE

A BROKEN bell
Under a rent thatch tower
Beside a ruined temple
Of Suma Mountain.
To it each hour
The mist comes like a priest,
But cannot sound it.
Ever anear I dwell.

For so my heart,
Broken by age and sadness
And twined about with ruin
And death, is hanging.
And if dim gladness
Comes like a silent wraith
And seeks to sound it,
Only the tears start.





The British Foreign Policy and Sir Edward Grey

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Author of "Are We a World Power?" etc.

"WHY do the Conservative papers never attack Sir Edward Grey?" I asked an English friend a few months before the outbreak of this war.

Partizan politics in England were at their worst: Mr. Lloyd George was being hanged in effigy; several members of the Asquith cabinet were being charged with scandalous manipulation of the Marconi shares; the Tory newspapers were vehemently and often scurrilously attacking the policies and personalities of the Liberal ministers, but there was never a word against the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, though to me he seemed the one man in the cabinet who was most vulnerable. I was told that it was a tradition of British politics not to drag foreign affairs into the quarrels of domestic politics.

The word "tradition" has a peculiar charm to Englishmen. They like to label as "traditional" anything of which they approve. This idea, that international relations must not be mixed in with home disputes, is comparatively new. Foreign policy was the prime issue in the party fights between Gladstone and Disraeli.

But whether it should be called a tradition or a recent policy, it is the present practice of the British not to criticize the foreign minister. The leaders of the opposition are informed of all important developments in international politics, and so the "outs" share responsibility with the "ins" in the relations of Great Britain with the rest of the world. It results that whoever happens to be foreign minister is shrouded in mystery. Other mem-

bers of the cabinet have to submit to hostile discussion of their acts; on the floor of the House of Commons and in the newspapers their policies are threshed out in open debate. There is no official criticism of the conduct of foreign affairs.

Now and then an individual member breaks away from "party discipline" and asks an embarrassing question. The foreign minister, or the premier, speaking for him, makes a few eloquent and platitudinous remarks about the grandeur of the British Empire; the party whips are snapped; the loyal party-men on both sides of the house cheer wildly, and proceed to the next item of business.

Sir Edward Grey has filled his office protected by this comfortable tradition. The interests that he represents are so stupendous that he is placed above personal criticism. To embarrass him would be considered treasonous. There is no other person of like importance in British public life who is so little known.

From many sides we are assured that Sir Edward is a typical English gentleman; but this is a most uninforming description. This war has tended to make us think of the various European countries as units. In times of peace we knew that they, like ourselves, were all houses divided against themselves. In France the nation had been forced into two camps by the passionate struggle between church and state; in Russia there was desperate warfare between the czar and his subjects; we knew that in imperial Germany there was a growing Social Democratic party which already cast four million

votes; and in no country was the division clearer and the two sides more evenly balanced than in Great Britain. Is the foreign policy of Great Britain directed by a typical English Tory or a typical English Liberal? It is an important question for us in America. In the first case we may expect continual friction; in the second, we can look forward confidently to whole-hearted cordiality.

The English, in their dealings with us, are inclined to rely overmuch on the proposition that "blood is thicker than water." We have too often seen this mystic liquid heated to the point of vaporization. Most American historians are agreed that if the British Government in 1776 had been in the hands of a Liberal we would not have revolted. But the bull-headed, ruthless Tory Lord North was in power, and we found him unbearable.

During the long struggle with Napoleon three great figures arose in English politics. They have furnished the "types" of British statesmanship. Pitt stood for the reaction, for conquest, for force; and helped by the sinister passions which war always raises, he won. For a generation the anti-democratic forces held high revel in England. Opposed to him was Fox, the most brilliant product of the spirit of progress in England. And between them wavered Burke; eloquently liberal on behalf of the American colonies, he was venomously hostile to the French Revolution; always changing color with the circumstances, he was the opportunist *par excellence*. Since then Britain has been ruled sometimes by the spiritual descendants of Fox, sometimes by the intellectual offspring of Pitt or Burke. Almost all English statesmen have resembled one or the other of these three.

The most recent example of this oscillation—and of its effects on Anglo-American relations—was the South African War. The crushing of the Boer republics was Pittism, and the great majority of Americans were anti-English. The descendants of Fox came into power in 1906. The organization of the South African Union was one of the proudest achieve-

ments of English political genius. There have been few nobler examples of the practical gain of a sincere effort at justice. The contrast between the success with which a liberal policy gained the loyalty of the defeated Boers and our clumsy and cruel Reconstruction policy after the Civil War is a glowing example of what is most admirable in the English mind. And as soon as it became evident to us that a really Liberal government was in power in London, the relations between the two countries, which had been strained, at once became cordial again. Blood, and its varying degrees of thickness, has little to do with it. The people of the United States are not pro-English; they are pro-Liberal.

Our own internal politics ought to help us to understand the struggle in England between the Foxes and the Pitts of our day. With them, as with us, the old party lines are largely meaningless. Each party, there as here, has its old guard and its quota of forward-looking men. Many of the Unionists are more progressive, from our point of view, than some of those who call themselves Liberal, for there are followers of Fox and of Pitt in both parties; but it is of the utmost importance for us to know all the time whether the actual foreign policy of Great Britain is typical of the England we admire or of the other England against which we revolted.

This tradition of shielding the foreign minister from criticism makes it extremely difficult to judge the personality of the man in the office. One can only estimate the character of the minister by the course of events and by such White Papers as he sees fit to issue. We know next to nothing of Sir Edward's motives; we can judge him only by visible results. They have not been altogether happy.

When he entered the Foreign Office, under the Liberal ministry of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906, he inherited from his Tory predecessor, Lord Lansdowne, a foreign policy that, with few minor exceptions, he has continued. There is little in his administration which is of original conception.

The Conservatives, in the face of the general hostility caused by the Boer War, had given up the tradition of splendid isolation. The Entente Cordiale had been signed with France. King Edward and Lord Lansdowne had already committed Great Britain to the anti-German block in European politics. Sir Edward could not easily have backed out of this engagement. He was not even free to tell his own people of the "secret annex" by which he found himself bound. And the Entente with Russia was the logical and necessary outgrowth of the understanding with France.

The Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907 was, like the Entente Cordiale, on which it was modeled, eminently pacific in its wording. It was a colonial agreement by which Britain and Russia liquidated their outstanding quarrels in Asia. Both gave up claims which they had formerly said they would fight to maintain. Europe was not mentioned in the published text. It was not necessary to do so. The amiable arrangement of these subsidiary colonial disputes allowed Britain and France and Russia to form a group which could counterbalance the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. It was hard to determine whether the intent of this arrangement was offensive or defensive. The point is hardly worth discussing. Both groups suspected the other of malignant designs, and each took measures of defense that appeared offensive to the other.

The best construction that can be put on the British policy of ententes—and personally it seems to be the most probable—is that its object was to marshal a force which the Triple Alliance would be afraid to attack. This is certainly the way the Liberals—and they were in power—understood the matter. And I do not believe that Sir Edward and his colleagues of the British cabinet were secretly planning an armed aggression against the Germanic group. The nation certainly was not. But the Germans, not without plausible reasons, feared attack. If the British intentions were as pacific as claimed, it

was poor diplomacy to allow them to be so thoroughly misunderstood. Telling the truth is only half the job; it is necessary to tell it convincingly. Sir Edward failed to be convincing.

There is not much serious Liberal criticism of this policy of the ententes of making friends. The only other alternative was for Great Britain to accept the monstrous military expenses which alone could have made isolation splendid. From the Liberal point of view the criticism against Sir Edward in the years preceding the war was directed at his methods of applying this policy.

The Liberals of Britain, as of every other country, want the influence of their Government in foreign affairs to weigh on the progressive side of the balance. An English Liberal wants British diplomacy to be everywhere a force for the advance of civilization and the progress of the race. Sir Edward's policy has everywhere strengthened the least liberal element on the Continent.

The German fear of British aggression has tended to throw the nation more and more to the side of the military party. Just as with us the question of how large an army we need depends on the likelihood of our being attacked, so in Germany the more they felt themselves surrounded by hostile nations, the more readily they voted military taxes.

In France, Sir Edward's policy played into the hands of the Colonial party, which was forcing the republic, in the face of the opposition of all the parties of the left, despite the often-counted majority of the Chamber of Deputies, into the discreditable Morocco adventure. And in Russia, when the struggle of the people against their despotic Government was at its height, when all the liberals of that country were looking to England for inspiration and help, Sir Edward signed his pact with the czar. It was a crushing blow to the liberal aspirations.

But it is in Persia and the Balkans that Grey's diplomacy has been most offensive to our friends, the Liberals of England.

Not until the archives are opened, many

years hence, will the public know the real course of the Anglo-Russian negotiations in the shabby history of the Persian affair. Some of the diplomatic correspondence has been published; not enough to clear up the situation, but enough to indicate a fairly clear policy—to let Russia have her way. Sir Edward seems to have feared that he might lose Russia's support in the greater game of European politics if he took any sort of firm and Liberal stand in less important colonial matters. In every dispute which arose over the Persian Agreement Britain gave way before Russia. The czar's government quickly realized the situation. Whenever a crisis arose in Europe which emphasized the value of close coöperation among the Entente powers, Russia launched a new aggression in Persia. At least once, and apparently oftener, Sir Edward overrode the advice of Spring-Rice, the British diplomat on the spot, and issued peremptory orders not to oppose the Russians. As Spring-Rice has since been advanced to the embassy at Washington, it is not probable that his chief distrusted his judgment. Apparently Sir Edward's guiding principle was not to offend Russia. By insisting on a loyal observation of pledges or by protesting against atrocities he might have weakened his European *bloc*. In fear of losing Russian aid in Europe, he was willing to sacrifice in Persia not only legitimate British interests, but also all that English Liberals would call common decency. From a humanitarian point of view the British record in Persia is the blackest in recent history. It is on a par with their Chinese opium war and their ultimatum to Portugal in 1890.

The policy of Sir Edward in the obscure intrigues of Balkan diplomacy seems to have been the same. The unhappy peninsula was recognized as a Russian sphere of influence. Great Britain was disinterested. There is a certain poetic justice in the present situation. If the powers of the Entente had fostered the Balkan Alliance, the one hope of a decent Liberal solution of the near-Eastern problem, the Dardanelles would not have been

closed. But Russia did not approve of Bulgaria, and, at the czar's suggestion, Sir Edward withdrew his patronage from Bulgaria and made a new friendship—which by this time has become traditional—with Russia's protégé, Servia.

The justification of this subservience to Russia in Persia and the Balkans depends on the reality of the German menace. Professor Gilbert Murray in his pamphlet, "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey," thinks that he was justified in sacrificing all ideals of British Liberalism in the near East because the threat from Germany was so menacing. It is a doubtful sporting proposition for the foreign minister of a great empire to buy safety for his own people at the expense of a weak and struggling nation like Persia, but it is of course in accord with the traditions of diplomacy.

Professor Murray, the most eminent Liberal defender of Sir Edward's policy, writes, "I do not feel any enthusiasm for our Persian record," but he holds that this policy was imposed on Sir Edward by the sinister necessity of consorting with people who were not gentlemen, of working with sorry tools, in order to preserve Europe from the catastrophe of German domination.

But this is a boomerang defense. It brings matters to an unfortunate dilemma. If Sir Edward was so aware of the German menace that he felt justified in holding the ring while the Cossacks were massacring the liberals of Persia, why did he not warn his own people of this danger? The Liberal ministry to which Sir Edward belongs explain their lack of preparedness on the ground that they did not take the German menace seriously.

Sir Edward Grey seems to lack the sharp definition of either Fox or Pitt. He is more nearly akin to the chameleon Burke. A country gentleman by birth and tradition, he holds office in a Liberal ministry. In order to oppose what he and his party felt to be a wave of military reaction in Europe, he played the even more reactionary politics of the czar in Persia and the Balkans. To insure the

cordial coöperation of the French Republic, he encouraged the enemies of Liberalism in France.

So we in America must not be surprised if one day he speaks to us in the voice of Fox and the next day acts after the manner of Pitt. But we must with care avoid the error of identifying Sir Edward with the great nation he represents. There is an immense amount of true Liberalism in England—on which we can hope to build an ever-increasing friendship—even if it does not always show in their foreign policy.

When we turn to a consideration of British foreign policy since the outbreak of the war, we must remember that civil government has nearly ceased to exist. The generals and admirals do the acting, and there is little left to diplomats except the thankless task of trying to explain these acts. But here again the mystery which surrounds the British Foreign Office makes it quite impossible to *know* how much real power and responsibility is left to Sir Edward. There are rumors afloat in London—plausible rumors—of discord in the cabinet, quite like the reputed disagreement between the German chancellor and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. It is more than probable that Sir Edward has disapproved of policies he has been forced to defend. But as long as he remains in office and maintains the veil of secrecy, he must be considered responsible. And British foreign policy since the outbreak of the war does not seem to have been inspired by a descendant of Fox.

The outstanding diplomatic fact of this first year of war is that Great Britain, while she won great popularity among all the neutral nations by entering the conflict, has lost friends everywhere. Announcing herself in August, 1914, as the defender of the rights of small nations, she is now in diplomatic conflict with all of them. Her navy has committed acts of war in the neutral waters of Chile and Norway. Her expeditionary force in the Mediterranean has occupied some of the Greek isles, on the same principle that necessity knows no law which led the Ger-

mans to enter Luxemburg. As a reprisal against the unpleasant means of warfare adopted by the Germans, she has interfered with the neutral rights and non-contraband trade of Holland and Sweden and Switzerland. A year ago the small states of Europe were glad to be protected against German aggression. To-day a growing public opinion is asking if the cure is not worse than the disease.

The relations between Britain and the United States illustrates in a small way the situation of the European neutrals. In normal times less than ten per cent. of our production of wealth is exported overseas. So the various bizarre blockades that the English have busily invented have not affected us with anything like the gravity they have had for such maritime nations as Norway or Holland. But despite our small interest in the sea trade, the policy of Sir Edward has noticeably decreased English popularity in America; it has turned many former friends into outspoken enemies.

In the matter of cotton the British policy has been anything but straightforward. They have tried to pay us with words. At the outbreak of the war they decided to buy our sympathy with a great bribe. Out of consideration for our feelings, they would not put cotton on the contraband list. For this we were expected to be very grateful, and to recognize the entire justice of their cause. Then they set to work to stop our cotton trade with Germany without declaring it contraband. The horrid word was to be avoided, and this turned out to be the extent of the "concession."

The *Dacia* incident was an amusing example of the English effort to accomplish a result without seeming to. "See how friendly we are!" they said. "We are going to let you sell your cotton to Germany." But the one possible way to get a cargo of cotton to Europe was to buy or charter a ship. Half the world's merchant fleet was in hiding or engaged in auxiliary war-work. The only ship available for the cotton trade was the *Dacia*.

And when at last the *Dacia* sailed,—

some one being naïve enough to believe that the English did not object to our selling cotton to Germany,—British warships trailed it across the ocean. They did not interfere with it,—that might have led to hard feeling in America,—they arranged to have a French cruiser pick it up. The theory of this operation was that their ally was not bound by their promises. In London this was considered a very clever solution of a delicate situation. We were expected to admire the finesse with which they had passed us a bad coin.

Sir Edward insists that it is entirely neutral—in fact, the real essence of neutrality—for us to help them against the Germans by selling them the munitions they are unable to make for themselves; but in his view it is hideously unneutral for Sweden to sell anything to Germany. Britain has not declared war on Holland, and so of course is not blockading the Dutch ports; but the Dutch, the most neutral nation in Europe, having many good friends on both sides, ask what the difference would be if a real blockade was instituted. Under the threat of financial and commercial boycott, by stopping all ships entering or leaving her unblockaded harbors, Britain has forced Holland to promise not to trade with Germany.

If Sir Edward is surprised that this sort of juggling with words makes enemies, he is quite as weak in diplomatic psychology as those Germans who believed that all British colonies would revolt as soon as England became involved in war, and that we would grasp the opportunity to try to annex Canada.

Now, it is sometimes necessary and even noble to make enemies. Sir Edward cannot be seriously criticized for having done so if he can show any compensating result. This feeling of sullen enmity—most of the nations he has offended are too weak to defend their rights—has been caused by the British effort to starve Germany into submission. But the German armies, after a year of this starvation, do not seem to be noticeably underfed. The conviction seems to be growing, even in England,

that the war cannot be won by naval action alone. It will be necessary to fight.

The central aim of British foreign policy is the control of the sea. This is a real tradition which goes far back into the history of the nation. Quite aside from the broader question of whether or not it is well for the world to have Britannia rule the waves, it is certainly important for the British Empire. The proud boast that the sun never sets on the Union Jack implies a grave danger. The empire could no longer exist, as at present organized, if it became impossible to despatch troops at any minute to any corner of the world. And future British opinion in regard to Sir Edward Grey will probably hinge on the question of whether this sea control was strengthened or weakened under his administration.

And any such judgment will be inherently unjust to him. It is difficult to see what he could have done about it. At most statesmanship might have postponed for some years the fate which was inevitable. The resources by which the English dominated the seas have been weakening these many years. And the last generation has seen a great access of power to those who were inclined, or might become inclined, to dispute her position. The progress of science by itself would sooner or later have made it impossible for one nation to hold the empire of the seas.

It is unsound to push too far the analogy between navalism and militarism. The two things can never be quite the same. Control of the sea may help to dominate the land, but it is inherently different. Nobody lives "at sea." The ocean is a sort of social vacuum. Every one upon it, except yachtsmen, is straining every effort to get to land. While imperial dominance over the nations can be realized only by military despotism, it is possible to conceive of absolute control of the sea based on general consent. As long as it is fairly just, few have any interest in disputing it. The British Naval Empire has to a large extent been of this kind.

While every effort to subdue the Con-

continent of Europe has implied continual war, England has only occasionally had to fight to maintain her sea-rule. The uninhabited waves do not revolt.

The free use of the seas is a vital necessity to the English. They have tried to secure this by force. At times their navy has been strong enough to face all the world combined, but those times were long ago. For a while they had a tradition that their sea-force must equal any two other navies combined. But this "two-power standard," which they have found too expensive to maintain, would be utterly insufficient if any strong third power had joined the hostile combine. For many years Britannia has ruled the waves because the rest of the world did not object.

Far-sighted Englishmen have always realized that their maritime interests demanded a policy which would reduce the amount of hostility to their sea-rule to a minimum. What they really want is security for their immense mercantile fleet. It is manifestly to their disadvantage to offend other people unnecessarily in attaining this end. It is hard to find any seafaring nation which their recent policy has not offended.

The "phantom blockade" has immensely increased the unpopularity in Europe of the British sea-rule.

If the war should end to-day, the British admiralty would have to take into account the possibility that the Scandinavian countries and Holland, Spain, and Greece might join in any hostile naval combination. None of these nations has a strong fleet, but their sum is considerable. Regarded as a purely European problem, England's use, or misuse, of her sea-power has largely increased the number of her ill-wishers, and this will be reflected in the size of her future naval budgets.

The situation in regard to the United States may become even more serious. Nothing would seem more stupid than for Britain to make us dissatisfied with her manner of controlling the sea. Since 1812 we have had few serious conflicts on the water with our ex-mother country. We

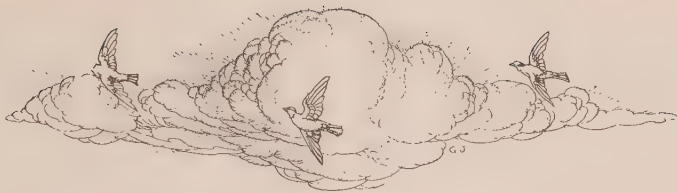
certainly do not want trouble. We are in no sense of the word a rival in naval matters, as we have no ambition to rule the waves. But without doubt peevishness at England's arbitrary actions in this war, nominally to punish Germany, has strengthened the hands of our navalists. And every battle-ship we lay down is an added menace to British supremacy at sea—a new unit to be reckoned as a possible element in an anti-English naval coalition.

It has happened that whenever vexation has run high against England in this war, Germany has committed some worse stupidity, like the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and has relieved the tension. But Sir Edward can hardly claim credit for this.

The British sea-rule is threatened from another quarter. During the course of the war it is manifestly to the interest of all her allies to have England rule the waves. So far her naval action has been her chief contribution to the struggle. But as soon as the common aim is attained,—the defeat of Germany,—the situation changes at once. France and Italy are maritime and colonial powers. If the Dardanelles are opened, Russia becomes a Mediterranean power. They are as much interested, aside from the abnormal circumstances of this war, in the freedom of the seas as Holland or Germany.

England can regain her old position only by convincing her possible rivals that she will rule the waves as much in their interests as in her own. It will be hard to do. For, under Sir Edward's administration, the ententes, while maintaining their vigor as fighting pledges, have become decidedly less cordial. Britain seems doomed to share the expense—and glory—of sea-rule with some allied maritime nation.

While such a decentralization of naval power, a step toward the internationalization of the sea-routes, will be welcomed by the rest of the world, it will be a bitter pill for the imperialists of Britain. Sir Edward could not have prevented it, but he will go down in history as the foreign minister under whose administration the empire of the seas passed from the British.



Children of Hope¹

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CHAPTER IV

THE FATES LEAD THE GRACES TO THE PENSION SCHWANDORF

ON the first of June the Goodchild family left Paris for Switzerland. They entered a land where the sky was filled with amethyst and silver peaks, where lakes spread green ripples between steep heights of verdure, where steamboats released one into villages clinging round the skirts of precipices, the chalets shaded by a row of chestnut-trees, the casino a-twitter with flutes and violins, and, clustered behind the church, some graves adorned with wreaths of metal pansies encircling a photograph. They saw the Falls of the Rhine, the Lion of Lucerne, the bear-pit at Bern. They peered through the clouds on Rigi-Kulm, shaded their eyes from the splendor of the Matterhorn, or, in the thin air of the Brünig Pass, bought from a mountain-child bouquets of edelweiss.

Then they descended into different country. The rounded hills, which all seemed sloping to the south, were covered with vineyards. The German station-signs gave place to French. As the train curved down through a meadow of spring flowers, all at once Lake Leman spread its sheen afar, while high above three motionless felucca sails, that nearly melted into the scintillations of the water, Mont Blanc sent forth lambence, like a daytime moon. Geneva was close at hand.

But Thalia, staring out across Lake Leman, thought, "Every change of landscape separates us more and more!"

Meanwhile, she reflected, the black-haired young woman of the Cherbourg tender was no doubt in Paris still, continually seeing him, laughing at all his jokes, and able, if she learned of his behavior in the music-hall, to tell him he was forgiven! And Thallie pictured to herself the attitudes of such a reconciliation—sweetly magnanimous gestures which even ended, maybe, in a caress?

Her thoughts were scattered by the shout, "Gare de Cornavin!" The train had reached Geneva.

The blue Rhone, tumbling beneath its bridges, separated long quays lined with whitish buildings and avenues of trees. From the balconies of a pension in the Rue des Alpes one looked across the lake-end toward a park behind which ascending roofs and spires fringed the panorama of the snow-caps. In the evening, when Mont Blanc reluctantly withdrew its glimmer from the sky, the shores of Lake Leman were defined by miles of twinkling lights, and from the courtyard of the pension there rose, with a scent of dewy foliage, the quaver of a wandering minstrel, whose impromptu ballad, just as in the days of Bonivard, meandered through a tale of piety and patriotism, imprisonment and lingering death.

The pension was inhabited by some pleasant, quiet gentlewomen who seemed

to have wandered over Europe half their lives. The after-dinner talk was about dressmakers' prices, towns where peculiar laces could be bought, the relative merits of pensions in Switzerland and Italy. All agreed that the nicest place in Florence was the Pension Schwandorf, kept by an old lady who had once seen better days. Aglaia made a note of the address.

She begrudged the time she had to spend in wandering about Geneva, in visiting Coppet, Lausanne, Montreux, Chillon. As soon as she was attired for the day, she slipped into the parlor, seated herself at the pianoforte, and uttered, full voice, a phrase from "Madame Butterfly." At her first pause the crystal chandeliers gave forth a clash: some one up-stairs had jumped violently out of bed. But Aglaia went on singing till Thallie, Frossie, and Mr. Goodchild bustled in.

The father wore his loose black cut-away coat with wrinkled tails; a string-tie of black satin was negligently knotted underneath his bushy beard; his pearl-colored trousers descended in baggy folds to his Congress gaiters, and he was ready to clap over his high, pallid brow the wide-brimmed black felt hat which his daughters could not persuade him to abandon.

"Have you got the Baedeker, Aggie?"

"Aggie, are my new gloves in your room?"

"Please, Aggie, see what 's the matter with my waist."

"Come, children! We 'll have to hurry if we 're to do the art museum, the cathedral, the town hall, the Russian church, and catch the train for Ferney!" For that afternoon they were going to inspect Voltaire's château.

At Ferney they passed through a gateway into a fine estate, the landscape tinged with that melancholy which pervades the site of a departed greatness. Here he had wandered in old age, reaching out his clouded cane, nodding his wig, and showing his sardonic, gentle smile! The girls, as though the spring breeze had been wafted to them from the eighteenth century, seemed to see, at the end of leafy vistas, ladies whose silken gowns could

be passed through finger-rings, whose small heads, covered with curls, turned slowly at the sighs of gallants in black satin coats embroidered with forget-me-nots. But far down the *charmilles*, a tall modern, approaching at a measured pace, head lowered and hands clasped behind his back, drove all those charming ghosts away. He drew near, and raised his face. It was "Mr. Holland," whom they had seen in a New York restaurant!

With impersonal courtesy, he raised his hat and stood aside. But Aurelius Goodchild, finding in this strange land one face that he had seen before, was as much delighted as though he had met a long-lost friend.

"You have forgotten me?" he exclaimed, eagerly holding out his hand.

The stranger's glance, amiable, but puzzled, passed from Aurelius to Aglaia, to Euphrosyne, to Thalia. He replied in his quiet voice:

"The Hotel —, New York, May second, 12:30 A.M."

"How small the world is!" Mr. Goodchild cried. "But my daughter Thallie was the one to realize that fact when she insisted that we 'd run into you again somewhere over here."

Mr. Holland had no trouble in identifying Thallie by her blushes.

He, on his every visit to Geneva, made a pilgrimage to Ferney. He knew the place well, and offered to guide them through it. As they set out toward the château, the girls scrutinized Mr. Holland furtively from head to foot.

He wore an outing suit of tweeds, a cloth hat to match, a soft collar pinned under a cravat of knitted silk, gloves of dogskin, tan boots covered with dust. He had walked to Ferney from beyond Coppet, a distance of fifteen kilometers. On the garden terrace he tried to point out that route, but the three Graces kept looking up sidewise at his face.

That was the countenance of a man who had lived forty years in self-respect—a visage at once fine and rugged, not in the slightest handsome, yet capable of expressing as much gentleness as sternness.

None of them could imagine him flying into a rage or flushing from shame or giving way to despair. He irradiated calmness, strength, success. Surer than ever that he was in some way famous, they hung upon his speech in hopes that he would let fall the enlightening word; but Mr. Holland went on talking of Voltaire.

The château explored, he seated them round a tea-table on the garden terrace. He took off his gloves; again they saw on his left hand the gold ring set with a grained carnelian. Aurelius admired the stone, which bore, in intaglio, two classic figures, one riding a ram, the other falling into waves.

"See, children, it is Phrixus and Helle! Am I not right, sir?"

Mr. Holland, glancing at him sharply, assented. The seal had been dug up in Asia Minor; indeed, he had found it himself.

An archæologist? But they had imagined archæologists as absent-minded old fellows in snuffy coats, with spectacles pushed up on their foreheads, and frowzy sheafs of manuscript protruding from all their pockets.

Mr. Holland remarked that there were some extraordinary intaglios in the Naples Museum. Aurelius announced that in two days he and his daughters would be in Italy themselves. Aglaia, he explained, was anxious to take up her singing-lessons, Euphrosyne her novel-writing, Thalia her painting.

"And I may be moved to do something of my own with pen or brush. I have a feeling that Florence will inspire me." His mild eyes burned suddenly with their old-time fire as he raised his sensitive face and added: "Look at Titian! Look at Mommsen! An immortal picture, a great history, can be conceived only by a mind that has had time to ripen." Aurelius took a great gulp of tea, passed a trembling hand across his beard, and gazed earnestly at Mr. Holland.

The latter smiled a sympathetic, grave assent, while his eyes, by the faintest gleam, betrayed his pleasure in the novelty of this encounter.

But the girls were more interesting than their father. Aglaia, in a dainty foulard gown the hue of autumn leaves, leaned back in her chair, her emerald eyes half-veiled. Her copper-colored tresses nearly matched the burnt-straw of the outing-hat which she herself had made after seeing the original in a show-window of the Place Vendôme. Her thin lips, which looked at the same time satirical and ardent, failed to express her thoughts; but her repose was pervaded by the subtle tension of a woman who is never off her guard.

Euphrosyne sat erect, her hands clasped, in the attitude of an hieratic statue. This pose, her firm young features, her eye-glasses, the prim arrangement of her bright-red hair beneath a violet toque, gave her a look of gravity. But hers was a natural, if somewhat stiff, composure, a rigidity that confessed a moral no less than a physical sedateness.

Thalia leaned forward, her plump elbows on the table-top, her fingers knotted before her milk-white throat, of which the double rimple showed between the ruffles of her corn-yellow gown. Everything about her seemed fluffy, soft, and yielding, impregnated with a vernal sweetness. Rich auburn ringlets were tumbling down before her ears. A peach-like flush extended over her cheeks clear under her small chin. The whites of her wide eyes were still faintly tinted with the bluishness of childhood. And her parted lips, "like rose-leaves filled with snow," seemed made to surrender to the first ravishments of love.

Mr. Holland, contemplating that eager, naïve face, all at once looked sad.

"Where do you stay in Florence?"

They turned to Aglaia, who replied:

"The Pension Schwandorf."

He approved of that choice. He had known Mme. von Schwandorf for nearly twenty years. "Ever since I was young," he added, with a smile at the three Graces.

A warmth of satisfaction tinged Aglaia's pallor. Here was another who did not suspect her thirty years!

All together they walked back to the gate, between the trees that had spread their shade for the creator of *Zaire*. The girls wondered if this meeting was due to fate, if some solid benefit was not likely to result from it. A man of this sort, so polished, so impressive; who seemed to know all countries, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the most brilliant people!

He took train with them for Geneva, and even saw them to the pension door. Did this mean that he desired to call? Timidity prevented them from inviting him to do so.

"So you leave day after to-morrow?"

"Oh," laughed Aglaia, "our plans are always hit or miss. We may find ourselves still here next week."

"By that time," said Mr. Holland, "I may be back in this neighborhood."

Stooping to pick a scrap of timothy from her skirt, she bit her lip.

"At any rate, tell Mme. von Schwandorf that her old friend John Holland sends his love."

He shook hands with Aurelius, with Aglaia, with Frossie, with Thallie. So, after all, he had divined the sisters' relative ages! They watched him walk across the Quai du Mont Blanc, toward the landing-stages for the lake-boats.

Two days later they passed through the Simplon Tunnel down into Italy.

They tried to pronounce the new way-side names, which they found romantic and sonorous—Domodossola, Pallanza-Fondo Toco, Stresa, Arona. They called one another's attention to mountain shrines, rustic pergolas, marble-quarries, lush fields where peasant-women straightened their sturdy figures and stared. They rounded a lake, near the shores of which three islets bore up chrome-yellow masonry surrounded by cypress trees, like the bright little realms of fairy-tales where the lovers live happily ever after. At dusk, they rumbled into a station that echoed the cry, "Milano! Milano! Milano!" The Goodchilds, believing they saw on every side the Camorra, the Mafia, and countless independent assassins, hardly drew breath till they found themselves safe in

the nearest hotel. That night Thallie's sleep, disturbed by the rattle of tram-cars, was full of stilettos and shrieks.

In fourteen hours they viewed the cathedral, the castle, the parks, and the cemetery, bought gloves, tramped the picture-galleries, ate a *risotto*, praised the "Last Supper," tried on some hats, mailed post-cards to far-off Zenasville, watched a religious procession, a dog-fight, a parade of soldiers, a runaway, a performance of "Il Trovatore" at La Scala. In that opera-house Aglaia recalled Mme. Bertha Linkow. With curling lip, she reflected that some fine day, when she, too, was a famous singer, the volatile prima donna would manage to remember her very well—would even pretend, no doubt, that she had discovered her!

Meanwhile, with this endless sight-seeing, how many precious hours were going to waste! But at last, without having witnessed a single murder, they took the train for Florence.

At first they thought they were going to have the second-class compartment all to themselves; but just as the train was about to start, there scrambled in a swarthy, lean, shabby man, with mustaches brushed straight up from his flat, vermilion lips. He threw himself into a corner seat, spread a newspaper, and, over the page, kept staring at the sisters with the eyes of a vagabond who watches, between the half-drawn curtains of a great house, a supper of pheasant, truffles, pine-apples, and champagne. When sunshine flooded the car, to their horror they saw on the ragged cuff of his shirt a blood-red streak! Whom had he killed?

They sat perfectly still, cold tremors running over their heads, not daring to look again lest he realize they had discovered his dreadful secret. They pretended to admire the landscape; their voices died in their throats; at every movement made by the stranger their nerves contracted. At last the conductor made his rounds, accompanied by a carbineer in a three-cornered hat. And the Goodchild family, shrinking back against the cushions, awaited the moment of recognition, of

frantic resistance, of mortal combat. They opened their eyes. The conductor and the carbineer had passed on to the next compartment. With a glittering jack-knife the desperado was cutting an item from his newspaper.

At Piacenza he hailed a passing waiter and bought a small cup of black coffee. At Parma he finished the news, and again inspected his neighbors. At Modena he asked permission in English to light a cigarette. The spasmodic effusiveness of Mr. Goodchild's assent caused the stranger to respond with some genial remarks.

He, too, was a foreigner, a Greek. He envied them their first sensations in Florence, a city with which he was well acquainted. "And what a city that is! A *bijou*, a cup of gold, a gem!" He rolled up his large, thickly fringed eyes, while a well-pretended smile of ecstasy altered his face. What sinister trick did this politeness foreshadow?

The warm weather notwithstanding, he had on a brown plush waistcoat with marbled buttons. His broken collar was held together by a flowing tie, below which, as the breeze made it flutter, there showed on his shirt a round spot, the color of the streak on his cuff. All at once they realized that these were wine-stains!

Mr. Goodchild felt an immense remorse. What a wrong he had done this man; how well he had been punished for that injustice! "It is not often," he thought, "that retribution is so prompt." He discovered in this poor fellow-traveler's face an unexpected goodness. In the ensuing conversation, Aurelius far exceeded his usual expansiveness.

He disclosed to the stranger the reasons for their invasion of Europe, the hopes they had built on Florence, the name of the pension where they expected to stay. The Greek could not recommend the Pension Schwandorf. One ought to enter some nice Italian family, learn the language from daily conversation, and at the same time "penetrate the soul of the country." He wrote an address on a dirty scrap of paper which he took from a

pocket-book swollen with newspaper clippings. Also, he named a singing-teacher much better than Valentino Mughetto, who, to be perfectly frank, was a charlatan! Florence, in fact, swarmed with swindlers of all kinds; especially one had to be on guard against foreigners who pretended friendship. He, for example, had been robbed that very morning in Milan while lighting a cigarette in the station. A chance acquaintance had taken out of his pocket not only some ninety francs, but also his card-case!

Mr. Goodchild made haste to produce a visiting-card of his own. By way of exchange, at the other's direction he wrote in his note-book, "Monsieur Constantine Farazounis, antiques, curiosities, commissions, box 387, general post-office, Naples."

At Bologna rather reluctantly Monsieur Farazounis rose, gave Aurelius a sticky hand-clasp, bowed low to the sisters, alighted, and marched away arm in arm with a burly fellow whose shepherd-plaid trousers were badly soiled round the bottoms.

"What an awful tramp!" exclaimed Thallie.

"His eyes," Frossie volunteered, "with all those oily, thick lashes, were positively indecent!"

"I think, after this," Aglaia remarked, "we 'll travel first-class." To herself she added, "And keep dad from telling the story of our lives at least to people like that!"

"My child! A good plain man, after all—"

"A good plain sharper! My first impressions are always right. We 'll be in luck if this one does n't make some bad use of your card."

They arrived in Florence. They had imagined a town of the sixteenth century, made up entirely of famous monuments and landmarks, in every part ready set for a comedy of Boccaccio or a tragedy of Dante. But as the cab conveyed them toward the northern quarter, they still saw long blocks of commonplace dwellings, with closed shutters, and avenues all

narrowing to the same mediocre vistas. Not a palace, not a loggia, not an antique fountain! Besides, since it was then the hottest hour of the afternoon, Florence seemed a city of the dead!

In a clean, wide street, with two rows of trees extending its full length, the cab stopped before a corner house, beside which a garden was confined by a tall iron fence. From the vestibule there ran out to them an agile, smiling little man in the gray mohair livery of a door-porter. And they read on a brass plate fastened to the wall, "Pension Schwandorf."

A wide hall, dim and cool, running back to a dining-room with crimson walls, was lined with book-cases and divans. On all sides appeared a dim confusion of ornaments: framed water-colors of gondolas and ruined towers, plaques of china and brass, strange weapons in papier-mâché, tufts of pampas-grass, faded photographs, and sea-shore souvenirs. Through a door to the left showed the outline of a pianoforte covered with Venetian brocade. To the right, behind glass portals, a large round table was littered with periodicals. The perfume of roses, diffused from bouquets placed here and there in vases, mingled with the perfume of old fabrics. The three Graces remembered Zenasville.

In the silence one heard, far off, the clatter of a bell, a faint cry of "*Arrivi!*" and presently foot-falls that echoed across long reaches of invisible bare floors. But suddenly, from a door in the wall, Mme. von Schwandorf entered.

Well past sixty, but with pale-yellow frizzes encircling her wrinkled brow, she showed a keen, kindly face in which remained a hint of Scandinavian, rather than Teutonic, beauty. From her salient nose, her still delicate mouth, her twinkling, faded eyes, one might have read the history of a crowded life, beginning in fervent enthusiasm, now drawing toward its close in resignation. A loose gown, decked with many dangling points of lace, exhaled a strong scent of bergamot. From among the ruffles of her sleeve a blond Florentine poodle stretched out his muzzle toward the strangers.

Aglaia said at once:

"Mr. John Holland—"

"John Holland!" cried Mme. von Schwandorf in the eager, liquid voice of Northern races, that seems when most amiable always close to tears. "That dear man! How long since I have seen him! But he is not here in Florence, or he would have called. I shall show you the room he had nearly twenty years ago, with the very same writing-desk. Indeed, it is part of a suite that will do so nicely for you."

She led the way through the crimson dining-room, then, through a glass corridor, across the garden, then into another building, and up two flights of stairs. A maid threw open some windows.

The two rear bedchambers overlooked the garden; the front room faced both garden and street. The high ceilings were painted with mermaids, griffins, and harpies, in the style of the Renaissance. The walls showed flowered paper of the gayest hues and most bewildering designs. The floors, of broad red tiles, were bare. In each apartment stood a stove of green-and-yellow porcelain. And the chintz covers of the chairs and sofas were grotesquely printed all over with camels, poppies, monkeys, pomegranates, butterflies.

But instantly the Goodchild family found themselves at home. These eccentric decorations were not able to dispel their feeling that they had reached at last a long-sought spot, where many influences, still unknown, were predestined to expand their souls.

When they had thrown their hats upon the iron beds, they leaned over the balcony of the front room. Already the broad, clean street, with its double row of trees, had a more friendly look. A breeze rustled the leaves; a few shutters swung ajar. A velvet-eyed lad lounged by, singing to himself a plaintive, wavering song. As his voice died away, a sweet, half-melancholy peace enveloped them. So Florence began to weave its spell.

The perfumes, the silences interrupted by melodious, distant sounds, the riotous



"And Aglaia . . . knew that she was not only more adroit than he, but also stronger"

hues that covered old masonry and the trunks of tropical trees, combined with the fervor of the Southern sun to loose in them sensations that the warmest seasons of the North had not aroused. As their young tissues eagerly drank in this ether of Italy, their hearts expanded to a subtler elixir still—the drowsy ecstasy, the passionate and soft delight, which is communicated from a place that has known many centuries of beauty, inspiration, and love.

Aurelius, standing on the Ponte Vecchio beside the bust of Cellini, let his eyes rove down the left bank of the river Arno, where old buildings rose on joists as in the Medici days. A fair face appearing in a casement full of flower-pots suggested to his mind the subject of a tragedy in verse. Fearful lest that inspiration pass, he jotted down some notes on the backs of hotel-bills already scribbled over with pencil-sketches—of flower-stands, porticos, beggars huddled on the steps of churches. Passing on, with lowered head, he bumped into pedestrians and donkeys as he reflected: "Her name should be Fiammetta and his Rodolfo. There is no reason why the Alexandrian meter would not be an excellent medium, if interspersed with prose dialogue in the comic relief, as in Shakspere's Italian plays." Then his daughters called his attention to the New Market, and, with the look of a somnambulist, he exclaimed: "Perfect! In this porch, at midnight, I will have Rodolfo set upon by the bravos of Piero de' Medici!"

When they returned to the pension from their explorations, the Goodchilds often saw Mme. von Schwandorf sitting in a little cubbyhole, half boudoir and half office, beside the vestibule. The poodle asleep in her lap, she was reading Anatole France, while a ribbon of cigarette smoke curled out between the persiennes of the window.

"And what nice things have you seen to-day, my dears?"

As they recounted the details of their excursion, her faded eyes grew soft beneath the yellow frizzes.

"Ah, these first impressions, these precious enthusiasms of youth! It is like love: repetition may bring deeper emotions, but never again the so delicate delights of the first kisses!"

And when she raised her eyes toward the painted cupids of the ceiling, one seemed to catch a glimpse of the girl she had been long ago, glowing, emotional, responsive, surely, in every fiber to the hot sunshine and the ardors of Italy.

The sisters, gathered round her chair, were mute. Thallie, stooping to touch the poodle's silky head, concealed her clouded face. Frossie stared at the page of Mme. von Schwandorf's novel, those paragraphs of French no more a puzzle than the loves which they undoubtedly related. But Aglaia's speculative eyes grew sharp as there came from the parlor a sound of music. Some one was playing on the piano a passage from "Tosca"—the "Vissi d'arte."

Once more she inquired of Mme. von Schwandorf:

"And Signore Mughetto?"

"Still at Montecatini."

Indeed, the "last master of the true *bel canto*" was hardly expected back in Florence before the autumn.

On the other hand, Thallie had heard of a painting-teacher, a middle-aged Frenchman, who was ready to begin instructing her at any moment. As for Frossie, her "novel of the time of Henry of Navarre" was half mapped out.

"For all my eagerness," Aglaia thought, "I am the one who must be balked!" And she wondered why her ambitions should seem to Providence less important than her sisters'.

In an access of will, she promised herself to pass, by hook or crook, every obstacle that fate threw across her way. She even vowed to attain her full desire before the others had finished their apprenticeship. But the notes of the piano, clear, strong, and accurate, reached her again, like the assured defiance of a rival. She went to see who was playing the "Vissi d'arte" in the parlor. It was a young man, a new-comer to the Pension Schwandorf.

Slender, long-limbed, dark-haired, showing, as it were, the profile of a neurotic younger brother of Julius Cæsar, he sat limply before the piano in a rumpled Norfolk jacket, and struck the keys with his white, bony hands. Suddenly, in caprice, his fingers ran from one end of the keyboard to the other, beat out half a dozen crashing chords, were still. The innumerable knickknacks of the parlor gave forth a long vibration. He turned, saw Aglaia in the doorway, and at once stood up.

"Want to play?" he inquired, in a high, nervous voice.

"This," she thought, "must be a real Englishman at last!"

"Not after you," she responded in a natural way, though thrilled all at once with a peculiar exultation. For her voice, habitually low and steady, seemed the absolute complement of his irregular, staccato tones, just as her pale, still beauty seemed to balance his dark restlessness, and her calm gaze to quiet his unstable eyes. Many men and women meet for the first time alone with a very subtle and perhaps unconscious crossing of the swords of sex—a feint, a parry, a swift instinctive test of strength, the issue of which may determine the outcome of all their common future. And Aglaia, even when those words and glances crossed, knew that she was not only more adroit than he, but also stronger.

As she realized this, her shoulders drooped the lower, she seemed to grow smaller, wistful, and appealing, while her eyes, raised to his, expressed the sweet humility of the traditional weak woman in the presence of the "dominant sex."

"How well you play!" she sighed.

"That? Just fooling. Fancied every one was out."

He was younger than she had thought, maybe twenty-seven or eight.

"You're a musician?" she asked, while letting a look of hero-worship dawn in her green eyes.

"Goodness, no!" His expression told her that she had made an error, that he did not think very highly of musicians.

"But you?" he asked, with a tactlessness that nearly made her smile.

"I should believe I were if I could make that kind of music."

He laughed, trying not to show that he was flattered, but looking at her more warmly.

"You sing, though?" he stammered. "If you'll try a song, I'll manage the accompaniment."

"To-morrow."

For she had heard her sisters in the hall, and she wanted to complete the impression she was making before he met the others. With a timid smile she drifted from the room.

Going straight to the guest-book, she read that he was Cyril Bellegram, of Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, England. That name, that place, seemed to Aglaia curiously congenial, and as familiar as if the words had passed before her eyes innumerable times in dreams.

CHAPTER V

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BRASS BUTTONS,
AFTER ALL!

AGLAIA, in all the sentimental phases of her plans, saw herself the dominating partner. For her, man was the adversary who must be conquered and despoiled, though none the less desirable in his subjection. And she had for a long time believed that any woman of determination and intelligence could dominate any man.

Nearly all her life she had studied them from beneath her pale-fringed eyelids, spying out their weaknesses, divining their lines of least resistance, and in the end forming of their defenses a low opinion that was mixed with exultation. By putting forth her wiles in earnest, she might have held in Zenasville at least two youths, either of whom could have given her a home of mediocre comfort. But she had let them go, while her thoughts went forth from the little yellowish frame house to far-off places, where women no more adroit than she had won world-famous triumphs over men.

And now she had encountered Cyril

Bellegram of Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, England.

Despite his rumpled jacket and his tousled hair, he had managed to appear distinguished. His speech and behavior had evidently been acquired in excellent society. Moreover, he seemed a person who would be at ease in a far finer place. One may find certain men sheltered by a modest roof, yet feel sure that they have in their pockets the keys of palaces. Even to Aglaia, Cyril Bellegram suggested the traditional young prince who has disguised himself to seek adventures through four hundred pages of a romantic novel. She would not have been surprised to learn that he was related to the English nobility. Perhaps there was a copy of Burke's "Peerage" in the pension.

Next morning, fully dressed before her sisters had sat up in bed, she descended to the main hall, and explored the bookshelves.

Her search was fruitless.

She wandered into the reading-room, through the glass doors of which she could observe the hall. In the last number of a Paris newspaper for Americans she read that a certain lady's Pomeranian was dead, that an aviation meet was to be held at Rome a few weeks hence, that the minaret-skirt was out of fashion, that Mme. Bertha Linkow had at last recovered from her broken leg. Was this the reason why the prima donna had not returned to them in Paris? "We may have misjudged her," Aglaia reflected, and determined to send off that very day a letter of condolence.

Suddenly cheerful, she went into the parlor, sat down at the piano, and began to play softly the "Vissi d'arte." All at once an Irish terrier tried to scramble into her lap, and Cyril Bellegram entered, wearing knickerbockers and a salmon-colored cravat, his damp hair dangling over one eye, his thin nose high, his teeth glistening.

"Don't stop."

"Such a weak attempt at imitation was n't meant for you to hear. What a nice dog!"

"Not bad. Shake hands with the lady, Bristles."

Bristles, raising his long face, which was ornamented with mustaches and a little beard like tufts of hemp, laid his paw in Aglaia's rosy palm. Stooping gracefully, she embraced his wriggling body, and his sharp bark was smothered by the perfumed ruffles at her breast. When he managed to lick her chin, she did not object.

"He does n't care for strangers as a rule," said Cyril Bellegram, looking at her approvingly, and putting his brier pipe back into his pocket.

She learned that he was bound for a tramp in the country. The hills round Florence were "not bad," but one gathered from his tone that there were finer hills in Devonshire. He would be gone till dusk, lunching at whatever village inn he found when he was hungry.

"How splendid to be able to walk all day like that!"

She gave him a frank, measuring glance which seemed to add, "You must be very strong!"

"Really? At home even the girls think nothing of it."

She shook her head wistfully.

"I could never do it. Five miles would probably finish me."

Evidently, he did not think less of her on that account; rather, her confession made her different from the girls at home, more interesting than before.

He maintained, however, that a mile of picture-galleries was more exhausting than a dozen on the road. They discussed the city's treasures, all of which he seemed to know by heart. It appeared that he understood Italian; he offered to lend her his copy of Dante in the original. She demurred:

"Before I could read it intelligently you'd surely be gone from Florence."

"There's no telling. I may stop anywhere a week, a month, or more. What old chap was it who said he'd write 'Whim' above his hearth, or something to that effect? I knock about and suit myself."

"It must be wonderful. And you never get lonely?"

"When I do, I toddle home for a while. Drop it, Bristles! Come here, sir!"

The dog stopped mumbling Aglaia's fingers, crept to his master, allowed a leather muzzle to be strapped around his nose. Then he scampered off into the hall, made the marble vestibule resound with yelps, clawed the front door, reappeared in the parlor, fawned round Aglaia. Catching him by the collar, she kissed the terrier between his gleaming, tawny eyes.

"Good-by, Bristles!"

Thoughtfully she returned to her bedroom.

The others were already dressed in expectation of a visitor, the painting-teacher.

M. Alphonse Zolande was a Parisian in exile, once on a time a promising young artist resident in Rome, since then sunk gradually into obscurity. Lean, hollow-cheeked, leathery, dapper in a threadbare sort of way, he was just finishing half a century in which chagrin had far exceeded satisfaction. His gray mustaches, imperial, and pompadour suggested photographs of the painter Gérôme. His restless fingers were stained by nicotine; his vaguely effeminate costume exhaled a strong scent of cigarettes and chypre; in the silver ring on his right thumb the stone was replaced with a daub of sealing-wax.

He had a studio in Via de' Bardi, across the river Arno. There he received "more pupils in winter than at this time of year." One of his patronesses was Princess Tchernitza, now unfortunately away at some seaside resort. It was Princess Tchernitza—since one had mentioned her—that had sent him a young Bulgarian to whom, after a year of instruction, he had been forced to say, "I can teach you nothing more!" That extraordinary youth was now in Durazzo, executing a portrait of the new King of Albania.

Mr. Goodchild ventured an inquiry concerning the style of painting favored by M. Zolande.

"But all styles, Monsieur! It is for the intelligent master to permit one's individuality to flourish. No two real artists can be made out of the same mold. One must see for himself, one must choose for himself, one must be himself. It is my affair to show mademoiselle how this one and that one did so and so through the whole history of art; but what method mademoiselle herself will follow is for her to say."

All were sufficiently impressed except Aglaia. When the Goodchild family found themselves alone, she said:

"In my opinion, your M. Zolande is a big bluff."

"Since I 'm satisfied with him," retorted Thallie, "it 's all that 's necessary."

"How is he going to teach you anything, not speaking English better than that?"

"I shall soon understand his French."

"Even so, suppose you find out at last you 've wasted your money and your time?"

"Then I 'll come to you and say again I 'd rather have studied in Paris."

That day Thallie bought a brand-new painting-outfit, and next morning, escorted by Mr. Goodchild, she presented herself at the studio up four flights of stairs in Via de' Bardi, across the Arno.

In a large room, with plaster walls and a tiled floor, half a dozen kitchen-chairs, and as many battered easels, were set in a semicircle round a model's platform. A Japanese screen stood in the corner beside a divan, and through a half-open door one discerned a coffee-pot on a metal wash-stand. But one's gaze was arrested by a mammoth canvas portraying, in a smooth and gloomy manner, "The Defeat of Cyrus by Tamiris, Queen of the Masagetæ." It was a relic of the painting-teacher's optimistic youth.

M. Zolande, a bunch of pansies in his buttonhole, managed to explain that the last of his summer pupils had just departed for the country.

Aurelius persuaded himself that this was fortunate; the master could now give

all the more attention to Thalia. And after he had admired the "Defeat of Cyrus," peeped out through the north light, inhaled to the full the studio odors that he loved, he embraced his daughter, with a moist eye, and departed. He was much moved by the thought that Thallie's journey toward celebrity had begun at last in earnest. He was unaware that a European father, for reasons not related to the arts, would have disapproved of his immediate confidence in the Parisian.

M. Zolande, however, was most businesslike. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he examined Thallie's English paints, pear-wood palette, and formidable sheaf of brushes. Then firmly he thrust everything underneath the divan. He found a wine-flask, stripped off its straw casing, laid it against an album, demanded that she draw it.

What a humiliating anticlimax to her expectations!

It was all the worse because even at this trivial task she did not suit him. She drew the flask first instead of the spaces visible about it; she paid attention to the outlines rather than to the masses. At last he sat down to sketch the objects in the proper way, and Thallie realized that she did not know how to draw a wine-flask and an album!

Her long labors in Zenasville, despite her father's guidance, had been futile. All that while she had gone on daubing in the uncritical enthusiasm, the blind self-complacency, of those whose work seems good because it is their own. Now her ignorance was revealed, as in a flash of lightning, by the comparison of these two simple studies; and suddenly the precious future seemed so far removed that she was no longer confident of attaining it.

Her pose relaxed; she stared down at her clasped hands; tears trembled in the corners of her eyes. M. Zolande, looking somewhat alarmed, exclaimed:

"But courage, Mademoiselle! One cannot be a Michel Ange immediately! It is the will to learn that is important. Come, next time we will draw it better."

And over her second sketch he waxed

enthusiastic. It appeared that such quick receptiveness as Thallie's was unique in his experience. And he prophesied that in a fortnight she would be painting in full color from a model. Taking heart, she gave him a shy smile of gratitude.

Six days a week, Mr. Goodchild brought her to the studio at nine, and called for her at noon.

As the days passed, Thallie began to droop, but less from the July weather than because of an increasing sense of loss. In this summer Italy of heat and vivid hues and sensuous echoes, one could not, even by oil-paint, efface the images of love. "Where is he now?" she wondered, the palette sunk upon her knee, her eyes staring blankly at the canvas, and seeing there the face of the young man of the boat-deck.

A knock sounded on the door. The model slipped behind the screen. Aurelius entered, beaming. Walking home, Thalia scarcely heard her father's chatter.

Every day Mr. Goodchild, wandering through the city, found more delightful things to talk about. Besides, he was busy with his tragic poem of *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo*.

It began as follows:

Where runs the Arno through the heart of
 Florence-town,
 And out of palace windows beauty still
 looks down,
 In Fourteen ninety-four, or somewhere
 thereabouts,
 A damsel from her casement gazed with
 anguished doubts:
 Along the Ponte Vecchio she could not espy
 The object of her maidenly esteem draw
 nigh!
 "Just Heav'n," she faintly cried. "If that
 foul Medici band
 Has laid Rodolfo low with an assassin's
 hand!"

Aurelius now wrote his verses at a table of the Café Hirsch, in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It was a resort of painters, sculptors, journalists, where every known artistic periodical seemed to be on file, and

where a *demi-tasse* of coffee cost four cents.

An awning shaded the tables on the sidewalk, but did not darken the interior. Here one might sit in comfort by the hour, gazing out through the plate-glass windows at the square, or watching the patrons come and go, their heads reflected in mirrors that ran round the walls. Aurelius soon learned to covet a particular corner. His waiter was a German-Swiss named Otto.

Short, fat, with glistening bald head and ruddy jowls, Otto made one wonder how a man with features all designed for jollity could look so woebegone. At first glance, one took the perspiration on his cheeks for tears.

He spoke English.

"Black coffee, Otto, if you please."

"Black coffee," moaned Otto, and dragged his heels across the floor to the buffet. Returning, he laid down the tin tray, with its cup and saucer, battered pot and sugar-holder, like one who relinquishes his last poor treasure at the order of a cruel conqueror.

"What a day, Otto!"

"Ah!" A groan of despair.

"The sun of Italy on Italy's monuments!"

"Ugh! Italy *und* her monuments, Mr. Gootschild! I can vish I have never seen them. Yes, I can vish I have never been alive." And finally he told his tale.

He had begun as omnibus in a hotel-pension at Vitznau, had spent two years as waiter in a London chop-house, had fallen heir to three thousand francs, regained Switzerland, married, opened a tea-room on the road to Arth. His passion had been to own, on Lake Lucerne, such a hotel as is honored with a star by Baedeker, motor-cars before the terrace, a string-band playing in the winter-garden, *soirées de gala* every Thursday night. But luck had been against him. His wife dying, he had gone bankrupt. Long service in neighboring countries had failed to yield sufficient capital to start again. Following his will-o'-the-wisp to Italy, now he was carrying pots of coffee, at four

cents each, to patrons of the Café Hirsch. Nevertheless, he felt he had been cheated of his proper destiny. Off duty, he passed the doors of fine hostelrys with the sensations of a man who watches interlopers flourishing in a mansion which he should have inherited.

Mr. Goodchild cast about for words of comfort.

"My dear friend, all your troubles seem to come from wanting something you are not sure would make you happy. As Epictetus said, 'It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires; nor do riches deliver from fear, but reasoning. If, therefore, you acquire a habit of reasoning, you will neither desire riches nor complain of poverty.'"

"Ha! All very nice, Mr. Gootschild, for them who has no ambitions! But me!" Otto thumped the coffee-stained plastron of his uniform. "Me, who feels in here so sure, if I had got a chance already, I would be great in my profession! Always it eats me up, that feeling. I might have turned away millionaires in the high season; yet all I must do is to get penny tips from artists!"

Aurelius could not help sympathizing with fine dreams in whatever form.

"It's true," he responded gently, "that fate seems to have been cruel to your aspirations. But have faith! Here or hereafter, we shall all rise to our ideal. Besides, the sky is often darkest just before the sun breaks through. Take my own case."

He described the coming of the legacy which had so changed his life and the lives of his three daughters.

When he pronounced the words, "a hundred thousand dollars," the other stared as if seeing him then for the first time. That day the waiter's farewell bow was more profound than previously. From the threshold of the café, Otto watched the tall figure in the rusty cut-away clear across the square. Four cab-horses stood in line before the arcade. Mr. Goodchild fed to each a lump of sugar—the four pieces which had been served him with his coffee.

He arrived at the pension toward dinner-time. Frossie and Thallie had not yet returned from the churches and the lace-shops; but Aglaia, as fresh as a flower in her evening gown, sat under the palmetto palm, deciphering Dante in the original, and, without seeming to do so, watching the glass corridor.

Cyril Bellegram usually regained the pension at this hour.

In the moonlit garden, where fireflies twinkled through the foliage, and blossoms spread a stronger perfume than by day, he and Aglaia had come to consider the bench beneath the palmetto as theirs alone, by right of nightly use. Here it was that she, with the shadows lending to her visage an ambiguous loveliness, drew from him confessions never made before—of youthful dreams which he had forgotten till now, of fancies that come to one in solitude, of the inclinations, lying deep in the heart, that direct the whole seemingly erratic progress of a life. What he did not disclose she managed to guess.

His father was a baronet; he had been to Oxford; he was now an idler. Still, he felt at times a strong desire to do something that might bring him fame, yet not be unseemly in an English gentleman.

He could write Latin poetry, draw horses and dogs, play the piano, speak Italian, French, and German, ride, shoot, fence, dance, mix a punch, name the popes and the kings of Europe backward. In his opinion, these accomplishments fitted him for nothing but the diplomatic service.

"Why don't you!" exclaimed Aglaia.

She saw the staircases of royal palaces, lined with lackeys, giving upon vast halls, where the wives of attachés, themselves attired like queens, made deep courtesies before a throne. She saw ball-rooms full of epaulets and jewels, a monarch halting to pay compliments that would thenceforth distinguish one from all the rest. She saw a shaded lamp above a desk inlaid with tortoise-shell, a despatch-box opened by a confiding husband, papers embellished with broad seals—the secret treaty, the cipher code, the ultimatum. For there

were women who attained such moments, who held at their tongues' ends the secrets of a nation.

But the wife of a diplomatist would hardly be permitted a career in opera?

Nevertheless, she said softly:

"What you need is an incentive, an inspiration."

Life in the pension had already been reduced to a peaceful monotone. Every morning, in answer to their ring, the maid, Giannina, wearing the same smile, brought into Aglaia's bedroom the same tray of rolls and coffee. She was a stocky, strong-looking woman, prematurely past her youth, with sallow skin, large, mischievous black eyes, and the mouth of a comedian. Her husband was Federico, the middle-aged waiter whose long, smooth-shaven face would have looked more at home beneath the Jolly Roger than in a dining-room. It was Federico who served their formal meals, arrayed in a dress-suit of antiquated pattern, and white cotton gloves.

Even the foods, over which one had exclaimed at first, began to lose their tang. The *minestrone*, the *polenta*, the *risotto*, the *zuppa Inglese*, were just like other dishes now. The Goodchilds asked one another if the table was n't failing.

But now they would have missed intensely the roses of the garden, the bizarre chair-covers in their rooms, the amiable greetings of the servants, even the calls of the vegetable-hucksters, that woke them every morning. Sometimes they said, "It's a disgrace that we have n't run down for a few days to Rome or Perugia or Siena!" Yet they kept putting off even the least arduous of those excursions, so well were they imbued already with inertia of Italy in summer, and with the feeling, still half unconscious, that the Pension Schwandorf was every day more like a home.

Toward mid-afternoon, the doorway of the Nobles' Club on Via Tornabuoni was usually graced by half a dozen spick-and-span young men. Among them one often saw some army officers. The latter wore tight blue-black jackets, with magenta

collars and cuffs, light-gray trousers, black caps with patent-leather vizors, swords caught up, by the hilt, in the crook of the left arm. Occasionally they appeared in brazen helmets, the cross of Savoy emblazoned on the front. They belonged to the Magenta Cavalry, a regiment of lanciers.

One day when Frossie passed alone only one of them was lounging in the doorway. She stole a glance at him.

Her own height, with the lean figure of an athlete, he seemed about twenty-eight years old. His skin was of a creamy palor. Small black mustaches were brushed straight up from his lips. His eyes reminded one of ink-wells, with the sunlight shining into them. His hand poised a cigarette half-way to his lips; his face—the face of a young knight in a fourteenth-century fresco—displayed a look of homage startling in its intensity.

Frossie's knees grew weak. No one had ever looked at her like that!

She found herself a block away, proceeding as sedately as before, but trembling all over. Mechanically she turned into the Lungarno, which extended northward toward the pension.

Why had he given her such a look, so passionate, yet so respectful? It was not the stare of a philanderer, but of one who took a serious, almost solemn, interest in her. It was not the expression of a stranger, but rather of one who had seen her many times, had thought about her still more often. Of course that was impossible.

Farther on, she paused, pretended to contemplate a show-case, glanced behind her. He was there, two hundred feet away, slowly sauntering now, and gazing innocently at the sky!

She felt frightened, then furious. "And I thought that he at least looked decent!" She marched all the way home without once turning her head. But safe in the pension, she peeped out through the curtains of the parlor window.

From the opposite corner he rapidly scrutinized the house. Then, wheeling, he departed with a quick, lithe stride.

That night, in her dreams Frossie tramped innumerable miles of streets,—through Florence, Milan, Geneva, Paris, New York, Zenasville,—all the while aware that his eyes were focused, like twin burning-glasses, on her back. Or was it the rays reflected from the silvered buttons of his tight blue-black coat, as if from a double row of tiny search-lights?

If only he had n't worn them!

CHAPTER VI

A TOUCH OF THE SUN IN VIA TORNABUONI

FOR a week Frossie avoided the neighborhood of the Nobles' Club. Even at the pension door she looked round her nervously. But at last, as her expectancy died away, she was aware of losing a certain stimulation. Life suddenly seemed so humdrum, her work so futile! One night, on impulse, she jumped out of bed and tore up her manuscript. When Thallie woke at the sound, she explained:

"It would never have been a success. Perhaps I was n't meant to succeed in literature or anything else."

"What wicked nonsense!"

"Never mind, Babykins. Go back to sleep and forget it."

Euphrosyne had long been used to seeing admiration pass her by for Aglaia and Thallie. She had long believed that her time for romance would not come till the others were married, since simple flowers, that seem charming when viewed by themselves, may lose attractiveness if flanked by more vivid blossoms. But now a young man's expressive eyes had appeared to say, "There is something about you that I have n't seen before—something so congenial to me that I must know who you are." It was hard for Frossie to give up that sensation of pride, to feel she had been mistaken.

"His idea of killing time on a dull afternoon! And, still, he seemed different from the rest."

The worst of it was that he had seemed different from the rest.

She scorned herself for having remem-

bered his creamy pallor, his crisp, black hair, his muscular hand, his lithe figure. How had she ever noticed so much in a second's glance? Undoubtedly the novelist's eye for details.

Every morning Frossie sat down to work at nine o'clock sharp. She put on her horn spectacles, spread a sheet of paper, and poised her fountain-pen. Then for a long while she stared across the old writing-table, out of the open window, at the palmetto palm. Giannina, the maid, passing through to Aglaia's room for the breakfast-tray, made a grimace of pity, and cried in her loud, hoarse voice:

"Always studying, Signorina! It's not good for the young to labor so hard."

"Better to labor than to think idle thoughts."

For Frossie was rapidly learning to speak Italian.

In the cool of the afternoon she often went out, exhausted by a long day of vain effort. She wandered down into the city. One day, in Vieusseux's Library, while looking over the catalogue, she read:

"*'The Six Cæsars,'* six vols., John Holland, author of *'Primitive Latin Religions,'* *'Roman Literature,'* *'The Etruscan and Lydian Languages,'* *'Mycenæan Excavations,'* *'Baal, Dionysus, and Mars,'* etc."

John Holland was a historian!

She took home a volume of "*The Six Cæsars*" and showed it to Mme. von Schwandorf. The latter, in her office-boudoir beside the vestibule, was sitting at ease, her yellow frizzes neatly arranged, her wrinkled face well powdered, her ample form arrayed in a mauve satin house-gown garnished all over with lace.

"Ah, yes, my dear. What a thorough, brilliant, valuable work that is! I've always meant to read it. But at my age, you know, one falls asleep less quickly when Pierre Louys is describing the ancients—for instance, in *'Aphrodite.'*"

Madame threw her cigarette out of the window, laid down a yellow-backed novel entitled "*Histoire Comique,*" and put the Florentine poodle off her lap. With her points of lace all scattering bergamot, she

crossed to a book-shelf which held a long row of ponderous volumes.

"Behold! They're all here, including the one that captured the Nobel Prize. Now, you are young and strong; you shall read them from cover to cover, and tell me what they contain. I have made my door-porter, Domenico, cut all the pages. It's always best that the pages be cut, at least, in the books of our friends. Eh, little book-worm?"

She questioned Frossie satirically with her keen old eyes.

"I'm afraid I shall have too much work of my own to do."

"And I am afraid you'll never find time to play. But wait till the autumn! I'll see to it then that you play. Only yesterday, when I drove to church, three friends of mine stormed the carriage to ask when the dances are going to begin again at the Pension Schwandorf. Three young men as dashing as ever you saw in your life, and all aristocratic enough for even a stanch little democrat! In fact, the Magenta Cavalry gets all its officers from the aristocracy." She cackled craftily at her thoughts. "Your work, indeed! I'll settle your work for you, Mlle. de Staël!"

Next day, while she and Aglaia were strolling far from the Nobles' Club, Frossie met him again, face to face.

Though she looked away at once, she felt that she had turned pale. This fault, however, was instantly remedied by a burning blush. Staring before her, she marched on faster and faster, while tears of mortification filled her eyes. Aglaia, who was wearing new shoes, inquired:

"Are we catching a train?"

"That officer back there."

"That whipper-snapper in the tight little coat? If I bothered about every insect like him!"

Frossie pressed her lips together, then uttered coldly:

"I only suspected he might try flirting with you."

"Well, what if he did? I don't think he'll try it again."

"I suppose he gave you a long, solemn



"Why did she want to learn painting, anyway—to spend her time daubing colors on a piece of cloth for folks to stare at?"

look, as much as to say, 'Oh, how I respect you!'"

"You evidently saw him at work."

"Not to-day," Frossie shot forth. "He 's tried it even on me when I 've been alone."

"Then perhaps that dying-calf expression was meant for you this time, too."

"Hardly, with you along."

They returned to the pension in silence. There they found Cyril Bellegram sitting with Bristles beneath the palmetto. His boots were dusty, his jacket was rumpled, his black forelock tumbled over his brow; but still the rascal managed to look distinguished. His face, too finely drawn, —the sharp-featured face of some neurotic young emperor on a Roman coin,—wore a frown of impatience and boredom. His walks in the country were shorter every day. It was he who now came first to that trysting-place, where Aglaia plucked a rose for his coat-lapel and fed chocolates to Bristles.

Through those languorous afternoons and soft evenings Aglaia had studied Cyril Bellegram with care. Against his faults she had set out his talents, had finally asked herself, "Could I overcome the defects, and bring out the virtues, sufficiently to make such a venture pay?"

He was indolent, irresolute, deferential; yet he woke to vigor at the call of amusement, was stubborn beyond belief at certain points, and his air of modesty, as is often the case, concealed an egotism greater than that which is openly shown by less complex men. The fact is, Cyril Bellegram had somehow got in his nature a generous share of temperament. Aglaia had not expected to find her first Englishman high-strung and sentimental.

"One could use the sentimentality first," she reflected, "and the rest in its turn." For now Aglaia was picturing herself as a diplomatist's wife.

She wrote to London for books on the British diplomatic service—its special requirements, its scheme of appointments, its private politics. Meanwhile she drew from Cyril some hints about his relatives at home. The brother of his uncle's wife

was ensconced in the Foreign Office. It looked like fate.

Yet the future might easily offer a better marriage—and one more favorable to her operatic career? When she had peered long and earnestly in the mirror, she snapped her fingers at her thirty years. After all, if she wished, she could safely wait a while longer.

Indeed, she had never looked so alluring as now. Her emerald eyes were more brilliant; her fair skin seemed well-nigh luminous; her copper-colored tresses had taken on a fresh luster. When she entered the garden, her slender body undulated at every step. When she picked a flower, her gesture was a poem of blended grace and decision. When she turned her small, drooping head, her profile, against the leaves, was like a cameo. She appeared to be a new creature, whose secret intentions were reinforced from deep reservoirs of attractiveness, hitherto unknown.

In the evening, when she leaned back on the bench beneath the palmetto, the odor of mignonette from her gown seemed mingled with an incorporeal sweetness, as though from the shadows were stealing forth invisible ministers to her will. They slipped close, with sinuous movements. They uttered round the silent young man such sighs as might perfume dim places full of rose-leaves, golden dishes gleaming on purple cushions, cups of enchantment pulsing in answer to the last note of a lute. The air of the Southern night passed over his face, like those caresses one longs to feel apart from a dream. He had a sensation of eagerness and terror. But, as he hesitated, Aglaia said in an ordinary tone:

"Come, let me tell your fortune."

She took his cold hand in hers, turned it up to the starlight, leaned forward. Her breath passed over his palm. She smiled thoughtfully, as if nothing had happened.

"Your fingers are lean, with rounded tips. That denotes simple tastes, a quick mind, mixed talents. But this thumb is not energetic: you 'll have to be urged,

it seems. 'Your palm is long and thin. You are guided by the ideal, the sublime, the soul; you desire high conquests. But here is lack of motive power again, unless something comes along to arouse you. There, down the palm, are gifts and good luck. The line of fortune shows success, but only from earnest endeavor. Under the little finger I see political tendencies, under the first, diplomacy.' She looked closer, then dropped his hand, with the words, "Bah! your heart line is nothing more than a chain of flirtations!"

"Never!"

"Flirtations, flirtations, flirtations! Which reminds me I have a dozen pages of music to read to-night." Softly laughing, she rose to her feet. From the doorway of the glass corridor she called back to him in Italian, "Good night, good repose, Don Juan!"

One morning Mme. von Schwandorf told her that Valentino Mughetto, the singing-teacher, was back from Montecatini. That same day Aglaia presented herself at his house, in the other end of town, near the English graveyard.

A man-servant, wearing a yellow-striped waistcoat, ushered her into a parlor shaded against the sun, floored with mosaic, where pieces of old brocade were stretched on the walls. For ten minutes she gazed at the Donatello bust on the mantel-shelf, the six antique chairs with raveled coats of arms on their plush, the bunch of peonies in the majolica vase. A Maltese cat appeared, examined her scornfully, stuck his claws in the table-cloth fringe, ran under a chair. Aglaia perceived in the doorway a big man with the figure of a half-deflated balloon, with a ruddy, pear-shaped face, a hooked nose, and a curly beard, dyed black, spread over his coat-lapels like a fan. From his small, keen eyes there leaped forth at her a glance which seemed, in an instant, to scan her from head to foot, appraise her attire, her body, her thoughts, and penetrate to the inmost recess of her heart. But immediately a conventional smile appeared on his lips.

She said:

"I 've come to take lessons."

He cleared his throat, with a rumble thrown back by the walls like a peal of thunder.

"Why?"

"I wish to become a dramatic soprano."

"Indeed? You sound like a contralto to me."

"A contralto! Impossible! I 've always sung soprano."

"In that case you 've probably ruined your voice. Step into the music-room."

With a sensation of fright she entered the adjoining apartment, a yellow chamber bare except for a black pianoforte, a stool, and a chair. Through the lattices of four French windows one saw a gay flower-garden ablaze in the sunlight.

Valentino Mughetto let down his balloon-like shape upon the piano-stool, spread his hands on the keys, and stared into space:

"Sing something."

She lowered her head till the pounding of her heart had abated, then straightening her slender form, she announced defiantly:

"The 'Vissi d'arte' from 'Tosca.'"

The barest hint of a grin crossed his face.

"All right."

He struck the keys. She sang. In ten seconds he stopped, shrugged his shoulders, remarked:

"A contralto, badly damaged."

Aglaia stood motionless, gazing at him in horror.

"Sit down, Signorina," he suggested in kinder tones. And when she had sunk into the chair, the maestro explained.

Her ambition, or bad advice, had ignored the facts in her case. All this while she had forced a contralto voice to sing the soprano register till it had grown so scratchy and thin that there was small chance of restoring it: "Unless, young lady, you put yourself faithfully into my hands."

"But—a contralto!"

Gone all the visions of Aglaia as *Tosca*, as *Madama Butterfly*, as *Marquerite*, *Elizabeth*, and *Isolde*! He smiled like an

old philosopher who hears for the thousandth time a childish complaint.

"Tell me, then, what is shameful about a contralto voice? Bessie Palmer had one. Marianne Brandt had one. Schumann-Heink has one. But, understand, I've not promised that you will ever become like them. All else aside, one does n't become a Schumann-Heink without owning a great big heart. For all I know, you may have no more heart than ribspace. Why, in Heaven's name, do all you young women sink your chests, and stick out your stomachs, and breathe with the top half-inch of your lungs? What have you got, after all these years of such poses, to force a long, steady column of air up through the vocal chords? Besides, let me look down your throat." He thrust a laryngoscope into her mouth. His comment was: "The formation itself is not so bad. You smoke cigarettes? Never? Then your accursed soprano practice has made all this chronic irritation."

He advanced his ruddy face, which seemed to her, with its fan-shaped beard and nose like a beak, as terrible as the visage of an Assyrian despot pronouncing a sentence of death. He rumbled:

"At this moment you think: 'He is mad. I will go to some other man, who'll say that my voice is soprano.' Hark to this, Signorina! In Italy are hundreds of teachers who, for the sake of the money, will tell you whatever you wish to hear. Only I promise you that five years hence they will have killed your last note. Now, then, if you choose to rely on me, you will not sing so much as a scale for three months, or even speak in loud tones. At the end of that time, if you return to this room, I shall tell you whether or not your voice can be saved."

Her limbs were weak as she rose from the chair to go.

"In three months!" she gasped.

"At your service, Signorina—if you obey my orders."

Aglaia found herself in the street.

She returned to the pension on feet that seemed weighted with lead. When

she entered her room, she saw Mr. Goodchild, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, beaming with pride, and striking an attitude of burlesque triumph beside a brand-new piano. The instrument had appeared that morning the moment Aglaia was clear of the pension. It was his gift on the eve of her great career, a surprise that had given him anticipatory delights for a month. Aurelius had even rummaged his trunk for the tools of an abandoned vocation, and, in a frenzy of haste, had tuned every key afresh.

For the first time in many years Aglaia stifled a sob on her father's breast.

The rest received her news in a blaze of revolt. She a contralto? That Greek, in the train, had been right about Valentino Mughetto: he must be a charlatan indeed, an ignoramus, an imbecile. But presently they remembered a time when her voice had seemed purer. Such things had happened before. Mr. Goodchild could not help recalling a similar case, an anecdote from the life of Manuel Garcia.

Again he took his pale daughter into his arms.

"My dear, in a moment like this one sees the true value of optimism." He quoted in trembling accents from his favorite sage: "'What's to be done? Make the best of what's in our power, and take the rest as it happens. And how is that? As it pleases God.' Come, now, as Mr. Mughetto suggested, you would n't mind a future like Schumann-Heink's? Who knows you won't make contralto singing the rage? Composers, when they've heard you, may start to write all their main rôles for contraltos! Think what it would be to revolutionize the whole operatic world!"

"Poor old dad! And if my voice is gone?"

"Gone!"

A unanimous hoot of derision.

But all agreed that the new piano had better stay locked for three months.

One day soon afterward, Aurelius, in the Café Hirsch, read that Mme. Bertha Linkow, with other song-birds, was visiting Montecatini, scarcely two hours away!

Here was his chance. He would go to Montecatini, find Mme. Linkow, ask her whether Mughetto was to be trusted. Better still, he would take Aglaia along, in order that the famous singer herself might give an opinion. But wait! Suppose the prima donna, not so far-seeing as Valentino Mughetto, should say, "My poor child, I can give you no hope!" At last, he was even afraid to tell his daughters that she was at Montecatini.

Aurelius found it hard to be secretive. Whenever the girls spoke of Mme. Linkow, his conscience smote him, as if his silence constituted a lie. Then, too, he was troubled because that amiable celebrity was so near, yet so far. By her aid he had come into contact with the fair world that he would have liked to inhabit.

Well, he might enter those regions yet; his tragedy of *Rodolfo* and *Fiammetta* would make a perfect libretto.

On his walks through Florence he had not failed to discover some theaters. One, behind the Palazzo Vecchio, was called the Folies-Bergère. Another, out by the cavalry barracks, was named the Alhambra. Both seemed given up to variety shows; yet he passed them with the same excitement that he had felt in his youth while viewing through a shabby doorway the world of behind the scenes. Their lobbies were plastered with gaudy signs—of saturnine gentlemen taking rabbits out of glass bowls, of acrobats forming a pyramid, of dancing-women attired like odalisks. Before the Folies-Bergère, the largest sign portrayed a languishing brunette in a *bersagliere* hat and a spangled skirt, with the legend:

Prossima! Prossima! Prossima!

L'incomparable

NELLA TESORE!

Stella Internazionale!!!

Why not bring the girls to see the magician, the acrobats, the odalisks, and this "incomparable Nella Tesore, the International Star"?

He returned to the pension. Beside the piano stood Frossie, hatted, just in from her outing, her figure stiffly drawn up, a

dazed look on her face. Before her bowed a handsome cavalry officer, of a creamy pallor, with crisp black hair and short mustaches brushed straight up from his lips. Beside these two hovered Mme. von Schwandorf, completing the introduction. Her eyes, beneath the yellow frizzes, glistened with relish; her wrinkled mouth displayed its most mischievous smile. Then she saw Aurelius in the doorway.

"Mr. Goodchild, permit me! Lieutenant Olivuzzi, of the Cavalry of Magenta. I had his mama's acquaintance when she was a little marchesina in pinafores, and used to visit the Buondelcampi, to whom I was governess. So this good boy sometimes comes to bring an old woman a message, and stays for a cup of tea. Just now, while he was telling me how he admires America, in walks a certain young lady who knows more than I about sky-scrapers and cow-boys. In revenge, she shall make him relate the war in Libya. You notice these two little ribbons on his coat?"

Lieutenant Olivuzzi thrust out his hand.

"Ah, Madama Svandorp!"

"Tut, tut! The blue-and-crimson one is given for Tripoli service, the plain blue for valor. Nevertheless, you see, he's still modest."

In fact, his clear skin was suffused with a blush. His large black eyes expressed a reproach that seemed genuine. Then he knitted his brows, stiffened his face, stared down at his sword-hilt. But abruptly raising his eyes, he caught Euphrosyne's glance, which said, "What a boy you are, after all!" Her gaze flinched from his face, for an instant clung to the blue and red ribbons on his coat, then plunged into space. Between the ebony what-not and the brass plaque from Benares, Frossie discerned yellow sands, bursting bombshells, the dust of a savage melley, a young lieutenant in pearl-gray trousers and tight blue-black jacket driving his sword through the heart of a dervish.

Her father was saying, with stately courtesy:

"It's a great pleasure, Lieutenant, to

meet the Italian army. Your traditions, you know, are very much like our own: the struggle for liberty, Garibaldi, Cavour, and so on. I presume you speak English, sir?"

"A lit-tle, sir," Lieutenant Olivuzzi replied in a clear, soft voice. "I spick—" He frowned anxiously; then his face lighted up—"I read, yes; I lis-ten, yes; but spick?" He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, raised his eyes, made a mouth of humorous helplessness.

"He is really very well grounded," purred Mme. von Schwandorf, "but he has no ways to practise. He ought to exchange Italian lessons for English."

Olivuzzi stole a look at Euphrosyne. She was staring out of the window with studied indifference. But Aurelius, straightway falling into that trap, suggested cordially:

"Lieutenant, you ought to get my daughters to help you. I've thought myself how fine it would be to learn Italian while walking round town."

"But, my dear sir," protested Mme. von Schwandorf, "in Italy young ladies and gentlemen must n't do that!"

"What, then, ma'am?"

"One calls, perhaps, if the chaperon is at home."

"Indeed," Mr. Goodchild exclaimed, "what more charming school-room could there be than the garden!"

And his long-pent hospitality gushing forth, he called for tea beneath the palmetto.

Mme. von Schwandorf dexterously withdrew. Euphrosyne, after casting about for some decent excuse, surrendered, her head in a whirl. Federico, the piratical-looking waiter, brought the tray with profound respect. From a window overhead, Giannina, the maid, stared down. The gray mohair frock-coat of Domenico, the little door-porter, kept flitting through the glass corridor. To the servants this ceremony conveyed but one thought: the lieutenant had come to ask for the hand of the Signorina Frossie in marriage!

Olivuzzi sat straight in his chair, his

knees and feet together, carefully poising the tea-cup under his chin. Not a hair on his head was out of place; not a wrinkle marred the fit of his uniform; not a speck dimmed the luster of his long, narrow boots. On his collar of stiff magenta cloth were fastened two silver stars. His gray trousers, strapped under his insteps, had double magenta stripes down the outside hems. In his sword-guard was stuffed a pair of white chamois-skin gloves. Could it be, Aurelius wondered, that this immaculate youth had gone to a war, been mixed up with smoke and blood, and maybe taken a life?

"So you helped to carry the eagles back to the ancient battle-fields! Old Scipio Africanus, at Zama, must have occurred to your mind. No doubt it seemed to you that the ghosts of Roman legionaries rose on their elbows to cheer you forward. Marvelous! Really romantic! And yet, as our General Sherman said—"

While Aurelius rattled on, the lieutenant, who caught perhaps one word in a dozen, kept uttering respectful sounds of assent. Frossie imagined that if her father should say, in the same tone of voice, "The Italian army gives me a pain," the young man would go on eagerly nodding, as though to reply, "Me, too!" That thought—one of those bizarre ideas which flash through an overwrought mind—nearly cost her an hysterical snort. She felt her lips twitching; she knew the panic of those who are tempted to laugh in a church; for an instant she feared that the only alternative was to flee from the garden. But she saw Aglaia and Thallie approaching through the glass corridor.

Aurelius presented the stranger. Jumping up, clapping his spurred heels together, Lieutenant Olivuzzi made two bows, uttered twice a phrase in Italian. Alas! why did Aggie have on that new gown of yellow French print, with the panniers of golden brown, and the silken slippers to match! And why did Thallie, in apple-green and white, seem so much like a rosebud all dewy above its leaves! More acutely aware than ever was Fros-

sie, now, of her wrinkled crash outing-dress, her dust-powdered shoes, her damp forehead, her tumbling curls. But even if he had caught her dressed for the evening, she would n't have looked like them.

At last the tea-cups stood empty, and he was taking his leave. "You must come again," Aglaia said. With a gentle, wistful look she put out her hand in a movement that changed for the better the pose of her willowy form. Thallie's smile expressed an unconscious, yet even sweeter, allurements. He turned to Euphrosyne. She decided bitterly that her sisters had been seductive enough for all three.

"Good afternoon."

A painful modesty kept her from extending her hand. Indeed, throughout his call those words of farewell were the only ones she had uttered!

He walked to the gate, turned round, bowed again, departed. Aglaia remarked:

"I must say, Frossie, you might have been more polite!"

"If I did n't gush enough, you surely made up for it."

"Children!"

"One moment, Dad. Let me tell you something, Frossie. Because you imagine he tried to flirt with you once in the street, you need n't have given him a frost when he was our guest. Be as prim as you want by yourself, but don't interfere again with our social chances. I understand these cavalry officers know the best people in town. Who is he, anyhow?"

"His mother," said Frossie, "is a marchioness. You might even yet call him back and give him a flower for his button-hole!"

"Soldiers don't have buttonholes, my dear," drawled Aglaia, calmly.

"Too bad! Sticking flowers in button-holes is one of the best things you do."

Leaving the rest aghast, she took herself off to her room.

She went straight to the looking-glass. Her hair had never seemed so flagrantly red. The strong sunshine of Florence had brought back all her freckles. The pince-nez clips had cut deep marks in each

side of her nose, and she believed that the constant use of glasses had made her eyes smaller. If only she were better-looking,—not beautiful,—just comely enough to be sure! If only she knew how to smile on young men like Aglaia, or else, at least, escape her unfortunate awkwardness! Her sister was right: she had given him an impression of disapproval. And now he would never come back, never know her as she had meant to be!

That night more than once Thalia heard Frossie rise from her bed to sit by the window. Was this restlessness due only to the throes of literary production? Or could it be that steady, sensible Frossie was falling in love? Thallie knew that a sign of love was to lose one's sleep. Of late she had lost so much sleep herself!

In fact, Thallie had also lost weight. Her coloring was less brilliant, and under her sky-blue eyes were drawn two tiny violet streaks. Nowadays she was listless, too, and often fretful. Her appetite had failed. When Federico brought round the *risotto*, the *spaghetti*, the *zuppa Inglese* she made an involuntary gesture of disgust.

Mr. Goodchild believed it was the heat. He awaited anxiously the thunderstorms, already overdue, on which the Florentines depended for relief in August. Meanwhile it might be well for Thallie to interrupt her painting till the autumn? He knew from experience how high a toll was demanded of vitality by "creative effort"! But Thallie cried:

"If I did n't have something to occupy my mind, I should go crazy in this place!"

She found a bitter satisfaction in suggesting that the others were to blame for her distress, that life in Florence was a martyrdom for her. Yet when Aurelius, in desperation, asked her where she would rather be, Thalia could not say. To her eyes all prospects appeared desolate, without the promise of one thrill of joy. Even Paris had ceased to be desirable; for of course the young man of the boat-deck was no longer there.

Or else, tossing on her hot bed, she

would mutter: "No more nonsense! I have my work to do, my name to make. Is n't it enough that I 'm going to be another Rosa Bonheur?" But it was not enough that she was going to be another Rosa Bonheur.

Besides, if that hope should crumble, too! At such apprehensions, so plausible in the deep silence of the night, her brow became cold and moist. All at once she saw her canvases with a stranger's eye: their errors expanded to efface their merits; in mocking contrast there closed round them the masterpieces of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palaces, noble falls of drapery, gestures of an inspired grace, torsos that swelled with life, heads that mirrored living souls. Contemplating in memory the flesh of Titian's "Flora," the eyes of Rubens's wife, the hands of the clavichord-player attributed to Giorgione, she moaned, "I still know nothing, nothing, nothing!" And time was fleeting, and already she was nearly twenty-one!

Still, at nine o'clock every morning, she entered the studio of M. Alphonse Zolande, which had taken on the melancholy of a place where one has known only disappointment.

The painting-master had got his varnished boots resoled. He wore a new coat of purple velveteen already highly scented with Virginia cigarettes and chypre. His gray mustaches somehow looked less elderly these days. One morning, after staring for a moment, Thallie realized that he had shaved off his imperial. For the summer months, no doubt?

She had learned enough French to understand most of what he said, and even to reply. He, praising her accent, made her repeat a sentence. His eyes, small and sharp, surrounded by yellowish sclerotics, were focused on her young lips, ripe, vivid, moving with exquisite self-consciousness as she pronounced those unaccustomed sounds. "Brava!" he cried, and sprang up with a strained, gay look. But while he paced the floor, with neck bent, wriggling his fingers, his leathery, jaundiced visage was gradually distorted by a supreme dejection. When at last he re-

turned to her easel, M. Zolande declared in tones unnaturally harsh:

"Mademoiselle, how many times must I tell you the supreme test of paint is a luminosity extending even to the shadows! Regard Bronzino! His flesh-tones are so because he made first a clean white under-painting, with very little oil. In Andrea del Sarto's portraits the shadows are painted light, on cool *grisaille*; the successive glazes give them depth, together with transparency. But when I say luminosity I do not mean these shiny whites, so easy to slop on, which remind me of that animal of a Bouguereau! Did the golden age of Titian stoop to them? No, Mademoiselle! Only moderns—these lazy, ignorant confectioners! True art has no subterfuges, no evasions, no labor-saving tricks. True art does always the large thing, the thing vastly difficult, that appears to those who do not know so simple!"

He brandished his fist; his wiry figure became tense and vibrant; he looked upward, as if glimpsing for an instant a fair mirage not seen since youth; his crackling voice resounded through the bare studio like a conjuration. The model followed his gesture with the dull gaze of a hypnotist's subject. But Thallie could not respond to-day even to that cry. She began to have a sense of unreality, as if all this were extraordinary, mad, and futile, like a dream. Bronzino, Andrea del Sarto, Titian! Why did people work so hard to imitate them? Why was she here, taking lessons from an eccentric "old man of fifty," to whom no other pupils ever came? Why did she want to learn painting, anyway—to spend her life daubing colors on a piece of cloth for folks to stare at? A knock rattled the door. M. Zolande was called into the corridor.

The visitor, a man whose face Thallie never saw, came often, like that, for a moment's conversation. On the landing he and the painting-teacher wrangled in French and in Italian. At times the latter's voice rose indignantly. One heard, "What, the same for a Correggio? But the panel alone costs fifty francs!" Or:

"Six weeks for everything! Are you asking me to ruin my reputation?" And from the unknown, suavely, but with a quiver of spite, "In Florence, you know, I might even find some one else!" Thallie wondered where she had heard a voice like that.

In the afternoon, since the chatter of the 'others now increased her irritation, Thallie went out alone. Many beautiful objects and perspectives she passed without a glance while on those solitary walks; for emotions filled her deeper than any satisfaction from esthetic things—the ecstasy of sentimental misery. "Why can I not forget him?" she asked herself, while knowing in her soul that such oblivion could not repay her for the pleasure of these pangs. Indeed, she nursed his memory in her heart as a priestess might nurse the fire in a sanctuary, because, at each recollection that she was in love, there returned to her a feeling wonderfully sweet, for all its bitterness, of melancholy pride. "I shall never again be the little girl I was!" And something of the majesty of great historic passions, of famous amorous heroines, raised her above the passers-by.

In Via Tornabuoni, toward five o'clock, the sidewalks filled, the tea-rooms began to buzz, the fashionable hour struck. One day as Thallie was passing through this crowd, a figure appeared on the step of a tobacconist's shop. Her heart gave a dreadful leap. He—the young man of the boat-deck!

There he stood, in light flannels, smart, debonair, superior, watching the Florentines as who should say: "They amuse me, these people. Everything amuses me. The world was made expressly for my amusement." He was happy. He had not suffered. He had even forgotten her existence; for when he caught sight of her, his was the stare of a stranger.

But his brows contracted. And now, without evincing half enough surprise, he was approaching, hat in hand, his blond hair glinting in the sunlight. Once more, at last, she saw that instinctive smile of his, half mocking and half tender; once

more she heard the pleasant, clipping speech that had sounded through so many dreams:

"Fancy meeting you down here in all this heat!"

She echoed mechanically:

"Fancy meeting you down here!"

She had a touch of vertigo.

"I say, how pale you are!"

"The sun," she uttered.

"You don't feel like fainting?"

"I don't know."

She thought, "Is that what's happening to me?" and immediately everything whirled round. Then she found that she was walking quickly, that his hand clasped her arm, that he was saying: "Buck up! Get hold of yourself! Here we are!" Gloom surrounded her. She sank into a chair. Dark faces, golden-brown with olive shadows, appeared behind tables covered with white linen; women's hats were bending over counters laden with pastry; a boyish waiter, with the profile of a Ganymede, gracefully inclined his ear. They were in Giacinta's tea-room. A cup of tea stood before her.

"Drink it now."

Submissively Thallie gulped the scalding tea. It burned her all the way down, and she found that pain delicious.

"Now, then, sit still and don't think."

A long silence. He lighted a cigarette.

"Smoke bother you?"

She shook her head.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"That was a near thing, what? Your people must be a bit batty to have you here in this weather."

"I'm all right now," she faltered.

"I should n't have known where to take you."

She was able to smile faintly while replying:

"In case I have a relapse, I live at the Pension Schwandorf."

"I won't forget that."

"As you did once."

For a second he seemed as much startled by that exclamation as she. Then, simulating penitence, he protested:

"I know; but listen to my excuse."

And he invented rapidly a complicated tale of good intentions and disappointments.

The friends with whom he was traveling had dragged him straightway down into the *château* country. On returning to Paris, he had started three times—no, four—toward her hotel. But some one had always crossed his path, and when he was free the hour had passed for calling. "Besides," he added, at a flash of inspiration, "I don't yet know your name!"

"Nor I yours."

"Reginald Dux."

She missed his uncontrollable tone of satisfaction—the accent with which conspicuous persons, still bound to vanity, identify themselves. She did not know that in his world "Reginald Dux" was synonymous with wealth, social prominence, eligibility. Nevertheless, those syllables descended, one by one, deep into her breast, like priceless jewels into a coffer that would hold them for evermore. When she pronounced her own name in return, it seemed that she gave him something of herself: she felt a thrill, as though this mutual revelation were a subtle consummation of her hopes.

Looking down, she ventured:

"You 're still with those friends of yours?"

He and Hector Ghillamoor had come down for an aviation meet at Rome, scheduled for the morrow. Setting out on the spur of the moment, they had paid for their impulse with innumerable discomforts. He related whimsically the story of their journey. "So far as miraculous survivals go, the three chaps in the fiery furnace had nothing on Ghillamoor and me!" Mrs. Ghillamoor and her daughter had done well to stay in France.

The black-haired lady had been abandoned! Thalia raised her head, glanced in the mirror on the wall, and saw herself aglow.

She had on a little straw bonnet, garnished with blossoms, the shadows of which still further softened the contours of her cheeks. Bright ringlets, curled

tight by the heat, lay close to her temples, just where her peach-like flush grew vague. Her large eyes were bathed in the liquid radiance of supreme occasions; her full lips, that still suggested childhood, were parted in a ravishing curve; her lace collar, falling open at the neck, revealed the milk-white throat, ringed with its double rimple, so smooth, so fragrant of her youth, its tissues pulsating from the beating of her heart. He gazed at her with the attention of a precocious connoisseur of beauty. He displayed the look that he had shown for a moment on the boat-deck. Leaning his elbows on the table, he inquired:

"How long are you staying in Florence?"

"We 're living here. I 'm studying my painting."

"That 's so. You were going to be an artist, and paint my portrait."

"You remembered that!"

"But I remember everything," he responded warmly, leaning nearer. She stirred as a rose stirs in all its petals at the voice of Hesperus.

Then, looking up quickly, at a subconscious twinge of guilt, she saw Lieutenant Olivuzzi, strolling with two brother-officers past the table. The Italian bowed deeply, gravely, as it were reprovingly. Drawing back quickly, she caught up her gloves.

"I ought to go!"

On the sidewalk Reginald Dux demanded:

"A friend of yours?"

"A friend of my sisters. These Italians," she stammered, "don't understand American ideas. Now he 'll think I 'm very queer."

His face cleared.

"Silly asses!"

"Are n't they? As if—"

All too conveniently an empty cab drove up beside her; and just because it was there, she blundered into it. She was shocked when he took off his hat to say good-by. But he was drinking in her pure young loveliness, in the sunshine more wonderful than in the shadowy tea-

room or on the starlit boat-deck. He came closer. He rested his hand on the cushions beside her arm.

"Will you be here when I come back this way from Rome? It's *au revoir*, then?"

"Au revoir."

Her voice was of a bird-like liquidity, all ready to break.

As she was borne swiftly homeward, she saw at last how beautiful, how dear a place this Florence was.

(To be continued)



To the Child of a Revolutionist

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

CHILD, you were born with fighting in your blood,
Your first breath was a struggle, sharp and swift;
Yet from the tumult and the darkening flood,
Child, you must lift.

Splendid it is to hurl against the strong
Bulwarks of ignorance, a stronger stuff;
Splendid to challenge prejudice and wrong—
But not enough.

Yea, when your angry faith defeats the foe,
And, when the last, deep, thundering growl is stilled,
With the same arms that stabbed and brought them low,
Child, you must build!

Yet you shall hear the soundless bugles call;
And there shall be fresh wars and no release.
And you shall fight the hardest fight of all—
Even in peace.

There shall be little rest and great delight;
And, struggling still, your banner shall ascend,
Battling for Beauty—that exalted fight
Which has no end.





The Fruit of the Tree

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrations by George Wright

ALL along the river road folks called Esau Unger meaner than quack-grass and twice as aggravating. Quack-grass just hogged the goodness out of the land and said nothing, but when Unger took what lay to his hand, he made a noise about it, brazenly, and a jest of the victim. Unger knew the things that were said about him, and cared not. They were never said to his bristling beard, both because of his ruthless strength and his power in money, and it gave him covert satisfaction that men did not dare to speak their minds.

On the morning before Christmas, Unger sat by the stove in his comfortable kitchen and worked a new pair of laces into the high rubber shoes that went on over his thick leggings of felt. It was just after breakfast, and Martha Unger, worked lean and somewhat submissive by twenty years of Esau, moved from table to kitchen sink, clearing away the dishes. Esau knew, although she had not spoken, that there was something in her mind seeking for words. He was ready to put a stop to it, for, to his thinking, almost anything that his wife might suggest would be foolishness.

"I'm going to chop on the spur of the mountain to-day," he said after a time. "You might as well put me up some lunch; it's a waste of time to come back for a warm dinner."

"Yes, Esau."

Martha spoke in her most conciliating

tones as she turned hurriedly from the dishes and began to prepare the lunch. Esau gave barely enough thought to her to realize that she was on the point of broaching some unwelcome subject. Working in a stiff new pair of leather laces was an important matter.

"To-morrow's Christmas." Her voice was a trifle strained.

"Uh-huh."

"The church folks in the village is planning to do quite a little this year."

"Then the fools ain't all dead yet." He spoke calmly, but with the strength of a conviction that had been his until it had become part of his life.

"The women are a-going to try and give a Christmas-tree to each one of the famblies around here that can't afford it." She hurried her words a little. "Some is going to furnish one thing, and some another."

"Encouraging shiftlessness," commented Esau as he stamped his feet into the rubber shoes.

"I thought mebbe I might be able to give a tree." She turned and faced him, unconsciously twisting up a bit of apron in her work-hardened fingers. "One of that little clump of young spruces up in the back pasture would do first class. They ain't good for nothing else."

Esau grunted and stood up. Despite his contempt for Martha's notions, these rare scenes were unpleasant to him. They made him feel as though his wife thought

he was not a good provider. He knew that he was. Martha never wanted for the best food and the warmest clothes.

"I need all them trees to make sled-stakes out of," he said shortly.

Martha's lip quivered. It irritated him that it should be necessary to say anything more about the matter, but he waited for her to speak.

"It does seem as though you might spare one, Esau. I was figuring on fixing mine up for Nahum Phinney's family. His wife ain't well, and they 's six young uns, and I don't believe they 've got more 'n enough to eat, if they have that much."

"That good-for-nothing little runt!" Esau snorted out the words. "I had n't ought to of rented him fifty acres last fall. The first quarter of rent is due to-day, but he won't never be able to pay it; and if he don't—"

Esau paused abruptly as he put on his Mackinaw jacket, and took the lunch-pail from his wife. He feared she would guess what he had left unsaid, and his fear was justified.

"It would n't seem jest Christian to turn him out of his house in this kind of weather, Esau," she protested.

Martha had struck on the two subjects just then most powerful to stir Esau to wrath, Christian and Nahum Phinney. He turned, with his hand on the door-knob, and glared down from his six feet three of self-sufficient strength.

"Christian!" he grunted. "Tomfoolery! Your Christianity is like spoon victuals—mushy and soft for them that 's too old or too young to eat reg'lar. It ain't for men and women; not if they 've got any sense. Christmas and Christian and Nahum Phinney go together."

"That don't make no difference." Martha had flared up at last. "The Phinneys is human critters, jest like we be."

"Human nuisances!"

He swung out of the house, his cap brushing the top of the doorway. He was too big to be deeply angry with a woman, but he was deeply disgusted. Every year at Christmas Martha was

taken with notions more or less like this. He honestly tried to make allowance for her, and that was more than he did for any other living thing.

Unger stopped at the woodshed and picked up an ax, curling two fingers around the very tip of the helve. Then he raised his arm slowly and held the ax out straight. There were few men in the township who could do that. Suddenly he lowered the ax, and turned at the sound of footsteps crunching over the hard snow. He was a little abashed that any one should have caught him at his prideful display of strength, but when he saw the peaked face and stooping shoulders of Nahum Phinney his embarrassment turned to anger.

Phinney came up and stood before him for all the world like a scared rabbit, Unger thought. He looked scornfully down at the smaller man, who was plainly suffering from the intense cold despite many wrappings of patched clothes. Phinney dispensed with the customary greetings and remarks about the weather.

"I come over to see about my rent, Mr. Unger," he said nervously. "I sold my hay all right enough, but they ain't come for it on account of the deep snow. Mebbe next week they can draw it, and then I 'll have a check that 's jest as good as cash money. I 'll turn it right over to you, and I can cut wood enough to pay the rest inside of a month, certain sure."

Although he had no leaning toward mercy, Esau Unger reflected a moment before replying, for Mrs. Unger and Phinney together had stirred him to thought on a matter that ordinarily he would have settled mechanically. The world was full of Nahum Phinneys, never more than holding their own and often needing help. They were a drag on the strong.

"The rent is due to-day," said Unger. "If you can't pay it, you 'd better pack up and move to-morrow, like a man, instead of whining about it."

"But to-morrow 's Christmas!" Phinney's eyes widened with growing apprehension.

"It 's the twenty-fifth of December," corrected Unger, grimly.

Phinney swallowed two or three times and fumbled his hands together before he went on.

"Little Emmy, one of my young uns, is sick," he said, rather dragging the words. "She was getting kind of worse when I left home, and it don't seem like it would be right for to make us get out and move with a sick young un, specially on Christmas."

It was the reiteration of Christmas that further hardened Unger. Otherwise he might have yielded a few days in order to be rid of the matter and to get to work.

"I did n't make the young un sick, did I?" He threw the ax over his shoulder preparatory to moving away. "'T ain't my fault you ain't more forehanded, is it?"

Phinney made Unger think more and more of a rabbit. Now, as he struggled with some inward difficulty, he looked like a rabbit that had just been shot.

"Won't you please—"

"No!"

If Phinney had stood up and defied Esau Unger, the little man would have been physically safe, and he might possibly have won his case. It was not in Unger's code to strike a man smaller than himself, and he liked grit. But this weakness made his very stomach turn.

"Why did n't you look ahead?" he demanded. "A feller that 's renting a farm is a naturally shiftless cuss, or he would n't be renting; he 'd own a place. Why be I well fixed? Because I pay every dollar the day it 's due. And I calc'late to make other folks do the same. I ain't asking no favors, and I ain't giving none. Them 's my principles."

He wheeled sharply, and walked away without once looking back. His Mackinaw jacket was flapping open, and he drew deep breaths of the air. To him the clear cold was a stimulant, and he wanted to breathe out the feeling that Christianity and Christmas and Nahum Phinney had raised in him. He plowed upward through the snow that covered his fat

acres to the foot of Old Roundtop, rising in somber grays and greens against the winter sky. Between him and the mountain there was understanding.

Unger halted at the base of one of the steep sides of the spur, covered with sturdy second- and third-growth timber. He was chopping primarily for fire-wood, but he planned to cut the ground over clean, selling the larger and better-grown trunks for lumber. In a moment his jacket and mittens were off. Then bracing himself at the foot of a young maple, he swung the ax in a long arc, with all the power of his taut muscles, and sent its blade deep into the body of the tree. The ax-head bit in almost to the helve. Two skilful jerks tore it loose, and again it came glittering down. This time thick chips flew, and a clean, wedge-shaped cut appeared. A day's work was well begun.

A few minutes later the maple tottered, and Unger stood aside as it went crashing down through the undergrowth. Dripping with sweat, but breathing evenly, he took no rest. He worked up the slope, chopping out underbrush when he had to, and sending tree after tree swaying mightily downward to await either the chains of the log-team or the process of working up into four-foot lengths. Esau Unger was like a perfect machine, operating with a magnificent ease of which he was unaware.

Well up the side of the spur there was an oak of considerable size, forking out in two branches not far from the base. The axman set himself to it with a certain zest in the conquering of its thickness, but it was some time before he stood proudly back and looked at a deep notch scarring into the heart of the tree on the downhill side. On the upper side there was another and smaller notch, with its apex higher in the trunk. A few more well-placed blows, struck with a good arm, would bring the tree down.

Unger took a fresh grip and swung his ax. The first blow sent a quiver throughout the length of the oak. At the second there was an ominous snap, then a chorus of little cracking noises. For the third



“‘Christian!’ he grunted. ‘Tomfoolery!’”

time he drove his steel downward. Then came a mighty rending of wood, and Unger, snapping the ax free, looked upward.

He saw death coming down upon him. He had chopped accurately enough to fell the tree straight down the slope, but one of the great branches had caught in the top of a smaller tree and swung the oak out of its course just as it tottered over. Unger sprang backward, and might have saved himself had it not been for the stump of a little bush no bigger than a man's finger that he had lopped off not half an hour before. His foot caught; he tripped and fell, and rolled over, with the roar of the falling tree like an avalanche of sound against his ears. As the man's muscles tensed for a desperate spring, it seemed that the heavens and earth thundered together. The breath went out of his body in one gasp.

Esau Unger, face downward in the snow, tried to rise, and could not. On his back and loins there was a weight that mocked him. He twisted and wriggled, digging his bare hands into the snow, until he could turn his head and glance upward. The rough trunk of the oak loomed above; a little hollow in the ground had saved Unger's life. His body lay wedged into this depression by a weight that, given a few more inches to fall, would have crushed flesh and bones to pulp. He could move his legs and arms, but otherwise he was held powerless, save that by great expense of strength he was able to lift his head and shoulders a little way.

Unger was not hurt so far as he could tell, but at the end of a few seconds his feeling of relief passed. It was no small matter to be pinned down by a tree. His hands grew cold, and it was only after considerable exertion that he drew them together and washed his stiffening fingers in snow. A sudden chill went through him, and he remembered that a flannel shirt and an undershirt were all his protection against a temperature well below zero. The heat of exercise had passed, and sweat was congealing in his hair. Already there was a mound of ice along

his beard. Grudgingly he admitted to himself that it was necessary to call for help, only to realize, with cold striking into his heart, that there was no one to hear.

The nearest house was Esau Unger's own, down on the river road, and beyond that lay the house that Phinney rented. The strongest voice could not reach to either of them from the mountain-side. He had told Martha not to expect him for mid-day dinner. At best a searching-party could not be expected until well into the evening, and Unger knew that he would be frozen long before nightfall. He was no coward, but at the thought of death creeping slowly upon his helplessness, he raised his voice and bellowed a call for help that went echoing away from the granite cliffs of Old Roundtop. Again and again he shouted, and the echoes drifted back in feeble cries.

Unger was now beset by panic, and after a little time he ceased to call out and began to struggle, for if there was any chance of getting free, it behooved him to find it before his strength waned. Long since sensation had left his feet, and now his fingers were growing numb. He raised himself, turtle-wise, and pulled and jerked at his cumbered body. The muscles knotted across his shoulders, and he strained until faintness touched him, but it was all without result. He dropped back and lay panting, with his face against the snow.

That desperate effort for freedom had taught the imprisoned man one thing: he could keep alive as long as he had strength to struggle, for the exercise had stirred his blood again. So he began to twist and squirm, and in that way worked up a little glow of heat. It seemed to him that he had been rolling his head and working his arms for indefinite years when a dead branch cracked. Unger braced himself to the difficult task of lifting his head. Twenty feet away, Nahum Phinney was standing on snow-shoes, watching his writhings.

For a brief time the men looked at each other in silence. At first Unger was



“I ain’t asking no favors, and I ain’t giving none. Them’s my principles.”

in a measure stunned by the shock of sudden deliverance, and then his heart misgave him that perhaps this was not deliverance, after all, for Phinney did not speak or stir. He stood and looked. Something of disinterestedness in his air chilled the man on the ground more than the cold. But although Unger was shaken, he was not afraid, and a part of his old contempt for Phinney returned.

"Get me out, man!" he ordered. "I'm almost froze'. Can't you see what's happened?"

Nahum Phinney did not move. He continued to look down at Unger with expressionless eyes.

"Little Emmy's purty sick, and I'm hurrying 'cross lots to the village after the doctor," he explained. "Don't believe I got time to get you out, Mr. Unger. It would take quite a spell."

Esau Unger gasped with astonishment. He had never besought help of any man before; but never before had he been unable to help himself. For a moment he hardly knew what to say.

"You ain't going to leave me here?" he asked. "I'll die!"

"You knowed the tree was going to fall, did n't you?" Phinney looked almost accusing.

"Course I did," growled Unger. "It twisted round, and then I stumbled over a cussed root."

"It ain't my fault you wa'n't more foresighted, is it? I did n't put the root there, did I?"

Suddenly Esau Unger realized that he was being mocked with words out of his own mouth, and by a little man whom he had mentally compared to a rabbit. He was not as angry as he might have been, for cold and dread had worn him down. Then, too, there was amazement at the failure of his own self-sufficiency. So it was not hard to speak calmly.

"You ain't mad about this morning, be you?" He made an attempt to laugh. "Well, the joke's on me all right. You get me out of here, and you can have all the time you want; say two or three months, if you got to have it."

He expected that this would settle the matter.

"Much obliged, Mr. Unger, but I don't want no time," the little man's voice droned monotonously. "I see Peter Sayre after I left you, and I'm figuring to move on to his place to-morrow—Christmas. I ain't asking no favors, and I ain't giving none."

Phinney stooped and carefully tied the thong that bound one of his snow-shoes. Unger struggled with a growing belief that the other intended to leave him to die. He would have to beg, but it was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Phinney," he began, "I—I'm kind of sorry about this morning. Mebbe I ought to of been easy on you. Tell you what I'll do: I'll give you a hundred dollars, cash money, to get this tree off me."

Then Nahum Phinney straightened up and increased in stature until he was no longer like a rabbit. With blazing eyes he pointed one mittened hand at Unger.

"You ain't fit to live," he thundered. "You ain't so good as that tree you jest cut down. A tree don't go ag'in' its kind, like you do. What's God or Christmas or kindness to you? You was going to turn my sick baby outdoors like I would n't turn a sick dog out. It's wuth more to get the doctor quick for my little Emmy than it is to help a feller such as you be. God Almighty ain't got no use for critters that turns sick babies into the snow. Nor I ain't. Freeze, damn ye!"

Phinney turned, and started off with swinging strides. Unger, dazed and sickened and despairing, listened as the flap of the snow-shoes grew fainter and finally died away. He was doomed. A groan of impotence and self-pity shook him. Then the meaning of all that Nahum Phinney had said began to take shape in his mind until it stood out as sharp and clear as the snow crystals before his eyes. For the first time in his life he wondered if God and such things did make a difference. He tried to summon back his old resolution, but it failed him utterly, and he let his face fall into the snow. He was alone with death.

Unger did not know whether minutes



“‘You ain’t going to leave me here?’ he asked. ‘I’ll die!’”

or hours were passing, but he lay quiet, and waited for the end that he could feel descending upon him. He was too weak to struggle now. He did not blame Phinney much. His greatest concern was for Martha, his wife, and that concern took hold upon trivial things. It must have hurt her when he compared Christianity to “spoon victuals,” for that was the most contemptuous comparison he knew how to make. There were other things, also; and so full was his mind that when the flap of snow-shoes first came to his ears he doubted that the sound was real. Then his head was lifted, and the voice of Nahum Phinney spoke in its accustomed tones.

“I’m awful sorry, Mr. Unger,” it said. “I did n’t understand jest what I

was a-doing, going off and leaving a human being like that. It was an awful’ mean thing to do, and I hope you won’t lay it up ag’in’ me. It wa’n’t Christian, nohow.”

Esau Unger said not a word as Phinney spread a coat beneath his head. The pinioned man was trembling from cold and exhaustion, but these were not what kept him silent. He was thinking with a kind of awe of the thing that had brought Phinney back to the aid of an enemy when his child lay ill. This thing would have been foolishness to him a few hours before, but now it began to take hold upon his feelings and slowly upon his understanding.

“It ain’t nigh so bad as I figured, Mr. Unger,” announced Phinney, cheerfully,

as he pulled off his mittens and picked up the ax. "You jest keep your courage up, and I'll have you out in two shakes of a lamb's tail. You was hit by one of them two big limbs, but it's a mercy you wa'n't killed, jest the same. Guess I can cut a pole and pry it up all right. Ain't no bones broke', be they?"

"No," answered Unger. Phinney's patter of encouragement was wonderfully grateful to him, and he marveled at his own thoughts. Christmas and Christianity and Nahum Phinney went together, he had said to his wife that morning. Now he remembered the words with astonishment at their new meaning. He heard the chug of the ax with a warmth in his heart for the despised little man.

Talking and working with equal rapidity, Phinney, now freed from his snow-shoes, kicked the snow away from the limb between Unger and the fork. Then he put down a part of a thick branch that he had cut, and over it worked the end of a strong pole until that end was well under the limb that held Unger imprisoned. The pole acted as a perfect lever.

"If I was as big and strong as you be, I'd jest take one hand to this and pull you out with the other," chattered the rescuer; "but I ain't, nowhere near. S'pose you can crawl out when I pry on the limb, Mr. Unger?"

"Yes," replied Esau Unger, and shut his teeth with the grim realization that he must drag himself out or most likely perish. Phinney threw his small weight and strength on the end of the lever, the limb yielded and moved upward ever so little, and Unger, digging his clumps of hands into the snow, prayed for the first time in all his life for that which he had believed was inalienably his—strength. His great arm and breast muscles contracted. Slowly his body moved, while the little man at the end of the pole bore down, panted, and clawed for a foothold in the snow. Unger drew himself up to his hands and knees only to fall again. But he was free.

It was minutes before Esau Unger could stand upright, and half an hour be-

fore he could walk without an arm flung over the shoulder of Nahum Phinney, who had gossiped cheerfully as he kneaded life into the legs and arms of the man he had saved.

"You better change all your clothes jest as quick as you get home, Mr. Unger," he advised, "and soak your feet in mustard water to-night. If it wa'n't for little Emmy, I'd go clear home with you. I'd jest as lief go, anyway, if you want me."

"You hustle right along after that doctor!" ordered Unger, with a touch of his old manner.

"Well, I guess mebbe I'd better," replied Phinney.

He hurriedly bound on his snow-shoes and started up the slope of the spur.

"Much obliged, Nahum!" Unger called out. "Almighty much obliged!"

Phinney turned, and waved his hand, and there was something shining in his face that the other man had not seen there before.

Unger tightened the belt of his jacket and went down toward the valley that he had thought he would never see again. The chill was rapidly going from him, and his blood warmed. He drew deep, grateful breaths as he climbed the fence into the back pasture. There at hand stood the clump of small spruces one of which Martha had wanted to make a Christmas-tree for Nahum Phinney's children.

Esau struck off a tree with a blow, and went on toward home with the green limbs dragging behind him in the snow. Sight of the kitchen door was pleasant, and he remembered that Martha had wanted to have it painted the fall before. He felt sorry that he had not let her buy the paint, and as he made ready to go into the kitchen, he carefully kicked the snow from his feet. The little hardnesses of his soul were melting.

Martha Unger had just finished baking, and Esau glimpsed many brown loaves and fat pies on the broad pantry shelf. His wife turned from the stove and gazed at him.

"What's happened?" she cried. "What

brought you home at this time of day, and all over dirt?"

"Nothing much," he answered awkwardly. "I brought down that Christmas-tree you wanted for the Phinney young uns."

"Good Land of Goshen!" The pie-knife slipped out of her hand and clattered to the floor.

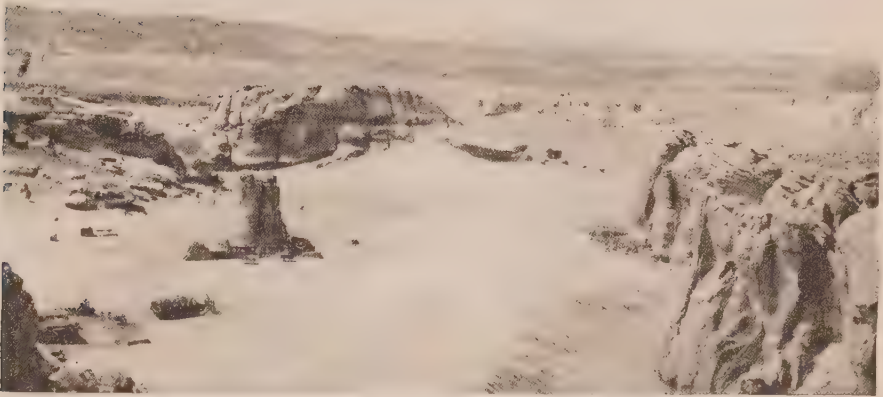
"Jest as quick as I change my clothes," he went on doggedly, "I want you to pack up some pies and truck and go over to Nahum Phinney's with me. Might take

along a hunk of beef, too. One of the little gals ain't very well, and Nahum 's gone for the doctor."

It was plain that Martha Unger's world was trembling. She sat down limply in a chair.

"Esau Unger, you 're sick!" she cried. "You better go right straight to bed!"

"I ain't sick, neither." Esau bristled, but he avoided his wife's eyes. "Ain't a man got a right to help his neighbors, I 'd like to know? Ain't they human critters jest like us?"



New Mexico

By FLORENCE POYAS JOHNSTON

HERE the great waters of the deep have gone.
 These rocks and sands lie 'neath the desert glare,
 Like some fresh sea-beach gleaming clean and bare
 From quiet, warm salt tides that ebb at dawn.
 The mountains, as if taking breath full-drawn
 And deep, fling high their hoary heads for air,
 A striving learned through ocean eons, where
 In twilight depths sea-monsters move and spawn.
 Now dun-gray mesas, valleys, mile on mile
 Sweep out to far horizons; and the sky
 Bends down, enfolds them with the brooding smile
 That once it gave the sea. The homeless cry
 Of sea-born winds, lost on these sands, the while
 Makes silence deeper, moaning ceaselessly.



The Only Child

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," etc.

FOURTEEN years ago a boy was born of prosperous New York parents. His arrival was exceptionally welcome, for his father and mother had been living in dread that theirs would prove a childless marriage. They had fervently promised themselves that if their fondest hope was realized and a child granted to them, nothing that loving devotion could accomplish would be left undone to secure for the little one the best possible start in life. As a first step in the fulfilment of this promise they decided, soon after their son's birth, to remove from New York to an "exclusive" residential suburb, where fresh air abounded, and where the adverse environmental influence of the crowded city streets was utterly unknown.

Seemingly no decision could have been wiser; seemingly no child could have been brought up amid more favorable surroundings than their boy enjoyed in the splendid home they provided for him on a beautiful slope crested with pines. Yet, despite all the love lavished on him, despite the prodigious efforts to shield him from unfavorable influences, he did not thrive.

Before he was seven he displayed "nervous" symptoms that threw his parents into a panic. He suffered from "night terrors," he became excitable and irritable. The eminent physician to whom he was promptly taken made the flattering diagnosis that the only trouble with the

boy was an unusually sensitive nervous organization; prescribed sedatives, advised outdoor exercise, warned against overstudy, and so forth. Unhappily, he did not also emphasize the necessity for simplification of the child's environment as a preventive of nerve strain. Nor did he dwell on the supreme importance, to physical no less than to moral welfare, of sedulously cultivating in the little fellow the virtues of courage, self-control, and self-denial. Perhaps he did not think it needful to speak of these things to such evidently well-bred and well-intentioned parents; perhaps he did not think of these things at all.

In any event, while acting on his advice as to stimulating animal activity and retarding brain function, the father and mother continued to minister to their son's every whim, and eternally busied themselves devising amusements and distractions for him. In time the "night terrors" were no longer in evidence; but the excitability and irritability persisted, and presently other unpleasant traits appeared, notably a tendency to conceit and selfishness. Naturally this did not make the poor youngster any too popular among the few playmates with whom his parents allowed him to associate, and naturally the parents blamed the playmates for not appreciating the "sensitiveness" of his disposition. Thus matters continued until his twelfth year, when his father suddenly

awakened to the fact that intellectually the naughty playmates were considerably ahead of the good little boy. For the first time common sense scored a distinct triumph over excessive parental love; the governess who had been unable to handle her self-willed pupil was dismissed, and the boy was sent to school.

There he has been painfully gaining the discipline—the lessons in self-mastery—that should have been given him in the nursery. Lately he has profited much by reason of business interests that took his parents to Europe for many months, and put him more completely under the control of the school authorities. But he still is lamentably arrogant and selfish; he still finds it difficult to get along with other boys. Whether his schoolmates will take the trouble to help him overcome the handicap of his early rearing is questionable; and however this may be, it is scarcely likely that the character defects unnecessarily acquired during his childhood will be wholly rooted out.

Now, this boy's case is by no means exceptional. Rather, it is typical of the plight of most "only children," who, no matter what their advantages of birth, too often reach manhood and womanhood sadly handicapped and markedly inferior to other children. In a vague way, to be sure, parents with only one child have long realized that they are confronted with special problems in child training; but there is abundant proof that in the great majority of instances they signally fail to grasp these problems clearly and work them out satisfactorily.

Every-day observation supports this statement, and it is confirmed by the findings of modern medical, psychological, and sociological investigation. Statistically its most impressive corroboration is forthcoming from the results of a census of "only children" undertaken a few years ago by the psychological department of Clark University in consequence of certain suggestive indications noticed in the responses received to a questionnaire on peculiar and exceptional children.

Of the one thousand children described

in these responses, it was observed that forty-six were specifically mentioned as being "only children," although none of the queries in the questionnaire asked directly or indirectly about such children. The presumption was that a number of the remainder were also of the only child class; but even if such were not the case, the total of forty-six was surprisingly high, since, according to reliable vital statistics, the average progeny of fertile marriages is six, with an only child average of one out of every thirteen fertile marriages; that is, a proportion of one only child to every seventy-eight children, as contrasted with the proportion of one in fewer than every twenty-two of the "peculiar" children described in the questionnaire reports.

Moreover, on dividing these reports into three groups based on the "advantageous," "neutral," and "disadvantageous" character of the peculiarities mentioned, it was found that while considerably less than half of the total number of children fell into the disadvantageous group, two thirds of the "only children" had to be put in it. Naturally this suggested the desirability of a special investigation with reference to the only child, and accordingly a second questionnaire was issued, with queries relating to age, sex, nationality, health, amusements, intellectual ability, moral traits, etc. In this way, from school-teachers and other disinterested observers definite information was obtained as to nearly four hundred "only children"—information which, as finally tabulated and analyzed by the director of the investigation, Mr. E. W. Bohannon, is of great significance to the parents of every only child, and to all interested in individual and racial improvement.

The age average of those whose age was given—nearly three hundred—was twelve years, including about sixty ranging in age from seventeen to thirty-five. About four fifths were of American parentage, while the proportion with regard to sex was, roughly speaking, one third male and two thirds female, a disparity

doubtless attributable in part to the circumstances of the investigation. About one hundred were said not to be in good health, and another hundred to be in outright bad health. In one hundred and thirty-three out of two hundred and fifty-eight cases the temperament was described as "nervous." Precocity was another often-mentioned trait; but on the average the beginning of school-life was from a year and a half to two years later than is usual, and in the performance of school-work the questionnaire responses also revealed a marked inferiority on the part of many "only children."

In their social relations only eighty were reported as "normal," while one hundred and thirty-four out of a total of two hundred and sixty-nine got along badly with other children, usually because they were unwilling, or did not know how, to make concessions, and were stubbornly set on having their own way. Of two hundred and forty-five in attendance at school, more than one hundred were recorded as not being normally interested in active games, sixty-two of these scarcely playing at all.

"If left to their own devices," Mr. Bohannon infers from the reports on the inactive sixty-two, "they are pretty sure to be found in the school-room with their teachers at intermission. A number of the boys prefer to play with the girls at strictly girls' games, such as keeping house with dolls, and generally come to be called girl-boys."

Effeminacy, in fact, is a frequent characteristic of the male only child, and was noted in case after case described in the replies to the questionnaire. Selfishness was set down as the dominant trait in ninety-four "only children" of both sexes, and many others were described as being unusually bad-tempered, vain, naughty, or untruthful.

These depressing findings have since been confirmed by other investigators, some of whom have contributed specially to our knowledge of the state of the only child in adult life. Thus the well-known English psychologist Havelock Ellis,

studying the life-histories of four hundred eminent men and women, found the astonishingly low percentage of 6.9 for only children, indicating unmistakably the persistence of the intellectual inferiority brought out by the Bohannon questionnaire. There would also seem to be no doubt that egotism and social inadaptability characterize the adult only child no less than the immature one.

"In later life," affirms the American neurologist A. A. Brill, who has made a special study of the only child from both a medical and a psychological point of view, "he is extremely conceited, jealous, and envious. He begrudges the happiness of friends and acquaintances, and he is therefore shunned and disliked." Besides which, speaking from wide experience as a practising specialist in New York, Doctor Brill insists that the only child, at any age of life, is peculiarly liable to fall a victim to hysteria, neurasthenia, and other serious functional nervous and mental maladies; and his belief, as I happen to know from their personal statements to me, is shared by other observant neurologists, such as Doctors James J. Putnam and I. H. Coriat of Boston.

This is a point of special interest, for the reason that recent medical research has made it certain that the maladies in question are one and all rooted in faulty habits of thought, usually resultant from errors of training in childhood. Chief among these errors, according to all modern neurologists, is an upbringing which tends to develop excessive occupation with thoughts of self. But this is precisely the kind of upbringing given the majority of "only children." Here again the Bohannon investigation affords impressive evidence. One of the queries included in the questionnaire bore on the treatment accorded the only child when at home, and it is indeed significant that in about seventy-five per cent. of the replies received it was stated that the policy of the parents was one of extreme indulgence.

"Had her own way in everything,"
 "Her parents gratify her every whim,"
 "She is surrounded by adults who indulge

her too much," "Humored," "Petted," "Coddled," are some of the expressions frequently employed to describe the parental treatment. Many of the replies sent to Mr. Bohannon also testify to an over-anxiety with respect to the child's welfare that might easily give rise to undue feelings of self-importance and to an unhealthy habit of introspection. "His mother was always unduly anxious about him when he was out of her sight," "She is thought to be quite delicate, and great care is taken of her; she is kept in a warm room and seldom allowed to go out," "His home treatment has made a baby of him," may fairly be cited as typical statements returned by Mr. Bohannon's respondents.

Is it any wonder that the average only child grows up deficient in initiative and self-reliance? Is it any wonder that, under the stress of some sudden shock, he reacts badly, allowing himself to be overwhelmed by it, even to the extent of becoming a neurasthenic wreck? In short, can it be doubted that the handicap under which he too often has to struggle through life is not a handicap imposed by nature, but is solely of his parents' making?

Sometimes this is all too clearly appreciated in later life by the child himself, and the parental error is bitterly resented; or, if the sense of filial piety be sufficiently strong, is splendidly excused. As in this fragment from an autobiographical statement by an only child:

Of the selfishness of which a frank woman accused me my parents were up to that time quite as unconscious as I. She had asked my mother to drive with her to the home of a friend in a neighboring town, where the two were invited to spend the night. My mother declined, on the ground that I, at that time about nine, could not comb my hair and pin my collar properly for school in the morning; and as we then had no maid, and my father could at best only have buttoned my frock, the objection seemed insurmountable. But the family friend called me by the ugly title of naughty, selfish little girl, and chided mother for al-

lowing me to monopolize her time, contending that she was making me selfish and dependent.

Perhaps she was. But I protest that it could hardly have been otherwise, considering that she had in full measure the world-old desire of mothers to spend themselves for their children, and only one child to spend herself on. It had not occurred to my mother, I am confident, that her habit of ministering to me constantly was pampering; nor had I, in going to her for services that I might easily have learned to perform for myself, made demands in the manner of the arrogant spoiled child.

The compelling power of mother-love and father-love must, of a truth, be recognized in extenuation of the spoiling of the only child. But the fact of the spoiling remains, and the fact also that when the spoiling is achieved, the parental pride and joy will be turned to grief and bitter lamentation. The pity of it is that the only child, simply because he is the only child, ought to grow up healthier, wiser, and more efficient than other children.

For, as psychologists are insisting more and more emphatically, the health, happiness, and efficiency of adult life depend preponderantly on the home influences of early childhood; and, obviously, in a home where the parental attention can be concentrated on a single child, better results should be attained than when the work of training involves a division of the attention among several children. Unfortunately, when it is a question of training an only child, too many parents seem to take it for granted that training is entirely unnecessary, that their child is innately so good that he will develop of his own accord into one of the best of men.

In reality, as modern psychology has made very clear, every child at the outset of his life is much like every other child, a plastic, unmoral little creature, exceedingly impulsive and exceedingly receptive, readily impressed for good or evil by the influences that surround him. Childhood, to repeat a truism hackneyed to psycholo-

gists, but seemingly unappreciated by most people, is preëminently the suggestible period of life. It is then, when the critical faculty still is undeveloped, that whatever ideas are presented to the mind are most surely absorbed by it, to sink into its subconscious depths, and there form the nucleus for whole systems of thought afterward manifesting as habits. Herein lurks the special peril to the only child afflicted with over-loving, over-anxious parents.

Their perpetual solicitation for him, acting as a suggestion of irresistible force, tends to engender in him a mental attitude out of which may afterward spring, according to the subsequent circumstances of his life, a cold, heartless, calculating selfishness, or a morbid self-anxiety perhaps eventuating in all sorts of neurotic symptoms. If, as a boy, he is too closely and constantly associated with his mother, the force of suggestion again, acting through the imitative instinct, may lead to a development of those feminine traits frequently characteristic of male only children, and often involving pathological conditions of dire social as well as individual significance. Further still, by restricting unduly the intercourse of only children with playmates of their own age, as is often done, one of the finest agencies in development through the power of suggestion is left unutilized. There is a world of truth in the lament of the only child from whose autobiography I have already quoted:

All this carefulness kept me uncontaminated by the naughtiness of little street Arabs, but it also limited my opportunity to imitate where imitation is easiest—among those of my own age; it stunted the initiative and inventiveness that might, in normal conditions, have developed in me; and it left me lacking in adaptability. I sometimes disloyally wonder if my chances of being a tolerable citizen might not have been as good if I had been permitted to "run wild," and thus secure for myself the companionship I could not have at home.

Of course association with other children means at least an occasional hard knock, and hard knocks are above all else what the doting mother wishes to avoid for her darling boy. She forgets that they are certain to be experienced soon or late, and that the earlier her boy is fitted to withstand them, the better they will be withstood. She forgets, too, that if the suggestions emanating from playmates are not invariably suggestions for good, they may easily be counteracted, without sacrificing the advantages to be gained from association with playmates, by proper training in the quiet of the home.

Always, let me repeat, it is the home training—the force of parental example and instruction—that counts for most. If the only child turn out well, the credit must go to the parents; if, alas! he turn out badly, if he become a monster of selfishness or a neurotic weakling, the blame must likewise be theirs.





To a Lion

By OLIVER HERFORD

WHY are you called a lion? If I might
 From a safe distance venture to inquire.
 You do not dance, or twang the tuneful lyre;
 Your voice is rough; you cannot even write.
 What boots it that your circus antics trite
 Win clownish praise? What hostess would conspire
 To lure you to her salon? Who 'd desire
 To meet you off the stage? Who would invite
 You to a week-end party? Nevertheless,
 There is a certain something in your air
 Not wholly wanting in impressiveness,
 A sign of pseudo-culture that you share
 With lions of our social zoo—Ah, yes,
 I have it now! Of *course*! It is your hair!

CURRENT COMMENT



The Christmas Curse

NO, you need not be shocked. There is a very distinct curse upon Christmas, and these reformers who are "getting into everything nowadays" have the right of it in the thankless campaign they are waging. They are out to "reform Christmas." How patently absurd! you say. The very idea of Christmas is in itself an idea of spiritual reformation, for the time being at least. Whether Christmas means to us the deepest significance of the Christian religion or merely, as Arnold Bennett puts it, "The Feast of Saint Friend," it means to "me" (with New Year's day that follows it) my yearly spiritual housecleaning, my yearly return to the fundamental humanities in thought and deed, where the magnate and the tramp or the "society leader" can find such very valuable common interests. I was the better for last Christmas, or I *shall* be the better for this Christmas. That is your idea.

But if the Christmas spirit is only a genial sentimental glow, with no actual renovation of heart and mind to reinforce it—certainly, you knew what I was going to say. Well, I *do* give you credit for the best intentions in the world. You want to do something? Why not remove the curse of Christmas?

Ah, we're coming to it now. The time-honored method of expressing the spirit of Christmas is in your giving. So you give. You are generous,—we are all generous,—and you give lavishly, perhaps, at least

with that generous glow permeating you, up to the limit of your means. But it is the way in which you give that is wrong. There lies the curse of Christmas, a very mean little viper tightly coiled in the fragrant center of the rose of generosity. Let me leap from flowery phrases right into the midst of those facts commonly known as "hard and cold." You had better come along. You have come this far.

I know a girl who has been "behind the counter" in a big store during the Christmas "rush." She has written what follows. But she has omitted many things. In the first place, she has been very taciturn about such human weaknesses as backache and black spots before the eyes in the midst of checking and packing at an hour when the benevolent Christmas purchasers are comfortably chatting around the evening lamp after dinner or refreshing themselves with pleasant dreams after a hard day. In the second place, she has omitted to mention how it feels to stand up through a day of the Christmas rush before the onslaught of frantic shoppers, their unbelievable whims and vagaries, their insistent indignation at the slightest delay, their unceasing flow of foolish inquiry and heedless impatience, their—well, as a choleric person, I am afraid I should call it shortly "their utter inhumanity"; yes, and I should imagine her feeling must approximate that of a soldier in the trenches under fire from some of those

huge howitzers. But she is more kindly. This is all she says:

The custom of keeping retail stores open during the evenings for a week or longer before Christmas is happily decreasing every year. The season is again near when it will be in the power of every shopper to uphold the stores that have declared against this practice, and to make certain that those who continue to keep open will not find it profitable. As a matter of fact, the margin of profit on the business done, compared with the increased expenses of lighting, etc., would be so small as to be negligible if the employees were paid for overtime. Supper, or supper money, is not an adequate payment for an evening's work. It should be remembered by the shopper that every employee has a certain amount of work that must be accomplished when the store's doors are closed: the rearrangement of stock, the bringing up of fresh supplies, the filling out of sales-slips and requisition-pads, the special orders that must be verified in every detail. These duties vary with the store systems, but few employees escape with fewer than from two to four hours of them, whether the work remains to be done after six o'clock or after ten. And this is a vital matter to the clerk.

As things have been in the past, much of our Christmas giving has been at the expense of untold time, energy, and ingenuity on the part of the clerk. It is no uncommon thing for a clerk, long identified with a gift department, to be telephoned a message such as this: "Oh, Miss Blank, this is Mrs. Dash. I have forgotten a gift for a cousin of mine. He is a doctor. Pick out a good book, one he will like, not over ten dollars. And write a card, 'With love from Belle.' Send it to this address, and charge it to me. And wait a minute! My

sister says to pick out one for her to send. Charge it to her. You know the address. Now, Miss Blank, can I *rely* on you to get those out to-night? And take out the price-marks." Twenty or thirty such messages during the rush hours of the day provide several hours' work after the store is empty except for tired clerks, irritable delivery-boys, and over-worked packers.

The slogan adopted by the Consumer's League, "Do your shopping early!" applies equally to the day and the hour. In November every store has its full equipment of stock and its extra force of clerks on hand. Many of them are on probation, and therefore willing to take any amount of trouble to please customers. After December 10 not only has the stock been handled, fresh items usually impossible to obtain, but every spark of conscience has been trampled out of the clerk. Her acquiescence means nothing. "Certainly. I'll see it goes to-night. Yes, I'll put it in a fresh box. I'll send one fresh like this, only not handled." All personality is submerged, and she sees the crowds as they are, "bandar log" who are to be satisfied with anything that can be thrown to them.

Preach it and practise it—shopping early! Carry home a few things, and lighten all the elaborate routine of checking, wrapping, counterchecking, signing, and sending. Don't try to have things held for you while you make up your mind whether or not you want them. Send for the White List published by the Consumer's League, showing just how the big department stores treat their employees in the matter of overtime, extra pay, etc. And try to realize that it is only by the slow addition of one thinking person to another that anything is ever accomplished!

Well, will you?

National Safety and the Party System

COSMO HAMILTON, who writes "England's Malady" in this issue of THE CENTURY, has served his country in the present war with skill and devotion. He has sickened of a disease which is at-

tacking many good citizens in America. A pessimist might claim, with some reason, that we have in America the exact counterpart of the evil party system which has inspired Mr. Hamilton's scorn. Like

him, most of us were "born to" a certain form of government; but few of us actually participate in framing our governmental system.

The native-born American citizen of today is confronted with a ready-made system of government. As a youth he studied and thrilled over the wisdom, courage, and dogged principles of his forebears. He achieved a certain reverence for the American Constitution, and a pride in the numerically and economically great nation which has grown up under it.

But a big nation has, among many others, the defect of bigness. Thus any American citizen finds such a complexity of interests and standards, such a bewildering field of governmental activities, such an unwieldy machine to do the work for one hundred millions of people, that his individual participation in shaping his country's policies is reduced to the ghost of a suspicion. He may see public corruption, inefficiency, and stupidity rampant; he may see his supposed birthright dogged in the dust; he may feel that his

very life and property, and even the honor of those whom he holds dearest, are exposed to vivid peril: but he can do little or nothing. He may swarm with those who feel as he does; he may preach, write, implore and rave; he may point morals, quote history, and adorn tales; form societies, adopt platforms, make propaganda, and argue with his complacent fellow-men: he can do nothing. His system of government was made for him before he was born. It provided that the wisdom of the land, in grave national affairs, should shine through a body which is often more concerned with its own success or local popularity than with acting for the American nation, its honor, and its safety.

So Mr. Good American grows tired and discouraged, and he decides that *sauve qui peut* is the only doctrine, after all. Yet we express surprise in the press and on the platform that there is a lack of dutiful patriotism! A government, to be respected and loved, must be strong and wise; in the present world crisis the American Government is neither.

The End of an Era?

MODERN civilization seems to have reached its height of mechanical efficiency in the weapons and appliances of modern war; and that is true although it is by our proficiency in the arts of peace that we have achieved the submarine and the *aéroplane* and the armored battle-ship and the big gun. It is a curious parallel of history that the "era of handicraft" of the Middle Ages was a similar era of peaceful industry, and history (in the person of Professor Thorstein Veblen) remarks that "the most finished productions of workmanship which that era has to show" are in Europe's museum collections of armor and weapons.

But history also notes that it was by virtue of these weapons that the era of handicraft in continental Europe ended in bankruptcy and collapse. The Italian cities of the Renaissance were the first commercial republics of that era, and all their achievements of art and industry, of

science and commerce, were wasted in the wars that overwhelmed them. The Low Countries and the cities of southern Germany followed next in the path that led from industry and trade to wealth and dynastic ambitions and competitive state-making and the ruin of war. Central Europe, the Netherlands, France, and the German states made the same rake's progress, and it was chiefly because of the isolation of England that she was able to keep her soil free from predatory quarrels of conquest, to work through her period of handicraft to the industrial revolution of the modern machine economy, and finally to achieve the commercial supremacy of the British Empire.

Now the British Empire has been caught in a war that threatens to end Europe's latest period of industrial prosperity. Germany, under an ambitious absolutism, has built its railroads for strategic purposes, has constructed its har-

bors as naval bases, has organized its agriculture, its industry, and its commerce to make itself a self-supporting unit for defense or aggression, has launched itself against the civilization of its time with the perfected weapons of that civilization, and is rapidly reducing itself and all its neighbors to the verge of bankruptcy. Only America is left to the isolation that once saved England, and it is an isolation that is not merely physical. The American mind does not easily entertain the national envies and animosities that divide Europe, and without such animosities neither princely ambitions nor commercial rivalries can procure the ill-will that usually precedes conflict. England, we

are told, was saved not only by her insular position but by "the inability of her princes to draw a reluctant industrial community into the traffic of dynastic intrigue that filled the Continent." And the United States, as President Wilson has said, envies no nation's prosperity and covets no nation's trade. If the end of an era has come to Europe in disaster, it need not arrive here. We can work out our future in the comparative security that made England possible, and perhaps conclude with something in our museums more memorable of the twentieth century than a specimen of the kind of torpedo that sank the *Lusitania* or the sort of shell that wrecked the cathedral at Rheims.

Why Not?

IT is awkward to be caught on a Fifth Avenue bus with only a five-cent piece and a ten-dollar bill, for neither is acceptable ammunition for the shiny little gun the conductor points at you. The other day the writer found himself in this predicament, and was politely told he would have to get off; and it was not the man in front, but the young woman on the seat behind him, who came to his rescue.

"Please let me," she said cheerfully. "It's a nuisance having to get off!"

And the writer found himself accepting the aid in the same spirit he would have

met it coming from a man. To have insisted on means of repaying it, or to have been over-effusive, would have spoiled what was a novel and rather refreshing incident. And it was only when the brisk young figure in a tailor-made suit alighted a few blocks farther on that he glanced over the bus to look gratefully and admiringly after her. He rather hoped she was for woman suffrage, because somehow in her carriage and her pleasantly impersonal manner she seemed to typify the cause's best intentions. And the only concession he made to sex was when he raised his hat.





What Barnum Said

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

REMEMBER what the late P. T. Barnum said? Well, Howard Pierce was not thinking of either the great showman or his sayings when he strolled into the police court; but later— However, we shall come to that presently. It is first necessary to know a little something about Pierce.

He was a young lawyer in need of a client—a paying client. It did not much matter what the client paid, so long as he paid something. Anything was better than nothing. Yet the invasion of the police court was not made in expectation of finding a client there. Pierce would welcome one with money, even a very little money, of course, but those with money usually had lawyers already engaged, or were quickly annexed by shysters who would stoop to practices of which he would not be guilty. He did not care for police-court practice, anyway,—he had a much higher ambition than that,—but he had become so lonely in his little office that he had to go somewhere for company, and—well, why not go for it where there

was at least a possibility of making a few dollars?

"At that," he reflected, "the best I'm likely to get, if I get anything at all, is an assignment by the court to defend somebody who has n't even a collar-button."

He had had just that luck on a previous occasion.

"Most of these people," he went on musingly, "are better off without a lawyer than with one. There is n't anything on which to base a fight. The law and the facts are so clear that a lawyer can do no more than gum things up without affecting the result. So what's the use? I don't fit at all. I like to feel that I'm doing my client some good; that is, I should like to feel so, if I had a client."

Nevertheless, he lingered, awaiting the opening of court. It was a rest from reading law in a lonely office, anyway.

Tim Corey sauntered in, gave him a careless nod, and exchanged friendly greetings with the clerk. Corey was older and more experienced than Pierce, very much more experienced in police-

court matters. Still, Pierce knew enough to grasp the significance of the brief conference at the clerk's desk. Corey was learning where there might be opportunity for him in the business presently to come before the court. He would get such information as the clerk could provide, and then he would interview the desk sergeant in the next room. Very likely he would go down to the cells and talk with a few of the unfortunates there. Anyhow, he would know to whom it would be worth while to offer his services, and it was quite immaterial to him whether he could render any real service or not. The main thing was that the client thus secured should be able to pay a fee, either in cash or other valuable consideration. Corey would take anything that could be turned into money.

Pierce would not resort to such practices. As a matter of fact, he could not, even if he would, for he could not command the necessary favors from police and court officials. And he could not take the last penny from some poor devil in hard luck, even if the circumstances made it possible for him to render any adequate service. Corey could and would, and on this particular occasion fortune favored him.

There was a man locked up below who had money and no lawyer. He had not much money, but enough to make the case worth while financially. It was distinctly not worth while in any other way, but that was unimportant. Corey took the case and the money, and he made a great noise when the man was arraigned. He bullied the few witnesses, and he delivered himself of an impassioned argument when the evidence was in, citing the law learnedly, although his quotations had no particular application to the case.

"Sixty days," said the magistrate when the argument was ended.

The man never had a chance on the evidence, and, as far as Pierce could see, the tactics of Corey had no other effect than to make the judge impatient. Pierce had always had a good deal of contempt for Corey, whom he knew slightly, and he

had more than ever now. The man deserved his punishment, of course, but no one but a shyster would take money from him for putting up such a farcical and utterly useless defense.

Later, when Corey dropped into a seat beside him for a moment, Pierce could not restrain a taunt, although he veiled its sharpness with an air of good-natured badinage.

"Rather a hot one for your client," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, I was expecting that," returned Corey, carelessly; "but I did the best I could for him."

"Possibly," conceded Pierce; "but it did n't seem to me that your talk made much of a hit with the judge."

"With the judge!" exclaimed Corey. "Heavens, no! But it did with the prisoner, and that's what counts. I was n't talking for the judge."

"Oh," murmured Pierce, "I see. But don't you think the prisoner would have got off easier if he had pleaded guilty?"

"Very likely," replied Corey; "but what kind of chance would I have stood for a fee if I'd given him any such advice? You know what Barnum said."

Pierce recalled the remark most frequently attributed to the great showman, and nodded.

"Well, there you are," declared Corey. "Barnum knew. This fellow thinks he'd have got six months if it had n't been for the fight I put up, and he's dead satisfied; but if I'd got him off with thirty days by pleading guilty, he would n't have thought it worth a plugged quarter."

Pierce pondered this as he strolled back to his office, and he was able to see that there was some truth in it, from a police-court point of view.

"Yes," he decided, "that fellow wanted action; had to have action and noise, a fight, or he would n't have thought he was getting anything for his money. But I could n't do that sort of thing. I simply could n't do it; so perhaps it's just as well that I don't want any police-court business, anyway."

To his surprise, he found some one

awaiting him at his office. This was so unprecedented that he thought for a moment a mistake had been made—that the girl who served him and two others as stenographer, telephone-girl, and office-girl had sent the caller to the wrong room. But she had not. The man waiting in his little cubbyhole of a private office really wanted to see him. Moreover, he was a client, or would be one if handled properly.

This man, who gave the name of Bauman, had been referred to Pierce by a friend, and he was a client worth having. He had money. He might not have much law business, but he would be good and prompt to pay for what he had. And he was considerably excited, not to say angry. He had a claim of \$900 against a former business associate, and it was disputed; that is, the amount was disputed. It was not denied that some money might be due as the result of several interrelated and rather complicated business deals, but nothing like the amount stated.

Pierce listened to Bauman's story, and regretfully decided that he had a weak case. It was based upon verbal understandings that, as frequently happens, had become verbal misunderstandings, and there was no conclusive evidence either way. Moreover, there was ample opportunity in the circumstances for an honest difference of opinion.

"Compromise it," was his advice, reluctantly given. There is no such money for a lawyer in a compromised case as there is in a contested one, and Pierce needed the money.

"Compromise it!" exclaimed Bauman.

"That 's the best thing to do in the circumstances," asserted Pierce. "If you can get fifty per cent. without a fight, that 's more than you 're likely to get clear after a legal battle, even if you win."

"Fifty per cent.!" repeated Bauman.

"That 's the minimum, of course," Pierce went on. "I should judge, from what you tell me of Rigdon's attitude, that we may be able to get more; but fifty per cent. is better than a fight, with your case."

"Fifty per cent.!" Bauman's temper flared. "Let that old pirate get away with half of what 's coming to me! Well, I guess that will be about all for you!"

"Of course, if you want to fight—"

"That 's a plenty for you!" He turned away in disgust.

Pierce, impelled by necessity, mustered sufficient courage to suggest that he was entitled to a fee for his advice.

"Fee!" roared Bauman. "How 's there any fee coming to you? What have you done? You advise me to make Rigdon a present of four hundred and fifty dollars, and then want a fee from me! From me! Rigdon 's the man that ought to pay you a fee. I don't give up money for nothing, anyway."

Bauman stormed out, and Pierce leaned back in his chair with a disconsolate sigh. He was entitled to a fee, and he needed it. He had advised Bauman conscientiously, to his own disadvantage, and he knew that the advice was good. If followed, it would save Bauman money; and a modest, extremely modest, fee would have been satisfactory.

Pierce took some odd change from his pocket, and gloomily counted it. This merely emphasized what he already knew: that he had lunch money, and virtually nothing beyond that.

"I 'll send him a bill," he decided truculently; "I 'll send him a bill for twenty dollars for legal advice. He asked for it, he got it, and I 'm entitled to the money. I 'd have let him off for five if he 'd been decent,—I 'd have handled the negotiations with Rigdon for ten or fifteen,—but I 'll stick him for twenty now. And I 'll make him pay, too!"

He made out the bill, but he did not mail it. There was no hurry. He meant to have that money, of course; but—well, he would have sold his chance of getting it for two dollars, and there was no chance at all of getting it quickly. So there was no hurry. He would think it over at luncheon. Perhaps there was a better way of handling the matter.

Bauman was a frugal man by nature; Pierce was frugal from necessity. Thus

it happened that the same inexpensive restaurant appealed to both. Bauman went to it when he left Pierce's office, and Pierce followed him there about ten minutes later. Neither was looking for the other then, neither had any particular use for the other then, but, the restaurant being crowded, Pierce was put at Bauman's table.

Pierce nodded, Bauman scowled. Pierce would not let Bauman see how much that fee meant to him, but Bauman had no such reason for concealing his real feelings.

"You ought to be dining with Rigdon at his club," growled Bauman.

"Unfortunately," returned Pierce, "I don't happen to know Mr. Rigdon."

"Well, you 're a pretty good friend of his, anyway," asserted Bauman; "or perhaps it 's easier to hold a man up for nothing than it is to earn the money."

Pierce smiled now. He was raging inwardly, but there was no money in losing his temper, and there might be some advantage in keeping it. Besides, this tolerant air further exasperated Bauman.

"Evidently, Mr. Bauman," he said, "this is a matter of personal hostility rather than a mere business misunderstanding."

"I don't let anybody swindle me," returned Bauman, "not even a lawyer."

"Do you really think," asked Pierce, ignoring the apparent reference to himself, "that Mr. Rigdon is trying to swindle you?"

"Of course he is," asserted Bauman.

"That had n't occurred to me," commented Pierce, thoughtfully. "Knowing Mr. Rigdon's reputation, although I am not acquainted with him personally, I gained the impression that it was a mere business misunderstanding; and I shall have to say, Mr. Bauman, that you did not make the points upon which you base your belief very clear to me. Would you mind going over those details again?"

Bauman hesitated a moment, but he was too full of the subject to require much urging, and whatever doubts he entertained were soon dispelled. Pierce

gave him the closest attention, frequently nodded his head approvingly, and occasionally interjected a question that had the effect of emphasizing some point in Bauman's favor.

"I think I understand the situation now," said Pierce when Bauman had concluded. He did understand it, but his present understanding of it differed in no particular from his previous understanding of it. "It is quite clear as to the facts," he added, "but there are one or two points of law that I should like to look up. Would you mind going back to the office with me?"

Bauman, now entirely mollified, was very willing to go back, and he felt well repaid for the return.

There was really no question of law that Pierce had to look up, but there was plenty of law that he could look up and read and explain; and this he did, to the considerable mystification, but very great satisfaction, of his client.

"That 's something like!" declared Bauman. "You somehow did n't seem to get busy on the case before."

Pierce quoted some more law. It is easy to quote law that is superficially applicable to a case, but has no real bearing upon it.

"But you understand," added Pierce, "that I can't guarantee anything. No man living can ever be sure what a judge or jury will do."

"Of course," acquiesced Bauman, cheerfully.

"The best that any lawyer can do," pursued Pierce, "is to show the law and the facts, and the application of one to the other, and then hope that there will be sense enough on the bench or in the jury-box to decide the matter correctly."

"I understand," returned Bauman.

"And it will take a little time."

"Naturally. I know the law is slow, but we 'll jar this Rigdon some before we get through."

"He 'll certainly know he 's been in a fight," agreed Pierce. "Now, if you want me to take the case—"

"I do," put in Bauman.

"I shall have to have a retainer," concluded Pierce, trying hard not to show the trepidation with which he made this suggestion.

"Fair enough," assented Bauman. "I don't ask anybody to work for me for nothing. How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

"And you 'll get after him when?"

"As quick as I can get over to the clerk's office with the necessary papers."

"That 's the way to talk!" approved Bauman, producing a pocket check-book. "I 'll pay you the retainer right now."

"With twenty-five additional to cover costs," prompted Pierce.

Bauman nodded.

Ten minutes later, Pierce, again alone, was looking thoughtfully, almost incredulously, at a check that lay on his desk—a check cheerfully given after a refusal to pay anything at all for far better advice; a check that was merely the beginning of the cost of a contested case.

"In time," he reflected, "a jury will probably give him \$168.17 or some such crazy sum; but he would have it that way!"

He recalled Corey, the man who talked for the client rather than for the judge, and that reminded him. Yes, Barnum had a deep insight into human nature.

An Indignation Dinner

By JAMES D. CORROTHERS

DEY was hard times jes 'fo' Christmas round our neighborhood one year; So we held a secret meetin', whah de white folks could n't hear, To 'scuss de situation, an' to see whut could be done Toward a fust-class Christmas dinneh an' a little Christmas fun.

Rufus Green, who called de meetin', ris' an' said: "In dis here town, An' throughout de land, de white folks is a-tryin' to keep us down." S' 'e: "Dey 's bought us, sold us, beat us; now dey 'buse us 'ca'se we 's free; But when dey tetch my *stomach*, dey 's done gone too fur foh *me*!

"Is I right?" "You sho is, Rufus!" roared a dozen hungry throats.

"Ef you 'd keep a mule a-wo'kin', don't you tamper wid his oats.

Dat 's sense," continued Rufus. "But dese white folks nowadays Has done got so close an' stingy you can't live on whut dey pays.

"Here 't is Christmas-time, an', folkses, I 's indignant 'nough to choke. Whah 's our Christmas dinneh comin' when we 's 'mos' completely broke?

I can't hahdly 'fo'd a toothpick an' a glass o' water. Mad? Say, I 'm desp'ut! Dey jes better treat me nice, dese white folks had!"

Well, dey 'bused de white folks scan'lous, till old Pappy Simmons ris', Leanin' on his cane to spote him, on account his rheumatis', An' s' 'e: "Chilun, whut 's dat wintry wind a-sighin' th'ough de street 'Bout yo' wasted summeh wages? But, no matteh, we mus' *eat*.

"Now, I seed a beau'ful tuhkey on a certain gemmun's fahm. He 's a-growin' fat an' sassy, an' a-struttin' to a chahm. Chickens, sheeps, hogs, sweet pertaters—all de craps is fine dis year; All we needs is a *committee* foh to tote de goodies here."

Well, we lit right in an' voted dat it was a gran' idee, An' de dinneh we had Christmas was worth trabblin' miles to see; An' we eat a full an' plenty, big an' little, great an' small, *Not* beca'se we was dishonest, but *indignant*, sah. Dat 's all.





“And the cutlass clanged with
a hissing whirl
On the lashing blade of
the rapier.”

From the painting by John Wolcott Adams

(Illustrating “The Hemp: A Virginia Legend”)